

## Thirstin Howl Iii

### "Open Mike Night"

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{\*scratched\*}

"At night, the open mic be invitin me to rhyme" {\*2X\*}

"Open mic, I bring out that boxcutter"

[Thirstin Howl III]

I'm accustomed to abiding by freestyle penal code  
My rhymes are like long drives goin down a scenic road  
Taught discipline through paragraphs, walk  
backstreets and narrow paths  
My kicks were dirty and my pants sagged like I had no  
ass!  
Flippin styles that'd pioneered in the Space Age  
Writin your first paragraph, I'm already on my eighth  
page  
For the way you write your rhymes, I could tell you  
never really made grades  
Goin through life miserable, hatin yourself on payday  
A pleasant plea, Thirstin in parentheses  
I heard a mute man mention me to a blind woman on  
Vescey Street  
Urged to leave gats alone in memory of Pumpkin and  
Faster Poems  
Wouldn't want my moms to identify me with half the  
dome!  
A toast, with high priced Sangria  
Battle the best mother{fuckers} and whoever they  
bring here~!  
Long term, short durations  
I even put freestyle under special skills when submittin  
an application!  
Flows, that can't be followed by asthma patients  
Got a deathwish? Here's his extension, ask for Satan  
The rap languages me and more, findin subjects in  
Singapore  
Impressin MC's who swore to God they had seen it all~!

{\*scratched\*}

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