

You can pop bottles with models in fancy bars
I'll be reading Aristotle but moaning dancing with the stars
When I close my eyes, I can visualise an echo
Hip hip is a puppy mill that's sponsored by Petco store clerks
The jerk's spamming twitter feeds with "Let's go."
We should have a fireplace
The type of space to meditate through the ugliest of dire straits
For some reason my toenails grow too rapidly
Reading Rumi and wishing that I knew myself actually
Every morning I burn myself at the coffee machine
Cause I'm pep talking a loser who's scared to follow his dreams
I'm Jamie Foxx and this is Any Given Sunday
With faulty d line [?] protecting my thoughts from their gunplay
If I'm not broken and faulty
Then I guess I'm a Vulcan who's balding
So I grow my afro hairs long and wonder where my pieces of flair have gone

Crip wrote a song called The vent in my consciousness
Expanded through a hole in my tent
I feel like a troll in some sense
Cause I'm monitoring this monitor like I'm patrolling a fence
(Yeah)
And rap is just my foot post
The type of pen pal to make a very good host
When you come over on a cross-country visit
I'm all too eager to dismiss Newtonian physics
Why don't I live in a musty tree fort?
I'm the raging bull with a very weak snort
I just wanna buy a big chunk of land
And climb fig trees until I'm a great hunk of a man
We have no interest in reading very long biographies
That you people write in third person so obvious