

DAVID FOSTER WALLACE

Milo

I refuse to overdose on antidepressants
When single teenage girls tell me my rhymes aren't impressive
Especially when their mothers left the distinct impression
That for all these mics I'm flexing I get to fondle a freshman
Catch folks at my shows, mid-river jig
Drowning in toxins until their livers get big
Pre-show, I pre-game with green tea and Coltrane
End the night on a high note
I'm the conductor of the soul train
Afterwards I'm for sure going home alone
Until a harajuku girl asks if I'd rather read her a poem
I'm fairly certain Robert Frost was as sad as me
Unsure if the cause was from playing frat homes for free
I'm frantically searching for my niche
And telling my mogul virgin daughters I write rhymes with velvet tips
True true my lapel reeks of Aqua Velva Blue
My breast pocket has a few crushed Alka-Seltzers too
I get an upset stomach whenever I become a rapping pundit
Spitting the nerdiest raps at the burliest of frats
And wondering why these cats continue to hurriedly call me back
To perform tracks about various philosophical facts
Namely, I exist and you probably don't
And I'll ask you to buy my CD and you probably won't
I'm a career player who is exceptional at free throws
Crafting jams for brown weirdos telling them not to fear those
Who may not understand the appeal of Lando Calrissian
These people deserve our prayers and we should pity them
I scribble these words up in the death note
All my enemies developed was a cleft lip though
I wish every other rap guy had streptococcus
In bland hospital rooms they'd be left to mock us
And their miseries would soon become my profits

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I need you to pay me so I can buy shea butter for my curls
And a big jug of whey protein to impress some girls

These bars are tasty, be sure to grab another helping
And I'll EQ the track so you can hear me over the yelping
Behold as Cap'n Crunch prepares your lunch
Overloads your sense perceptions and delivers a donkey punch
The big gig in the sky is probably a state fair
I'll be there pretending it's a white collar affair
Your home girl can take a peek, it's a dollar to stare
I'm accepting volunteers to draft my Wikipedia page
As soon as D3 drops I'll be Nvidia's slave
That was a subtle shout out to my cats building PCs
My fell Yougate mage, PKs clap your hands please
These people buy their drinks at Starbucks
I wanted to pilot a Viper starfighter and be Starbuck
I'm spitting raps that make Cliff Huxtable proud
I'm borderline unstoppable now

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