

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