

Mr. Raven

MC Lars

We got EAP 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. (mister) 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 Halflings.
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, quote that raven "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 Pallas, 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," quote he at me, hating on this fresh MC,
Satanic raven, Niche 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 house? Raven's house!