

95 Radios (feat. Has-Lo)

Open Mike Eagle

Okay, it's quiet now
And we drove all through the neighborhood
Just sittin' in a car all day
Tryna find a radio
And we wrapped both hands in tinfoil
Pointed at the window frame
Tryna find a radio
All up in my grandma's basement
Slidin' all the closet doors
Tryna find a radio
And the homies say they heard a rap song
Sounded like some folks they know
But we couldn't find a radio
Hard to express when the world is listless
Hard when you're sure that the world is not
In between PM, dawn, and Sun Ra
Wearing a suit like my school mascot
The Edison, Al, not a head in the crowd
Come match my technique and impeccable style (style)
Says the young Hassan
In the mirror while tips saying rock-rock-on
With my guy Stefan who despite the specks
Saw himself doing things he would live to regret
Anyway, reciting off top the memory
Burnt a little chia my laugh was Gimli (heh)
Regarding the guns I coulda shot
I'm more dug might blow up but won't pop
Jigsaw blocks and hop the road home
Steps on the av where I played and roamed

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