

Mr. Raven (feat. The Dead Milkmen)

MC Lars

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" 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"
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" 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" 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," quoth 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" 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" 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" 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" 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?
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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