

# 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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