

Angles

Mick Jenkins

I've been running away, cause I don't wanna fight, I don't wanna pray
Hope the bridges we burnin-in', yeah
Light the way for another day
I only do it if (I want to)
Look in the mirror, do I (want you)?
I don't know. Do you know?
Come on mister, (don't lie)
What do you feel when you look into your (own eyes)?

See it's all about angles
Whether I'm checking my watch or I'm hitting my dab
You use the same muscles to cough with as you would do to laugh
It's perspective really, the collective is merely suggesting a theory that love is a blessing
I'm stressing it really
Man y'all don't hear me, if you've never been alone how you know yourself?
If you ain't up on the water how you grow yourself?
You should love you so much that you go Marylin Manson and blow yourself
It's some things that you gotta learn that only you can show yourself
Getting introspective, it can only go right like you ain't got no left
Like a wack-ass point guard
Or a porn star, yeah I'm going hard
Young Coinstar
I've done seen change, trying to turn this shit to dollar bills
Touching souls, not just coping feels
See myself when I see my friends
They make sure that I ain't lost the real
Lost at sea or lost at thought
I give a fuck, I ever lost a deal
I'm hungry to see me, be me like a nigga lost a mill'

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(I am, um) I am absolutely, positively happy
Exponential, gratitude for rapping
Aptitude for passing dude's exceptions
The vacancy will always be the laughing
Cause niggas love a bitch when she's sarcastic
Rihanna is made of feather dust and matches
And everybody wants to touch the fire
A little bit of love never hurt nobody
Y'all in the club while I'm sitting in the attic
Thinking bout the plastic, a trip to Malibu
Spend a couple racks on racks say hallelu-
In the waiting room trying to get to you
And who could be the breadwinner? Me
And who could cook your next dinner? Me
I think not, I'm saving up for Audi
This is, allegory of a wack-long cloudy
I am absolutely, positively healthy

Re-define to expedite my wealthy
I need money, halfway sunny, out the country
Only God and a blunt could help me
And Noname quit the weed
Happy with sunlight in my weave
Synonymous with all anonymous and verbal columnists
A good rap song is all I need

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Had to get to know myself before I claimed I loved me
Nobody else, just for myself, got more myself just for me
Growing everyday, I'm growing everyday, growing everyday
Wake up early in the morning for you now
Had to get to know myself before I claimed I loved me
Nobody else, just for myself, got more myself just for me
Growing everyday, I'm growing everyday, growing everyday
Wake up early in the morning for you now