

for DOOM - Open Mike Eagle Lyrics

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"for DOOM"

Yo, this one's for DOOM, one-two

Shit, one-two

Check it, one-two

Police sirens when the freestyle stylin'

'Cause if my eyes start to get wide, then, it's Three-Mile Island, yeah

I drank my Ovaltine and redeemed my decoder ring

Got two songs with you, but only spoke through a go-between

Was still proud as fuck to reach ground zero

'Cause who the fuck ever gets to rock with they heroes? Yeah

Combining the rhyme with divine winos

My "Phantom" verse was rewritten three to five times, though

I got a text; my head spun like a Beyblade

I emailed your homie to see if that shit was kayfabe

Supposed to be space-age, everything feeling late-stage

We knew what it was since "Peachfuzz" in the eighth grade

Sing along, you assholes; bring it on, commando

Hand-wrote, just like a letter to the Vietcong from Rambo

Read it all out, ramble, I know it

And yo, this candle, I'ma hold it over vocal samples

I'm a vandal and a poet

My dance ain't the prettiest; my pen ain't the fanciest

My pancreas is fucked the fuck up, like Sid and Nancy's is

I think miscellaneous, and I talk like a know-it-all

I used to buy vodka—was basically isopropynol

I melt rings stolen from a whole host of elf kings

In my bedroom crying like a soul-broken whelping

The news, it knocked it out me like Ronda Rousey

Fool, you're 'bout to sell more masks than Dr. Fauci

I'm copping one off Etsy to rock it proudly

I'm dadbod, Saved by the Bell-y, Kelly Kapowski

I wrote this rhyme on a rock with a sickle, too

Got a pic of you spittin' on some art in my living room

I memorized your lyrics and seen every interview

I looked into the eyes of the piece—he ain't really you!

Supervillain

This nigga got me again, Goddamn

Rest in peace

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