

=====

CHORUS

=====

How's it feel to write like this?

Can you talk this fast? Can you rhyme this bad?

Can you walk like this?

Can you cram a page of words into a squeak or hiss?

Can you do it all / while you on stage like this?

Getting paid for this? Actually, I'mma save the rest.

Yes I can.

No you can't.

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Fuck!

Well when I think about it / ridiculous shit pops right
into my head like all the time though

And I know these rhymes supposed to be like pure flow

But when I'm honest with myself I'm not sure though

Because

Perhaps my advantage / it's insanity / diagnosed
bipolar / maniac / in the brain / I've had / episodes /

Thought I was Triple Pope of the Apocalypse / The Pale
King / even David Foster Wallace wasn't that deranged /
(or was he?)

That ability has always been -- at least for me -- a
possibility -- in the illest sense I mean, gotta pay
that rent, pump that gasoline, fuck, like

All the little shit / everything built around / but in
here / I'm free to tilt the ground / reach up and
rebound / so sit down for just a moment while i run
your ships aground...

< pause >

<sigh>... sometimes this feels like trying to teach a
Golden Retriever the alphabet, well... hold the receiver:

< BARKING >

"A" "B" "Z?"

< / BARKING >

No, try again.

It feels a little like I'm talking, a little like I'm
singing, a little like I'm doing weird stuff with my
voice, but I'm always aware of every syllable, that map
remains clear you know /

Well, it's a stack to be precise, first in last out /

Well, not exactly / but technically / I got a list of
phonemes / pushing syllables into it / then poppin' off
the top /

While my verbal abilities / leave room for
possibilities / & I'm not gonna stop / until they drop
me / (like Nipsey Hussle / R.I.P.)

Cause I hear it in my ear / it's dope / (there it
goes!)

It silent though

Every episode / a battle with a channel that you can't
control / . . . but nothing-to-fear, because:

It's universal like remotes, but this one's lost you
know / in phoneme space with Biggie's brain and Tupac's
flow.

What a-bout morphemes though?

Those don't matter bro. Flatter yourself with obscure
linguistic terms / all you want / but it's outside the
system like antimatter, so...

Right, don't explode / when the point / meets the flow

That internal rhyme scheme's got to be the first
priority / a lesson in / severity / of anxiety / in

conversations / we all have / all the time / every hour
/ everyday /

Anyway / 'cause we built this way / made to socialize /
strive for the prize and civilize / look for patterns
in the skies

Trivialize / chicken thighs & wicked lies / rationalize
/ genocide

We can pathologize / ask knowledge guys what suit to
buy / tie a tie & supervise

Pretend like you are super fly / compromise your
freedom fries

< DERPY VOICE >

Wait, what's wise for me to choose in this situation?
Do I need a reservation for this vacation to Neptune in
June to see the sex blooms? Is that our destination?

< / DERPY VOICE >

What the fuck is that dude?

I'm not sure. It's just a rap dude, not an attack / how
rude / where was I at? Oh right...

Know what you want to say in advance / it's child's
play / have a point first / then make it dance / take a
chance / & at last / you'll understand...

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< DOUBLE TIME >

When it's necessary I am supersonic plate tectonic
ready got it always on it: Semper Fi / it's entropy /
on your knees? / follow me!

< / DOUBLE TIME >

(can you even split a single syllable like that though?
/ and seriously, now you're a rap Marine bro?)

< DOUBLE TIME >

I don't know / But when I spit / I am invincible /
invulnerable / omniscient and all knowing /

I'll throw and toss grenades and bombs until one hits
an---

< / DOUBLE TIME >

So you'll crush me with tautologies?

Until your words become / meaningless apologies / for
your lack of knowledge / on the philosophy of language?

No, of course not / open your mind / twist your
worldview / break narration / pop the bubble / turn the
knob & change the station / rearrange the spacing /
does that trouble you?

Ok, then just let these words sit / like a passenger /
in the next seat / on this train / I just made / just
for you /

See it? / See her? / She's very pretty!

But she's looking shifty / as her eyes dart back / to
the book she's reading /

when you look it's fleeting / but you can tell she's
staring / and you're twisting / in your seat and
waiting / wait, where is she?... where is she?

BEHIND YOU WITH A KNIFE / YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE /

you dive under your seat / but the train's about to
crash /

'cause you're the engineer / (what were you doing in
the back? / taking a nap?) /

COME HERE AND PULL THE LEVER!! / SLAM ON THE BRAKES!! /

[TRAIN CRASH FX]

But you're too late... / your train wrecked / exploded /
your pen broke / the ink stain / all over / your pink
shirt / is ruined /

next time, think first / before you / drink the koolaid
/ or any more persuasive fluid / (they're all made / of
stories!)

I got a D / once / in physics / but it was M.I.T. /

In the 70s / we did P-sets 'til we bled from our
extremities / all that amphetamine, L.S.D., and ecstasy
/

so we-said the D was for Diploma, metaphorically / that
worked for us you see / I.H.T.F.P.

different times / rewind the tape and light a spliff up
/ cause i'm wrapping this riff up /

hidden within is a gift for christmas morning / this is
your only warning / so don't spoil it /

< softly / mockingly >

([KID VOICE]: A toy train!) / I know it's what you've
always wanted

[TRAIN WHISTLE FX]

Now pass that shit so i can hit it / i'm in it to win
it / but i need to burn some green first / (it's
sativa, right? <smoking noises / coughing> nice...)

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Of the emergency broadcast system. (The weather's
clear, but North Korean missiles will be coming in) /
(Today) / (Ok?) / Thirty minutes to find shelter for
apocalypse / Are you on the list? / Last helicopter's
taking off for Anchorage / (Next week, forecast calls
for nuclear winter) /

Dammit!

Fuck Trump 'cause I / duck bumps from fists like the
greatest / float like a B-1 jet / sting like atomic /
bombs / drop from the strat-o-sphere / (damn, it's
getting cold up here!) / so crack another beer / (my
jacket's way too thin / like the atmosphere) / so set
the targetting / & let's get out of here...

[BOMB DROP / EXPLOSION FX]

It's World War Four / I skipped Three / Cause it dissed
me / last night / at the / open mic in Mid City / Fuck,
I'm pissed G / Are you even list-ning?

No.

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Or is it?

[[CHORUS REFRAIN]]