

Open Mike Eagle "Garbage Man"

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(Don't even look at me)
I'm just a garbage man
Working in my garden
With heart in hand
Watching the harvest of Artistland
The new plants want the same thing
That stars demand
(Don't even look at us)
Abrasive as a carpet burn
Right before the key to your apartment turns
We take the needle off of Hard to Earn
And lock it up in its mason jar preserved
A nine-point-five for the dismount
In the underground
My title is viscount
I got a trick up my sleeve
To rip up the scene
So give us the keys
'Cause we're entitled to this house
Shit outta luck
'Cause your lease is up
Plus it's time to upgrade
Your speakers suck
Since the nineties
You cleaned them once
Since then the only thing we've seen is dust

Go on get your movie roles
But when you're going to the studio
(We see you)
While you're touring overseas
We're home looking through your groceries
(We see you)
Yeah I heard you holler weird rap
But what about your shit from years back
(We see you)
It's a tangible raw
That grabs you by your face
Like the mandible claw
(Don't even look at us)
Clothes washed with the best detergent
They're budgetarily blessed for certain

(Look at the catering)
The olive oil's extra virgin
I'm trying to keep quiet
But my flesh is burning
I think we deserve some food
Shit even the freaks in the circus do
They never greet us with a serving spoon
And that makes me want to cease to observe the rules
We can steal the sheep herding tools
Like jumping on stage and barking crap
Even more convincing in stocking caps
And shaped up goatees like Mark McGrath
In the teeny bop magazines
And represent a really hot rapper scene
I don't have to front
I know what I want
Me posing in front of a steaming hot DAT machine
Looking pretty in your makeup
But really shitty when you wake up
(We see you)
Wrote down everything you told your crew
'Cause it's what we're gonna hold you to
(We see you)
You cuff her like a girlfriend
But we know where your girl's been
(We see you)
Give us the things we demanded from ya'll
Or we'll take it
Cause that's just the animal law

(Don't even look at me)
I'm just a garbage man
Walking down an alley
Shopping cart in hand
Rummaging apartment cans
Waiting for this mother ship of ours to land
(Don't even look at us)
God must've made us wrong
Just listen to the bullshit we say on songs
(Had some strong days)
But they all gone
We wasted 'em writing odes to Rae Dawn Chong
We use to hold crayons wrong
Until we got trained
To obey ya'll's laws
But radio won't play our songs
So we rising on up
Like a rayon thong
'Cause ya'll played hundreds of duds
Beats that sound like plungers in mud
Put your ear to the ground

Hear the thunderous buzz
Art Rap parties
Crack under the club

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