

## Erik Weiner Oxygen Rap

LAVOISIER

Yes, yes, y'all, you know that it's on  
The rapper on the mic is MC Phlogiston  
In the chemistry arena, I'm taking home the title  
Sire, I'm dire, the fire that is vital  
No recital, no rehearsal, won't be no role reversal  
I'm burning up the stage with the element dispersal  
You knows this, I'm like Moses with chemistry  
The element that sets all the others free  
Those Greeks can't speak, 'cuz they didn't know jack  
When the flame gets lit, how air and water react  
Without me, the whole damn world would be snoring  
'Cause the flame would be lame and just straight up boring  
Knock, knock. Who is it? It's me, and I'm gifted  
I'm binding elements that I'm finding have drifted  
Transforming them into everything is so easy  
Like salts and heavy metals but not AC/DC  
What more can I say, you all know I'm the bomb  
The only one under the sun: MC Phlogiston!

MME. LAVOISIER

Yes, my man, you talk a really good game  
But I'm not quite convinced of the aim of your flame  
You seem to say it's like this, and like this, and like that  
Break it down for me, how do these elements react?

LAVOISIER

That's a good question, you're testin' my skills  
But my answers will instill some thrills to give ya chills  
So don't be concerned, it's time that you learn  
I'm released into the air by all things that burn  
I'm talkin' charcoal, fat, even French Toast  
And when I'm done blazin', I'm out, I'm ghost

MME.

You mean you're dead?

LAVOISIER

Hell no, listen here.  
Air ain't the only place that I appear  
Take this chrome microphone that I'm using to bust  
Trust that Phlogiston is there when the microphone rusts

MME.

You're so full of knowledge and full of yourself  
Something tells me you could be full of something else  
I say, nay, implore, sir, please tell me more

LAVOISIER

Well, I score a gold metal when I take it from ore  
You can call me a bore but that is far from true  
I'm found in charcoal, I'll blaze you like a barbecue  
I impart to you this knowledge with no cost  
It's the coal burnin' sermon so you're learnin' who's boss

MME.

You betta toss somethin' else all over those coals

Like some swiss cheese, please, your logic's fulla holes  
And while you're cuttin' the cheese, you should be passin' some gas  
Because you're gassed up theories are straight outta the past  
But, yo, I'm bringin' the new style with exceptional flare  
You better beware, there's all kinds of air  
I'm talkin' inflammable, nitrous, vital and fixed  
And water's not an element, sucka, it's mixed  
Lemme break down it for you about Oxygen

LAVOISIER

Aight, baby, lay it down and I'll beatbox again  
(The beat cuts out and Lavoisier starts beatboxing –  
i.e. making the rhythm with his mouth)

MME.

I'm the O with the 2 on the chemical charts  
You need to have vital air there, then it'll start  
You boastin' that Phlogiston's the key to fire?  
I'd say your pants are the key 'cause you're a liar, liar  
For rust you thrust out yourself for the credit  
But the rust must to vital air thus be indebted  
Yeah, I said it, so let it be known to the masses  
Oxygen, my friend, is the king of all gasses  
Now class is over, we've got somethin' to settle  
'Cause Oxygen is what charcoal coaxes from metal  
Not you, not true, your theory is played  
And your idea of rust is just a masquerade  
'Cause metal grows in weight when thus decayed  
Yet you still insist that nothing is made

LAVOISIER

(Lavoisier, embarrassed, clears his throat).

Ummmm.....

(The beat drops back in)

Check it. Phlogiston is light 'cause when it be snackin'  
It lays off the carbs, kinda like Dr. Atkins  
How can I say this? I think you might hate this  
But Phlogiston's so light that it's practically weightless

MME.

Save it, clown, you're speaking like an ass  
You know there's no such thing - negative mass  
For the world of chemistry, it's a brand new morn  
Because here and now Oxygen is born  
Phlogiston is yesterday's news  
It's time to hit the road. Jack, put on your shoes  
You were here but Old Man Time just blinked  
So be like a Dodo bird and go extinct

There's many elements, some we know about  
The rest await skilled hands to figure them out  
In chemical reaction, this remains  
Matter is neither lost nor gained  
It's the new chemistry on the microphone  
And I'd like to thank the royals who are on the throne  
Say goodbye to Phlogiston as he walks out the door  
Oxygen gets the win for now and evermore.