# 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?
Mr., Mr. Raven
All up in my grill like, "Nevermore"
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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," quothe 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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