

an encyclopedia

Milo

What is that? What is this? What is this? Huh?
This is an encyclopedia containing the Latin names of the ugliest parts of my insides
I'm choosing to use it like a compass in times of peril
No one taught me the language of rap song, I was born speaking it
My last name means "blacksmith," and yours?
Oh yeah, I'm not a scofflaw either
Born from the racial tensions between nigga rigs and Macgyvers
The difference between quantum leap and sliders
That is if you have an eye for
The mid-nineties Sci-Fi sitcom
Used to listen to Myka 9 rip songs
And think "Gee mom, this seems strong, good."
Rap song writing, qua black art aspiring
Now I only write in green ink like Matrix code
Peace to the Wahoo Monastery

My destiny is to write four bars
In black licorice
Convert that to one stack
Then set out to redefine the term "nigga rich"
I'm very hungry
Done asking for table scrappings
From neighbors who live just above me
Trapping seems in the vein of hunting
I abstain from only the one thing
I'm so sorry, how could I be so clumsy
To thrust you inside a language game
Without affording the proper trumpeting?
Might make a beat from machete metal clang
I mastered the yeti ghetto slang
Like nicknames of nimble and tip of nipple metal fangs
Milo last seen with a poor sport with more ass
Got a passport to import more for the war stash
Short leash, long lash
Long Beach with bombast
I palm palm trees in my thought path
This is a mason jar containing a last laugh

It isn't at all clear to me why I should be alive
Kenny Segal's drums are not quantized
And presently that gives me purpose
I know it's worthless and worthwhile
And how to build a fortress
And I've always known
And then he opened his mouth so wide all his teeth were showing:
Rows, pews, banquet halls of teeth, and he goes
"I've got this one song, it sounds like;
I've got this one song, it sounds like"

People of color coloring [ad-libbed several times]
(HEY! You can't do that!)
People of color coloring [ad-libbed]

Today they shook me down to my core
It's nigga killer galore out there
The truth is a golden rectangle I tried to swallow

Look at the mouth tears, my nigga
I'm really out there
All five fifths of my personage
What kind of burden could be worse than this?
How can I carry all these dead people of color?
All these black and brown and yellow bodies
Darrien Hunt cosplaying was killed for his hobbies
And I love Mugen too
And that's the thing
I love Mugen too
They gave us Mavis Beacon and slavish deacons
Who predicate upon
Who pontificate upon
Who conversate upon
But never hand-grenade a palm
They find refuge muttering
"The patriarchy is on auto-pilot"
With prayer beads and solemnity
We, Urban Outfitters, would like to make a t-shirt
Out of your just-born soliloquy

People of color coloring [ad-libbed several times]
(HEY! You can't do that!)
People of color coloring [ad-libbed]

And the raw amount of psychic data that I fail to process
Staring at Cinnamon Toast Crunch boxes
And the raw amount of psychic data that I fail to process
Staring at Cinnamon Toast Crunch boxes

People of color coloring [ad-libbed several times]
(HEY! You can't do that!)
People of color coloring [ad-libbed]

This is an encyclopedia containing the Latin names
Of the ugliest parts of my insides
I'm choosing to use it like a compass in times of peril
No one taught me the language of black man, I was born speaking it
My last name means "blacksmith," and yours?