

Annabel Lee R.i.p.

Mc Lars

We got EAP in the house tonight,
Edgar Allan Poe, America's most romantic love poet.
We're taking this back, way back, 1849 style. Hip-Hop? Nah, this is Lit-Hop!

It was many and many a year ago, in a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lea
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.
But the angels got jealous and they took my queen
Now she's gone and I can barely sleep (but her)
Mortality, makes her hot, up in the malt shop, our favorite spot
I got so lost in her bright green eyes,
So tell me why the love of my life had to die?
So who's that (who's that) rappin', at my door?
Annabel Lee, RIP like Lenore
Nevermore should have known death would take her out
Red lips, sick kiss and I'm lonely now
It was tuberculosis, necrosis, I can't focus and I hope this
Pain goes away cause all I see is her photo on the wall,
Smell her perfume on the sheets,
We were so in love, even when she's gone
I'll be up in the graveyard singing her songs
Like cemetery woman, my cemetery girl
Cemetery lady, I want you in my world.

[CHORUS]

Annabel Lee R.I.P.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love see
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven coveted her and me.
She was gone by dawn should have known all along
That we were never meant to be
Sadly, I gave her my heart, she gave me her flower
Like Romeo and Juliet humping in the tower
Every single day every single hour

Rumpy in the bedroom, pumpy in the shower
So now I pack a shovel and I dig real deep
Take a crescent wrench, rip out all her teeth
Put 'em in a box, so she'll always be
Here with me, let's see probably need some therapy
The highborn kinsman stole her from me
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee
That's death, I guess, there's nothing I can do
Like Ronnie and Sammie our relationship is through
Now every single night, I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,
My wife and my pride now all I have left
Is poetry, memories, sorrow and stress.

[REPEAT CHORUS]

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we-
They said we were kids but I love what is
We were happy and young and so free
And so every night, I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,
That's where she will always be
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

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