

true nen

Milo

Before I wrote my first rap
I learned how to be totally silent
Made a necessity of virtue
And gallivanting as though pious
Gee golly, that sure was dumb of me
These Nike gum soles sure are comfy
Oh God, there I go stunting
Good Will Hunting
Or good Will Mitchell
That is Riley Lake
I pull out two blades
And decapitate a smarmy snake
When I moved to LA my father gifted to me a broadsword
He said use it in times of peril
My mentors are two dark moors
With more direction than dartboards
We use our minds like pencils
And we dress like spice merchants
Preaching black aesthetic gospel
Michael called it art rap so you wouldn't find it hostile

Kenny Segal freaks the SP rather well
We be zoomin', he got that true Nen
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I feel like Basho with this vest on
Scratch that I feel like Hisoka because my head's wrong
I don't drink Pepsi Cola because my teeth aren't strong
And I write rap songs for a living so I don't have health insurance
This machine runs off hood magic and endurance concentrate
I'm conscious of the pain and choosing to giggle quietly
All my niggas are miserly
That's true

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He do
It goes
To the beat of a rhythm that you'd resurrect a Christian army to
I didn't rap on Ken Can Cook cause I missed the barbecue
Listen, listen argue positions, defend your barstool
If you live in the desert pretend to carpool
I live in the desert except there's large pools
We're easily confused
Used to pledge allegiance to crews
And now I'm reasonably amused
Every shade of blue is included in every story line
With highly rated footage of Tiger losing at Torrey Pines
My heart's in a quarried mine
I've decided to leave it when the bottom is needed

I shouldn't be excited to see it
That's kinda conceited
I see it, I could concede it
I specialize in pyrokinesis, or whatever
That's the kind of drivel I'll provide you as a child
And now I'm in the straight shoes
Pick up a grapefruit and tell it "I hate you"
Your face cute, but your kiss is sour
I get my predictive power from this liquid hibiscus flower, ow