

Milk & Honey

Rare Americans

Isn't it lovely, the money, the countries
The places you get to stay?
Isn't it funny, too much milk & honey
Your hunger has gone away

I get up, I get down
I get all around
I get up, I get down
I get all around

I am done with punching clocks
I am buried in the flock
I am banging on your door
Knock, knock, knock

You got some nerve to say all I do is play
I'm out working you every single fucking day
I'm all over it baby, hustle, focus
I don't give a shit about your Hocus Pocus
Beauty in the struggle, I ain't gonna stop
Til the breath leaves my body, I'ma drop these bops
No need for validation, got my concentration
Treetop dreams, green aspirations
Graduation celebrations, hard work, dedication
Big time pay checks, compensation
Stick to the plan, til it sticks to you
Beginners are a dime a dozen, finishers are few

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Yipey-ki-yay, it's a brand new day
This man in the mirror is coming to play
Not sure when next time is I'll get a chance
Mindset is hands in the dirt, three point stance
My life approach is dominant defensive lineman
A savage ravaging at the thought of my assignments
Rush, swim, spinorama, whatever it takes
No interest in rest, fuck you and your breaks
Don't need to feel confident to be braver
Not letting tough thoughts control my behavior
Accept uncertainty, do what I want anyway
Life means tolerating the game we play
Feel good in the morning, shave with Hanlon's razor
Urgency these days, like maybe they're endangered

Maybe they're endangered
Maybe they're endangered
Maybe they're endangered

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