

I write a rap how Piccolo grow his arm back
Y'all pigeonholed in combat
Perfidy a calm bombast
Mortal Cumbia podcast
On my chin, red velvet cake crumbs make contact
Crack pot mascot in the temple of stolen inches
Minding my own black business
The solitude in riches, no credit, no category
No sabbatical allegory
Radicals request their alimony
No escape, no clone war
Death don't care who own more
The left hand of Nostrum Grocers
Doctor ignotum per ignotius
The sweeter the berry, the blacker my Folgers
The darker my grey clouds and yet how
It seems to thicken my PayPal so steadily
And rap music is so amenable to meddling
Regardless, I stay ventilating
Driving zig zags and rental vans up canyon
Where you don't get no medal for what your standards demand
Reckless abandon is recommended to claim an upper hand sign
The Ruby Yacht weatherman
Fuck a taper, let my hair grow, ergo
Fuck a comb, let my hair loc
Iridescent mare lurk the Airdrop
To toot his own horn, self-born, getting closer to form
Bellowing animist, fellow's magnanimous
Muttering damned amateurs
Tripping on the mic cable, bomb, cough, costs bombs
Fondant for the savant of off-day songs
No fables, alms
No fables, alms
I stare down an oncoming rapper in an Escalade
Like I'm Theaster Gates getting paid for a performance art piece
Unfurl the dormant barking, do not become a beast
Mutual exclusivity is fucking with me
I like the orange box of Zig Zags
Handled your album like a useless knick knack
Drove off the Prius rental bumping The Get Back
Had a hell of a time and now I'm airborne
Boingo hotspot, copping some Tretorns
My natural-born state is to scorn haste
It's just something about how the orange box taste
Gorgeous like heartache
Never made it past the rough draft
As asphalt glints, I hum a ballad to it's innocence
Like what's mystical is skin pressed to skull
Desertions wink, mince the door
Reading "push" or "pull"