

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