

Thank you, sir
You're welcome, sir

Dry humping the Ecstasy in Seattle, baffled, channeling Sappho
Gold lasso loops, holding an actual noose
Goose down plumage (goose down), I chose to remain a student
Of the disaffected malcontent, Halifax hyacinths and
Soup of the alphabet, a higher sense emerged
After I abandoned lucid mouthiness, Church of Black Rowdiness
Roy Rogers hanky-chief, lost it in the jungle gym
Bungled whims, mangled whims, fuck rap, eyes go back
To finagling, finnesing, I haggle for the message
Bits of soul, perhaps another round of cribbage though
Wicker poetry, it's wicked to ever proclaim "Woe is me"
Hoping they don't notice me, I might proceed unaffected
I forget the date the statue was erected but I dust it daily
Logs be musket waving, calling it an art form and I nod like, "
True"
We should rob all conscious rhymers, pass the Aunt Jemima (than
k you)

If life were a dream of euphoria
We would not have schizophrenia or paranoia
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We would not have schizophrenia or paranoia

They yelling, "Bro, you inspire me"
Like I ain't the nigga who said "Oh well" to life's entirety (o
h well)
The prince of solipsistic fortresses, immovable objects
And irresistible forces, we galloped in on horses
They yelling, "Bro, you inspire me"
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If life were a dream of schizophrenia
We would not have...