

# yet another

Milo

Yah Yah Yah  
Yah

Yet another, American Apparel tune  
Feral coon, cat scratch fever in a sterile room  
Reviewing Tim Kaine's relationship goals while peril looms  
My materials will fail me soon  
And yet still complete as a apple core  
Rap remind me of the Apple Store  
Too many geeks selling trinkets in uniform  
Clay under my fingernails, etched it in cuneiform  
Break out the nae-nae, then the Methuselah pop  
And I feel like Arthur Miller when The Crucible drop  
The tragic mulatto is neither  
Ajamu Baraka with a Scyther  
We are no longer an ordinary peoples  
Occupy myself like an off-roading vehicle

And that DJ over there, he tried to buy power over karma  
I giggle softly like I'm Wilmer Valderrama  
Hosting a show about "yo mama" jokes  
Treat the last scene like an Aphorism (like a, like a)  
And that DJ over there tried to buy power over karma  
I giggle softly like I'm Wilmer Valderrama  
Hosting a show about Yo Mama jokes  
Treat the last scene like a, like a

Need a straw for my holy nose  
Which is broke as a camel's back, puff a camel in Camelot  
Prod and poke, you get smoke like that  
You more smoky than Smokey Robinson  
Robbing some kid named Bruce, didn't want to do his folks  
But shit, they shouldn't of moved, I bop like I'm from the 'Raq  
I could prolly show you the groove, you kiddies lacking the drive  
Set alarm and then hit the snooze  
Responding to colored killings by taking pictures in suits  
Keep telling me speak the real (You can't handle the truth! )  
Who are you? Silverstein  
Writing my pain away on the silver screen  
Haha... \*pew pew\* And yet another tragic scene  
Killed over skittles? No wonder they take magic beans

Quell all the ra-ra shit before I get it shaking like the Parkinson's  
See if niggas want the smoke, I got the maples, couple Swishers  
Cement blocks up on your feet, it's laying dormant with the fishes  
I play the game while y'all squad by the fences  
Bogart a pussy boy? No Humphrey, I found solace in my dungeon  
Fanatics want the work? Shit, I'm already punching  
I ain't scared of contact, I'll catch a pass, Devin Funchess  
Pristine, touchless, you couldn't touch this, I'm in the tundra  
Ground zero, watch the world burn to sun  
And money make it all better n' they'll take it all away if you let 'em  
All I ever had was my soul and my essence  
That's bigger than bowling balls, you got guns like chicklins  
Never 'bout the chatter, boys like little women  
Snickerin' and chitterin', little fiction bitch  
My whole life is fictionless

Yah, walking tall, what is the essence?  
I take pride up in my presence  
And the presents that I learned is lessons  
Feeling old, I know my death ain't older  
Every day I take measures to warm my soul up  
So I don't feel colder, keep the fire flaming  
Even though they fire aiming at our friends and family, can we...  
Continue? Yes, we sure will  
That's our end of the deal, that is our sacred seal  
For real, present the present and then choose  
No left, no right, no win, no lose  
Buckle up your shoes, uh, yeah, no Ponzi, just go  
Oh, just let it flow-oh-oh-oh