

## Omar Don't Scare

Milo

Aggravated rappers have always got to take their shirts off  
Kick my feet up and scoff, I'd rather take a year off  
Compiled journal entries, my life's filmed by Werner Herzog  
Small industry gatherings where I have to brush the dirt off  
My tattered second-hand moccasins  
My genre's the opposite of whatever Waka Flocka's in  
Holly P. Rose, we're like Cochise and Geronimo  
If this rap shit fails you can catch me at your local Domino's  
Handing out free slices to bandits yelling "vámonos"  
This is crusty, old, grandpa rap  
Mic in hand, hollering, "ugh, where my pampers at?"  
I don't know how much longer I can hold these phantoms back  
Recesses of my mind is where I normally throw my tantrums at  
Black folks and rapping is a fairly apparent trap  
But I guess I'll come and stumble in  
But when I record, Nick Donalds is like "Yo, stop mumbling"  
I nod, like, "I heard you loud and clear, chief"  
Crazy excited, like when I buy new boxer-briefs  
I didn't grow up in a neighborhood hearing gun-shots  
And I never wanted to get old and own stocks  
I'm trying to grow an orchard, and become a bee-keeper  
Spend my time in Loch-ness and tame a sea creature  
Writing songs about why I'll never eat meat again  
So pardon me if I consider your music a part of the median

I aspire to forty acres and an apple orchard  
I'm pissed off at all these write-ups of rappers Porsche's  
Like, what about the common man  
What about the electricians, and cats who clean pots and pans?  
I'm weary of the litany of fashion tumblr's  
And the intolerable bevy of hash-tag Twitter mumblers  
I never got over the death of Radio Raheem  
And I'm up all night cause I'm afraid of my dreams

This is Mister Señor Love Daddy  
Coming to you from what's last on your dial  
But first in your hearts  
And that's the quintessential truth, Ruth  
The next record goes out to Radio Raheem  
We love you brother