

"Sound and Fury"

Play: Macbeth (with quotes from Act IV, scene i, and Act V, scene v)

Beat: Alex Rappaport Emcee: Grey

Additional Vocals: Escher, Dana Riddick, Charles Hendricks

Allow myself to introduce myself:
The name's Macbeth, during labor I induced myself.
Macbeth, I'll rap death until my last breath,
"Scotland!" that's where you find my address.
Started with me and Banquo meeting these witches,
They said my future would soon hold kingly riches,
But Bun's sons would reign instead of me,
I'm like "yeah right, what could make my friend into my enemy?"
But I found out that the Cawdor title was mine,
And suddenly thoughts of jealousy were filling my mind.
This greed be easy to sip like green tea,
So feeling kingly, I checked in with my queen bee,
My lady, she was like "why you thinking maybe?"
Killing this king will be like stealing hagas from a baby,"
I'm wavering, she's telling me to be a man,
I'm like, "man, I guess we'll go through with the plan,"
I can't ignore it...

[Marching...]

We're gonna beat 'em,
We gotta lead 'em,
We're gonna need 'em,
That's the reason that we defeat 'em.

Let it begin, slip the guards ten shots of gin,
I wait for them to pass out, then commence to sin,
I through conscience to the wind, my throat tight as a glove,
And I see this vision of a dagger dripping with blood,
But I proceed, past the guards, to the king's bedside,
Creap Up! I'ma make sure he don't wake up!
You ever taken a man's life? Well I have...
I plunged the dagger so deep, now he's resting in peace,
And a scream... sleep no more, Macbeth murders sleep,
These guilty thoughts in my head something I don't want to keep,
My Lady plants bloody daggers on the passed-out guards,
We was the blood from our hands, and escape through the yard,
They say the first murder is the hardest, and that's right,
After that first night, I had no problem taking some life,
Remember what them witches said about Banquo's kids,
Well I sent off three hit-men to murder them quick,
They stab the father, but miss the son,
And now Fleance is fleeing, yeah I got him on the run,
It's hard to host a party when you're best friend's ghost,
Shows up to haunt you, while you're busy making a toast,
You can't ignore it...

[Marching...]

We're gonna beat 'em,
We gotta lead 'em,

We're gonna need 'em,
That's the reason that...

The witches say:
Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake.
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

I ask them, to answer up to my suspicions,
They respond by summoning three apparitions,
The first says "fear Macduff," yeah, I guessed as much,
Second says, "none of woman born shall harm Macbeth"
They third says I won't ever be harmed or hassled,
Till the days the woods march right up to my castle,
M & M gather armies to march upon me,
Bring it on! No one of woman born can harm me,
Back at the castle, my lady's slowly losing her mind,
She's screaming "out damned spot, out I say..."
Later on I'm informed she died, no remorse,
Not a tear, death means little to King Macbeth,
till I learn a C-section is how MacDuff was born,
Feels like someone left me with a heart that's torn,
And I think back about the apparitions quote,
As I see MacDuff's sword coming at my throat,
It's game over.

[Marching...]
We're gonna beat 'em,
We gotta lead 'em,
We're gonna need 'em,
That's the reason that...

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.