

## Open Mike Eagle "Go Home (Feat. Swim Team)"

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Whether it's the weekend or weekday night  
You know the Swim Team's gonna rock until ya go  
home

(Sahtyre)  
Show's over  
(Lights out)  
If I don't know ya  
(Bye now)  
We rocking 'til the vocoder dies out  
Ladies you can go home or roll over my house  
Nice blouse  
That'll match perfectly on my white couch  
All the die-hard fanatics go to dive bars  
Where you can see live art and a show  
I got a fatty rolled  
I'll blow it on the patio  
Then tally-ho back on stage  
And make my final cameo  
'Til all ya'll wanna stay  
(Can We?)  
No!  
You really want to?  
(Yeah! Yeah!)  
Badly?  
(No)  
So let me make it loud and clear:  
You do have to go home  
And get the hell up outta here

(Lyraflip)  
If art imitates life  
Then life's imitating art  
'Cause every moment I breathe  
I need to be razor sharp  
You ain't creative  
Well maybe you should just play your part  
And live in hiatus  
Cause your playlist just got a change of heart  
A major spark of imagination  
Could lessen a little aggression  
So stop neglecting

Your self-expression therapy sessions  
To me it's being artistic  
Every second could lead to something articulate  
Even all the misfits don't want it against me  
I'm Leonardo da Vinci with the heart of an MC  
Vincent Van Gogh with a wicked rap flow  
And I'm Michelangelo with an easel  
Don't tempt me

(Rogue Venom)  
Sound and color theory  
I got an overstock series of Krylon oil acrylics  
Crayola codes compose to paint the ceiling with vivid  
surrealism  
'Til your ears leak crimson ink finish  
Live canvas collage self-portraits  
Perform unique image  
Styles of beyond  
Reachin' belief in what you seein'  
Imagination zoned out like you be eating amanitas  
But let me ease up for a second  
Put away the easel  
Admiring my anesthetic sketches from afar  
Illustrated thoughts mirror mirage  
Reflected off the wall  
They yelling encore before we close out  
Shut the show down  
Thanks for the support  
But yo it's time to go now

(Psychosiz)  
Psycho scores the purest chocha  
Playing like I got four controllers  
I won't eat no meat that ain't die for me to get close to  
(Imitation's the sincerest form of flattery)  
Look at her!  
She ain't the sharpest painting in the gallery  
But she'll dip out the back with me without me even  
asking  
If or when she plan to leave like  
You got the keys right?  
Let's motivate  
I've overstayed my welcome  
Baby  
Walk it out  
Bike and route ride it out 'til I get out  
And hitch hike to somewhere I can rollerblade to hell  
from  
Maybe  
Maybe not  
Skirt shark

I can smell perfume from eighty blocks with my nose  
stopped  
And nose stuffed from a cold in a cold front  
With the snow up to my nose froze to my cold ducts

Open brings his own 'cuz the microphone sucks  
I sing but reproducing that type of tone's tough  
I bought me a harmonizer to liven shows up  
Ladies and gents it was nice to meet you  
This is Michael Eagle  
Signing off for all of the righteous people  
Wipe the easel  
It's a finished mission  
If you get the vision  
Then your spirit'll be in mint condition  
If you listen you'll notice that Open isn't Christian  
We still gon' end it with a benediction  
Everybody let's go home  
So welcome to my sanctuary  
We're all the same even if skin of the different races  
vary  
The enemies make a face that's scary  
But they're Frankenberry  
And I'm fearless after a case of sherry  
Gimme another shot of holy water  
So I can stay afloat  
Like a leaky yacht in a boat regatta  
Before I go into some old Sinatra  
I can recite a whole sonata  
Like the thirty man code in Contra  
And leave seeds like a broken father  
Most MCs they need soap and water  
In the key of C my approach is awkward  
Until I bust some Beethoven on ya

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