

# Blueberries

Taco Hemingway

Goddamn it, now. (Young Hems what the dealy?)  
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Goddamn it, now. My name isn't Taco, you know, my name is Filip

Sitting on a porch chair, today I just don't care  
Grab my friend's phone, "hey, do you have any porn there"?  
Overheard by female passerbys, there goes that long stare  
Fuck ya'll bitches and glowing hair  
Fuck your shoes and your gear, pierced boobs and your ears  
Fuck your blues and your chop'n'screws and your rocking rolls  
My genre is indie-folk-low-fi-post-weird  
I'm beloved and ignored, most loved and most feared  
I'm a white European boy, best believe it boy  
So much "weird" in my lyrics that I'll never be employed  
Latest ploy, rape Freud with a phallic-shaped toy  
Ask him for analysis, while my phallus is showing  
Never been rich or piss-poor. Is it wrong?  
Always low self-esteem, like "what'd I get that kiss for?"  
And then my ego exploded. Explode  
Suddenly feeling like God when he's blowing his load  
On the face of his favorite pope, screaming: "baby choke"  
Then he's sucking on a blunt laced with his favorite dope  
Screaming, quote: "Fuck Africa. I'm gonna leave'em broke  
Whole world is a pile of fucking dirt, semen soaked"  
(Goddamnit, now)  
Oh, yes indeed. Funny how he never say these things in press release  
I'm hungry. Not rap-wise, hungry for Lebanese  
And instead saying grace, I will be resting in peace, goddamn it now

Goddamn it, now  
I just wanna lie in a motherfucking hammock now  
Gimme me a trampoline, give me a tambourin  
Red wine, blueberries and a gram of green  
Goddamn it now. Goddamn it now  
I just wanna lie in a motherfucking hammock now  
Gimme me a trampoline and a tambourin  
Red wine blueberries and a gram of green  
Goddamn it, now

Young Hems, what the dealy?  
My name isn't Taco, you know, my name is Filip  
And I'm from a town that's been burned to the ground  
That's why I'm never down, 'less you stab my achilles  
I think I'm Big Meech and Bronsonelli  
Fuck the crowd in the mouth, get your tonsils ready  
I'm rocking Wilma's bed and locking jaws with Betty  
I'm 'bout to spit the vomit on y'all. Mom's spaghetti  
Invited to Biggie's house and his parties are heavy  
I tried to carpool but I couldn't get my balls in the Chevy  
I got there late but I still shook some hands and got me a bevy  
And Biggie's asking me why I'm no longer rapping as FV  
Because of Hopsin, I told him  
Now I rapping with a name from FIFA manager mode  
Oh, and I'm a Yiddo. Hungry like a hippo  
Keep your lips closed, kid or I'll damage your folks  
Party on, yeah, the bitches were big fun

But I'm in the kitchen eating freaking chicken with Big Pun  
He wants the last piece, he's licking his damn teeth  
I'm saying like "aight, peace", but I grab it and make a run  
"Son, I beg your pardon!"  
When I'm hungry I got Bronson fronting steak with garlic  
Then we're having fondue or whatever you call it  
I woke up in my apartment, a half-dead alcoholic

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