

I'm Isaac Newton of that highfalutin side boob in heads in a cloudy place with a pouty face over a rye rueben I'm  
Totally emerged in this dystopian dirge and I'm fine tuning  
Eyes swollen like I've been, high rolling in a mind blowing science  
Foolin with team slackers and dream catchers  
Vandalize your favorite knitch with basic bitch pre-settings  
Beheaded into the digital comments in clean patches and screen capped it  
And then come sliding in the paltrow group to recruit in the outro loop or better yet  
Pour a cup nigga pocket what's seeped and creeped in from the scoundrels roost

Life will mind us like Platos cave  
Tech giants cradle babes with a neural tug  
While insisting it's natal gaze from an encircled pub  
Looking for a taste of sage for them purple buds  
Sieved by the terror of direct experience  
Your act freezes on the run  
That black Jesus makes a carrier pigeon of a turtle dove  
The übermensch retours in body fat  
Strikes poses on fighter jet noses  
Outside a carpet mat, copy that! West Hollywood insomniac  
And art rappers seek the vox populi  
Hence their relatability  
And their high sausage drives  
Head ream not occupied  
Lose their traits of solemnity

I can differ from the high grade symbolisms of flickering glyph  
Hopefully I'm ballin better  
I water colored the rye from reconfiguring lips  
My memory skips as I lick and kin at nurses like they were hickory sticks  
My niggas be lit as I satirize dominant cultures who  
Celebrate the promises of bottomless mimosas  
I stay charged up 150% percent, make the city repent  
When narcissism is incentivized, it's hard living when you're meant to tie  
It's jazz!  
Don't listen to it at your own risk  
I don't dare to write what the otherlings do  
I pick a side at the scuddling school of bone fish  
When the tone switch  
The fertility goddess is out of reach  
At the count of each  
And phonisms some grown shit, my G

When I say I love you, ay  
Like ay ay...