

# Backpacker's Sermon From Mount Jansport

Milo

All right, final take. Way too late in the evening to be rapping, but, whatever

Rappers flex their abs, they're all fit and lean  
I'm nineteen, and fine dining means a Kid Cuisine  
You're on a train of thought, I'm in a limousine  
That's properly outfitted for my primary thinking machine  
Should I ever become a sell-out, wrap my brain in polypropylene  
In lieu of a government bailout, I play Wayne's No Ceilings  
I'm penning verses with a nondescript, nom de plume  
Rappers quick to send reminders they're no that fond of whom  
Ever, the bell tolls for  
Let's compare talents by whoever sold more  
Four score, or rather four square  
I got a mustache, but see I'm low on chest hairs  
My sweater collection is entirely threadbare  
These curls form a rather ornate head wear  
I need a garden, and a good library  
Every night I give thanks to the benevolence of the rhyme fairy  
I'm will Hunting at MIT, with a mop in hand  
The whetherman's union is a very angry marching band  
Someone told me I was black as a saltine  
Cause I listen to Rage Against the Machine  
To which I had no rebuttal  
My fight history's full of embarrassing scuffles  
I used to want to be the Harry Potter of this rap shit  
But scary daughters don't like to talk when I'm flaccid  
My mind is a laser with the power of a toaster oven  
I'm a nerd, but I didn't identify with McLovin'  
And much to my chagrin  
My father taught me to always lend a hand to my brethren  
Which would be a lot easier if I was a Hindu deity  
Reminder to self, stop and smell the peonys  
And pay for any late charges on overdue DVD's  
These are good Samaritan raps  
Rappers with a stuffy nose pop claritin caps  
While I write by candlelight that drips paraffin wax  
Narrating the hapsis, my endorphin's wither and lax  
I had a dream I once gave a seraphim daps  
These musicians could brush up on their medieval lore  
I grip this microphone like it was an ethereal sword  
I don't give a gobbley gook about song structure  
I got lyrics to make a tarot card readers palms rupture  
I rap in the shower, that'll forever be my first gig  
Don't talk to me when I'm busy reading Pirsig  
I don't have a private jet, I fly Southwest  
I rewrite a rhyme for hours until it sounds best

All right, here we go with a little freestyling, how 'bout that yo

Is this thing on, can you hear me, can you see me?  
When it comes to these flows, my man's I'm the Great Houdini  
I'm floating above you, narrating things with my mind  
And all you other dudes can do is rhyme  
Really I'm a mime, really I'm in a box  
Really I ate the key, and there was never a lock  
So whatever that might mean, as you can see I

Conjure these raps from out of a dream  
I'm something like a necromancer  
All you other dudes are nancy prancers  
You have hoofed feet and cloved toes  
And you don't rap, you merely flow  
Which is something very easy that hose can do  
Not hoes can do, but like a garden hose can do  
My dude, get your mind out of the gutter  
Um yes, and when I have toast I put jam on it, never butter  
Um yo, I haven't eaten meat for like a year and a half  
And sometimes I like to sit and laugh  
At less refined and educated people  
Because I'm snobby, and it makes me feel like  
They'll never be my equal  
Because I do things like that to boost my twitter stats  
Uh yea, you should follow me  
And that way Klout will see  
And send me nice things in the mail  
All this stuff is fake  
And I would really like to delete my internet persona  
But I'm not gonna