

## mythbuilding exercise no.9

Milo

If you not a myth, who's reality are you?  
If you not a myth, who's reality are you?  
I like to rap, I love rapping  
Poets, poets, I'm a rapper myself  
I'ma rap for y'all  
Get the fuck out the way, brother, this some serious shit here

Surrounded by Anglos in Almelo, thinkin 'bout Amadou Diallo  
Fit in like a shaman in Diablo, high note vibrato  
Evening sense of Sonderweg  
On Erowid, reading anecdotes about heroin, thinking of dead friends  
Who gon' notify Google? Schopenhauer fought ennui with poodles  
Niggas been swindled, bamboozled by civility and menthol nicotine  
I guess it's getting to me, musical chairs with multiple identities  
Neurosis generating energy, like how you lose focus looking for enemies  
Nostrum Grocers got the remedy, ain't no average MC ahead of me  
They purse yankers who thirst danger, worship anger  
Always clamoring for that artificial trap beat  
Bro look like the leader of the Dothraki, steering from the backseat  
Rarely at home, no, I don't bump they poems  
Reeking of charity porn, disparity worn like a letterman

Huh  
Shit, y'all think I can't do it  
Listen to this shit

Slurps puttanesca, watching futanari  
And it ain't a rapper walking who could harm me  
Slurps puttanesca, watching futanari  
And it ain't a rapper walking who could harm me (who could harm me)

Tucked under my tiny t-shirt, a Sennheiser

Acting out, undeserving of a humble brag  
It's simply me in my mansion of thumb tacks  
Monsieur Baron de Holdback, wipes his hands of reality  
And sets about creating new galaxies  
Love letters never sent, but I'm angsty like you read it  
My style like if Langston didn't edit  
Bro a globetrotter, lobe rotted from the pssh  
Double clutching the mic, hollering for the operator, the audience sniggers  
That's one clever (that's one clever), that's one clever (that's one clever)

You need a vessel to sail the River Styx  
Ruby Yacht deliver complex messages simplest  
You need a vessel to sail the River Styx  
Ruby Yacht deliver complex messages simplest  
You need a vessel to sail the River Styx  
(You need a vessel)

Atop the high wall, Lord Mycroft at home  
Sniper of pot, bald-headed who roam too far from the city gates  
Misery states dominance on humans, so I cease to be that  
Living myth of the boom bap, living myth of the boom bap  
Boom, boom, boom bap  
Misery states dominance on humans, so I cease to be that  
Living myth of the boom bap (ba-da boom, boom bap)

Look who's hanging out with the Falcons  
Just because you're on top of a mountain  
But what goes up, must come down, ho  
They ain't give a fuck about you four years ago  
What you gonna do when it starts sinking?  
Motherfucker, you'll probably start drinking

Clip a bar of zingers, pulled the trigger with my booger finger  
We into Guggenheim, hook, and line, and sinker  
Brick wall applied physics for the mind and blunted thinker  
Born in my mother's city in my fatherland  
Time become apparent in my other hand, Black Orpheus boogie man  
How to rap with a hammer post-Scribble Jam

Rap generation, man, we in a rap generation  
We had our generation, man, I used to have my generation