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Hallucinating Underground

Suggested A-list Recording and Performing Artist(s):

Jay Z, Snoop Dog, Kanye West or other well-known rap artist, male or female

Verse One

This is the rhyme, and the rap,
I'm not supposed to write or recite.

Composition,
Speaking up, having a voice, no way Jose, simply shut the fuck up,

Keeping your mouth shut, conforming, and by the way, stop your fucking storming
What? Underground nobody gives a shit about anyone else's fucking rights?

Psychoanalysis, Rationalization,
The pathological excuse for something other than YOUR own fucking faults,

Discrimination, Statistical Significance,
Underground norms, insulting someone, racially, ethically, not considered wrong, not anymore.

In the hallucinating underground, everything is upside down, where it's okay to say, I really
don't give a fuck about anyone whose feet touch the ground,
Really? Up here where people walk the earth, it's immoral to even play scrabble in this way
with the letters in your alphabet soup, F-U-C-K-I-N-G B-I-T-C-H!

Chorus

Hallucinating underground dogs and pigs, Old MacDonald had a farm with animals, including hens, can you see them and hear the rooster, kids?
Legal illegals, you're sure to pay a fine.

The cost is hefty, payback is coming for you, Jail? it's only a matter of time.
No game of chance, no more rolling over, playing dead, and rolling die.

The score will be settled.
There's no Even Steven, you're, obviously, not getting-off, no way, not this fucking time.

The odds, a million to one against you fucking jerks,
A clan, a clique, hallucinating underground, PO'ed lice, and a 36 Quai bandit brigade mis-spelled
and mis-pronounced P-O-L-I-C-E, cause in reality you're just a bunch of fucking pornographic,
pathetic, yeah, miserable creeps.

Deja-vu, boys? Go home, now, cause we're fucking PO'ed at you, too!

Verse Two

The schoolyard, not Scotland yard, your scene of crime,
Learning held over heads like the proverbial carrot stick; no, that's not okay, not fine.

Passively aggressive, behavioural psychology, no excuses, it's certainly not Grammarly,
Attacks against the unaware, the innocent, you're not guilt-tripping no one, not this time, no way not on my watch.

You heard about some strange dude called Sigmund Freud, the dead guy hallucinating
underground horseshit and bullshit, now don't you fucking tell me lies,
Fantasizing about sticking something somewhere like in Oedipus's Rex, really, complex stuff,
that kind of animalistic, asshole sex.

Ask me no more questions, Doctor Seuss,
And I'll never have to tell you that you are out of your fucking minds, you fucking liars, are only
into getting laid pretty much all of the time.

Quai

This ain't child's play.

Inculcation, guys and gals so do your best to behave in the worst imaginable ways; Turn off the lights! Turn on your phones! It's show time, you Hollywood pornographic movie-star wanna-bees!

Fit in with the average Joes,

Bell curves and standard deviations, it's the middle of the end of your fucking road, frankly Dick Traceys, you're at the end of your own fucking ropes,

Mediocrity, your gang's lofty goal,

So let's get down to brass tacks and psychoanalyze you bitches just a little more,

Creating self-fulfilling prophecies of and for yourselves,

Imperfect visions of yourselves, What? Changed your mind? Don't feel like doing it anymore?

You're the outcomes of your own Pygmalion Effects,

Telling tales out of school, now you're broadcasting your own fucking failures to your high school honour role crew on national TV!

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