

# Mayor

## Pharoahe Monch

Jesus Christ, who is it?!?!  
Officer Fleming!  
Come in! Hey, good morning, how ya doin?  
Good morning Your Honor  
Want a donut?  
Uhh, no thank you

What are you doin' with that shotgun  
In short was that I had shot him, several times in the head  
Mount Sinai, 6:15, pronounced dead  
The news reporter said the assailants fled the city  
Meanwhile I'm shacked across the street, in some  
Shitty-ass hotel, waitin' til things get a little quiet  
Dunn I could try to bounce, but now why should I even try it?  
The riot that ensued, I viewed bird's-eye  
Fifteen floors up behind the curtains in the nude  
Took three-hundred and sixty-five to get close to him  
Boast to him, roast, when I put the toast to him  
Dangerous, the most heinous crimes have been committed  
Through painless means, more famous lives have been acquitted  
To hell he went, bent, sent, government issues  
With my initial in print, ah, we'll never miss you  
In the streets, understanding that you made it hard to eat  
Complete the cypher, or, make ends meet  
Twenty-five years my father spent hard labor you suspended him  
From the force, placed his head beneath the pendulum  
Peripheral vision now, doorknob shiftin'  
Optical illusion or the coke that I'm sniffin'  
Think, primal instinct, maybe it's me  
Hit the lights must hit the floor simultaneously  
Seems as though this is manifested through some amazin' dream  
Dazed cops entered the room with guns and lazer beams  
But dazed it seems we blast at, one another  
Bullets hit the chest of this, black undercover  
My last minutes on earth, drop say a prayer  
Fuck it if I'm gonna die at least I shot the Mayor![Repeat x2]  
I feel, pain and sorrow  
My heart's, hard and hollow

I can't go on, to see tomorrow  
Walked out the room staggerin', dagger in my back  
Dazed waggin' my leg, imagine I'm not afraid  
Grazed and bruised, amazed at who's surroundin'

Cop guns, cocked back, SWAT teams, astoundin'  
From rooftops, troops glock to smack my melon  
Felon, Seargenat yellin' for me to come out like Ellen  
Propellin' walked through the lobby and the front door  
Packin' hand grenades and strapped with see-4  
The more swine, the merrier, Harrier jets overhead  
Ready to riddle my body with bullets of lead  
A dead man walking, destination devil's lair  
Fuck it if I'm gonna die at least I shot the Mayor!

Songwriters

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