

# Mr. Raven

## 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?  
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Mr., Mr. Raven  
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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?

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