

# 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 Marilyn 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