

Llama Mind

Jpegmafia

2 Perc 15s weighing down my mind
Hoping the spirits don't run when they come for me
Don't ask me what the fuck's on my mind
I slip and I slip
I'm slipping like I'm on ice
All I do is dynamite
I want to be on your screen like we're on Skype
Sometimes I dress and look like a dyke
I drip and I drip
Dripping the drip, alright
Kidnap DJ
For a knee slap and cheesecake
For Pete sake's, dude
Paint nudes of Saint Jude
For crew cuts, beefcakes in blue
Pull up to Chipotle like
"Why's a white man making my food? Come on, dude..."
No, fuck that
I ain't Sammy Davis Jr
I won't smile and face the viewer like I'm Judas
For 30 pieces of little silver
I'd much rather sell my liver
Than be sold down the river
On the road we all begin on but we act like we don't know like a bigot
Let me know if you dig it
2-4-0 is the digits
It's Freaky (LLAMA)

I took my face out the box with the windows rattling
Sabbath in the month of July
I caught a wave blown bare back stares down the barrel of a bullet traveling
Take me back to death
My soul's javelin
He made me in his image?
I take a screen capture with the grimace
Sentenced myself to social media dependence
No friends and no gimmicks
So fuck a million dollars
And fuck your million follows
Imma be a man with no tomorrow
'Til the fire runs out
I'll be just another outline in the chalk
When my time runs out
Or just old and bloated
That's how white tends to do this
Stupid fucking country never learn to face the music
Put in on your pages never say it to their faces
What's this freedom with no means of education?
For racists
My ancestor's slavers
My ancestor's neighbors
A plantation nation
We're all slaves in relation
Underlying backbone
Crosses burned on country backroads
No charge for broken backbones
Hillbilly's bumping Big Pun

Battle square a telling sign
We know your hateful asses blind
If that's called free speech
Then set me on fire
Set me on fire, let me be free one time
Set me on fire, let me be free one time
Set me on fire, let me be free one time
Set me on fire, let me be free one time, won't you?

I got a bunch of shit on my mind
I did my thing with these girls and they stalking me
So many things weighing down my mind
I can't believe you talk to me
My name is Peggy
I think I'm perfect
And I spit harder
Than Degraasi workers
I come from the projects where bitches get tossed at
And most of my friends are either dead
Or they tryna rap
And that shit makes me sad
I wish they had a father
I mean I have a dad
But that nigga never bothered
Now I'm not trying to whine
Just gotta get these bars up
Rapping since the teen ages
Niggas never gave a fuck
But now that I've been on these blogs
These niggas want a handout
Imma make 'em work for this cheese
Cake like the band now
Mix this, master that
My nigga, get your bands out
Stand down, Peggy got more styles than Sandow
"Ooh, I love your tape!"
I guess that's the saying now
Mirror, mirror on the wall
Tell me who's a fan now
Ay, you can't play me like a coon
I ain't foolish nigga
And I'm smart with this money
I'm Jewish nigga
Hungry for this rap shit
My flow's screaming, "bite me"
4chan talking smack
That shit excites me
Now you don't like me, huh?
You wanna fight me?
You gon' swing?
Then just do it, nigga
Oh, you ain't Nike

"I'm totally fine now. Sorry about that. Yeah, listen, it's not really to make up for earlier but, how about we try that dating thing again?"

"Yes, great. That sounds awesome. It'll be your choice mine is all [?]. Haha, okay, okay, you're on. See you tomorrow"

(Sorry about that)

(Yeah)

(Sorry about that)

(Yeah)

"Revolutionists and racists believe that the masses have to be lead. Most Americans believe that the people lead. You have heard the people speak. There

is commonality, there is hope, and there is still time. It is not yet five minutes to midnight but it is clearly late in the day. Goodnight"