

Mr. Doubt(w)riter

Milo

My ancestors broke their backs sharecroppin'
And my Grandfather picked cotton!
So pardon me if I'm not impressed by that collar poppin'
On Facebook creeping, I can see you have a nice life
Cause you have multiple albums dedicated to your "Night Life"
And I'm hoping one of your trashier friends will show some skin
I've got soft hands that need to be broken in
This is the total extent of my dirty work
I guess when you're this nerdy it really hurts
When I argue with folks, I tend to use Parli Pro
Cause everything ain't "All Good" like these gnarly bro's
I've got the frame of an old man with gnarled bones
I don't participate in Intramural Leagues
And in the Winter, I develop a neural disease
This ain't some sort of artsy depression
This the kind of shit that make Archie start stressin'
You struggle to remember what I never forgot
But I keep shit bottled up so my insides'll rot

I write a lot of rap songs (Mmhm)
But I don't ever bring them home (No, no)
I let them live on this hard drive
And convince myself that's where they deserve to die (Yes, sir)
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Biologically, I overreact to dopamine
Realistically, I don't exist on your social scene
Cause, by nature, I'm very introverted
I've lost a lot of friends, wish that I could say it hurted
My best connections were playing video games online
My classmates couldn't recall my name during free time
I'm the type of dude to win it all on Cash Cab
And in a flash waste it on a rapper collab
Struggling with lyrics to connect with octogenarians
These are the toils of a well-fed American
My whole life I've been B Squad leader
My vocals are peaking, you better fuck with your tweeter
Underground and I'd submerge myself deeper
Unfortunately I wasn't born with a rebreather
I'm king of the castle on a very tall hilltop
I stay sobered up while these other dudes pill pop
Steal the library's internet until my cable bill drops
You won't catch me rapping about robots with Jill Scott

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Ice Cream truck drivers tend to play this rather loudly

Like a father with wallet-sized photos on display proudly
I don't go shopping for clothing unless it's bargain day
I like girls who like Robert Frost, sports cars, and Lingerie
My flows are inspired by day dreaming through ACT prompts
To seem more artistic, I write rhymes in downloaded fonts
Clumsily recite Neil Young lyrics down by the pond
I still listen to Wu-Tang Clan like word is bond
I'm an awkward mass of highly regenerative cells
I'm a vagabond with a limited selection of songs to sell
An introspective tumblr with photographs of pretty people
And succinct lineups on all your favorite sequels!
I buy all my books Used off Amazon
And hold myself in the basement cause I'm afraid of Babylon...
I'm a fart-face from a dark race
Who left in a stargate to escape...
All these stuttering corn flakes!

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