

## Actually Virtual

Flying Lotus

High and embellishing on the flow  
Actually virtual  
Traveling with nowhere to go  
Nowhere to go

Black mirrors, real killers, may y'all feel us  
Pig spirit, the bottom cheerers, villains' heroes  
Tires peelin', eyes glarin', sky's herald  
Bird parker, word hardened, pure darkness  
Roll it, spark it, count cake up on the carpet  
Your fakeness is remarkable, you may have hit his marker  
Your moving targets, parades of sharpness, dapper marksman  
Flossy star men, steady Darwin, body Tarzan  
That's why we call him, we all can hear him pouring  
It's never knowin', so we totin' and we floatin'  
Our lines is open, we're swingin' from the rope end  
Rollin' dice and hopin' for votes from the dopemen

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Style dirty, let's fly low and hurry  
Khalil is present, put the reverence with the essence  
Amongst the peasants, you far flung of his blessing  
You sick of messin' with him, fans hit this at the wedding  
The beast expects ya, you finite in two directions  
The goons test him, he ain't impressed and so they left 'em  
He plastic and it's tragic but we magic like crescent  
Crown crushin', another Lo beat, you can trust it  
From east blew in a plush wind, with nomads that blow grass  
To gold flow that's so passionate, styles dash, we so cash  
Dash past the imam, black limb is transcendent  
Broke minds mended, it's the genesis