

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