MC Lars Horris "Mr. Raven"

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We got E.A.P. in the house tonight Edgar Allan Poe America's favorite anti-transcendentalist We're taking this back, way back Nineteenth century style

Who's that, who's that rapping? Who's that rapping at my chamber door? Mr., Mr. Raven All up in my grill like, "Nevermore"

Kick it, once upon a midnight dreary While I kicked it weak and weary Dark and cold just like Lake Eerie Brand new sample, someone clear me

While I nodded nearly napping Suddenly, there came a tapping Up like, "What?", this thunder clapping In my brain like graphic half lings

Staffing me, I put down Milton Cell phone mute like Paris Hilton Open window, halfway built-in Times a changing like Bob Dylan

Twenty pound bird black as could be Cold feet cold eyes aimed straight at me Grim face, grim stare, death carnivore Quothe that raven, "Nevermore"

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Who's that, who's that rapping?

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Who's that, who's that rapping?
Who's that rapping at my chamber door?
Mr., Mr. Raven
All up in my grill like, "Nevermore"

I miss Lenore, my Annabel Lee Taken by angels from me Alone with books, hey, that's me Harbinger of death visiting me

I said, "Can I help you, evil prophet? If you got a problem, look, I'll solve it." He checked my hook, DJ revolved it Perched on Paellas, chalice dropped it

"Tell me sir, please, if you can Am I good or evil man? What can I say, what can I do When will I be rid of you?"

"Nevermore," quothe he at me Hating on this fresh MC Satanic raven, Nietzsche glee Killing me softly like the Fugees

Now I feel worse, my verse is terse Joy inverse just like Fred Durst Call a nurse, disperse my thirst Put this process in reverse

Wish I'd had some warning first MC Lars, '88 hearse Now I'll never be Slug or Murs Under that black raven's curse

The raven's eyes still have the seeming
Of a demon that is dreaming
Lamplight over him still streaming
Hear my screaming, hear me screaming

My soul still floats there on that floor And shall be lifted nevermore Afflicted calm, like Michael Moore Canonized piece, US folklore

Who's that, who's that rapping?
Who's that rapping at my chamber door?

Mr., Mr. Raven All up in my grill like, "Nevermore"

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Who's house? Raven's house Who's house? Raven's house Who's house? Raven's house Who's house? Raven's house

I said, who's house? Raven's house Who's house? Raven's house Who's house? Raven's house Who's house? Raven's house

Who's that?

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