

Can you turn the beat up a little bit in the headphones?
Check, check, yeah, check, uh
Tight, yeah perfect
Uh huh
Umm

Yo Milo why you always rap in passcodes?
Cause they assholes
Who don't deserve the whole
So they fiddle with their portions
I fiddle with my organs on parchment
Yes I roll with dark men
Failed draft-dodgers and niggas teaching at Dartmouth
We was lurking Michael Larkin with the Midas Touch
Eat at Perkins and resign to never being much
That's the only truth worth memorizing
So I memorized it
Then made a memorandum to try to signify it
Give it meaning, make it worthwhile
Wear black beanies, make mix CDs with Turnstile
Join a message board when your house burns down
Find your forever shelter in the iCloud
Follow the winding path

Yo Milo why you front like you're enlightened?
Because presently it's advantageous
Now please tell me what the bad man's name is
That's the same box that my 404 came in
Do you think that your soul will fit in there?
A metaphor about the winter's air
Deployed via lawn chair in Los Angeles
When Al and I was eating all air sandwiches
I'll take beef for the bandeau and bandages
I go totally commando when playing banjo hits
In a palace bumping Shabazz Palaces
Skimming the Voynich manuscript
Don't misplace the master's book of hours
And keep a look out for the hook blossom flower
Follow the winding path

(I'll be you now)
Yo Milo, what's the significance of the five fifths?
And how do you mean you're the corduroy coon prince?
I thought I heard you say you don't exude hubris
Yo Milo, you make my very favorite nigga music
In my own blood I wrote it on pig skin
We need poems that kill
I refuse to be yesterday's victim
Cordial reminder of Being Big-B
A cordial reminder of Being Big-B

It's that amethyst poet
If I wanted to be the illest rapper, you would know it
Cause I would tell you
It's that amethyst poet
If I wanted to be the illest rapper, you would know it

Been a couple false starts but we never end
A paradox in a pair of Docs
I pare the locks while they parrot ops
I'm not a rookie or a veteran
Young sage of the tree-tops
Burn sage while I plot on their weak spots
Two step in the sage-colored Reeboks
The beat knocks
Vegetarian, I do not eat ox tails
Deploying Oxford commas at will

(I kind of fuddled it)