

Bill Murray's Prayer

Milo

I'm no hustler I only know about coffee grinds
That said, I guess I'll rest when it's coffin time
My crew gets excited over Jack's frozen pizzas
And two or more beautiful hopeless [posing] señoritas
Surprised, like when Bane broke the Batman's back
Your grandpappy's like "hot damn dude that boy can rap"
In defence of the OGs, you spell Milo M-I-L-O please
Here's to hoping Jay Electronica will hurry
I'll drop this tape and give a quick prayer to Bill Murray
If I am what I become then I guess I always was
Stuck in sixth grade worrying about my peach fuzz
I don't know a lot of rappers who can write bars in Latin
Or recite from memory Kant's deontological maxims
Which is why they can't fuck with me
Or much less even keep up with me

Is it possible I'm groping for something that doesn't exist
Or did but has since slipped into the abyss?

This boasting is a quirky coping mechanism
To deal with bloggers who clearly have no intent to listen
I had a dream I took a shower in pre-paid gift cards
That reverie couldn't even begin to make my dick hard
Your favourite songwriter equates prowess to athleticism
A wiser man lives a life of total asceticism
Rap seems like the ideal genre for that
For comfort I need a bag of rice some booms and a bap
Go ahead my mans, you can ask about me
Third best mage dualist on Lake Superior, I say that proudly
I've never been ashamed of the nerdy dude I am
But I've stumbled upon Michael Cera's nerdsplotation plans
So if you've ever been shoved in a trash can, then stand up
If that pretty girl didn't like your band, then stand up
If you're an all-star athlete, then stand up
If you got a haircut from flock of seagulls then we all peoples

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