

Laryngitis, fear of heights, and parent-teacher conferences  
Tell me your accomplices, tell me your accomplishments  
Feel I ain't accomplished shit dealing in the college sense  
Said it ain't a competish, maybe it's the opposite  
Now they're getting rich in exchange for apocalypse  
Hard to exist, Oculus Rift not an option  
The box what you think is actually what we're locked in  
Without a locksmith [?] getting dark see  
Rather drink sake with foxies  
Next to palm trees while the gods speak Farsi  
Pay my tab in prayers and thoughts, believe what you can't see  
[?] gotta eat when you're hungry  
Not to be all these wants become daunting  
Some things just aren't belonging  
So when that gong rings and breaks you from your arming  
I hope there's no rain in your awning  
'Cause darling this world don't reciprocate  
Karma's real but a little late, still on a dinner date  
I feel still in my middle age  
Build my field while while you're sealed in a gilded cage  
Can't steal from my minute maid [?] little lemonade  
And know what the vendor paid, skills to my center fade  
Stay real tell incentive straight  
But whatever, if it's meant to be, better with integrity