

## going no place

Milo

They filthy fucks (what else?)  
Mad clumsy, saw them muttering in the corner about something  
Yes, capital-S blessed, then grapple with stress  
The vest was chartreuse, bet he's part sleuth  
A dark art artist in the booth  
Partition the loop  
Disperse to veteran crews then reinstate the old rules  
Warn the cynical sky-scanner  
The black man's Bruce Banner is an iCamera

This is the way it was while I was waiting for your eyes to find me  
I was drifting, going no place. Hypnotized by sunshine maybe

Going no place because I remember yesterday  
Once wore his hair with a part like the renegade  
A little darker, but less handsome than Bobby Sixkiller  
Came with two hands and smacks for Mac Millers  
I shot John Wayne like Praswell  
Scared straight, bet them shit stains in your Carhartts was heart-felt  
On the perfect day I tap my crew before seppuku  
On any kind of list my name is nowhere next to you  
Bet in group photos I wear the turtleneck  
Coyly smile with two lung fulls of purple cess  
We could hit a joog or a lick  
Turn your man into food with my fists  
If a MAWG fuck with me he's in a dune or a ditch  
Best believe

I'm much too wise for sandcastles

That's not boasting  
You were used to me rapping my book list  
Indeed a nigga might look bookish  
You can be next in line to catch a hooked fist  
But nah, right?  
And my little sister's out front playing hopscotch  
She's like, she's like

Dap Dunlap don't  
Why I oughtta  
I'm the fly Don Dada  
I'm the fly Don Dada  
I'm the fly Don Dada  
I'm the fly Don Dada

(Shout out to milo for holding me down here)  
I wear my pants how I wear my pants  
Throw up my hands, but I might not dance  
I don't really have a problem, that's just my face  
You're in my way  
When the roof ran dry had to float on faith  
Fathers in the hood never got much praise  
Baby blue for lawsuits in a dark arcade  
Half moon fade, unlaced kicks  
Fuck running from 'ops  
One way out please don't make haste  
In the pocket bringing foil to the tapas spot

My name clears when the docket drops  
Hoppin' John on the first of the year  
Accomplishing the trip that was me switching gears  
Non-linear delirium, niggardly idioms  
Dreadlocked Jesus take the wheel before I plow civilians  
I want you to feel, tap into brilliance  
Hudson River the city I'm in  
I'm chilly chill, what's really real?  
Blood spray on the glass ceiling  
All my niggas need hugs for daily trauma dealings  
Highways kinda bub can't explain it away  
Day-to-day came in waves  
Wash over second nature, all grown up  
Get right 'fore I'm older, stuck  
Newport shorts and two bucks worth of cold cuts  
That's low, cus  
No love, no love  
K-N-O-Dub

I'm much too wise for sandcastles  
My castles are across the sea  
Still within my mind