

Jakprogresso - Skidmore

Intro:

**I don't know, it's-I'm just a weirdo, I guess, I don't know, I like it!
I am tellin' my life, everytime I write a page, my fiction is my confession
. I believe, that we have to preach to the other relative, I believe we have
to get under the wire, I believe we have to be makin' movies, when we're
writin' books, which, we're on the risk of being dismissed by critics, in order
again for people who don't think that they like metaphysics, but really do**

Verse:

**Leave Earth with my eyes closed, won't look down
I'm a old toppled horse waitin' outback to get put down (Woah)
Keepin' it grim
I got a face only a mother would love to smother with a sheet in the crib
Nah, the track mad manic, affably, laughingly mad
I smile 'cause life's mad laughably trash (Hahahahaha!)
I should cheer up, jump jet crash harrier
There's weird stuff goin' on in the mind's neighborhood, bad area
Pen stampede the pad barriers
I orbit rap like Earth payload dumps, around space carriers (What?)
Fury burnin' fast, disturbing past
My thoughts are harder to get together than hurtin' cats
From the mud, my shelter adobe
Make it dry out here in the Gobi
All these plates laced in withgo gi
Ergo, er, nah, at the ergot
Found this written behind the dirt lot, stir pot
Display a cold platter with words served hot
Man, look at this fire spread like birdshot**

Not concerned with herbs, I burn erb blocks

Bud green, hair's orange like Murdoch (Oh shit)

Scientists gotta measure my shine, per watt

Ticked off, nerve shot

Wolf on herd watch

Random fact: FDR is a fandom trap

The band coverin' murder sprees, with a Henson act

Outro:

- And I'm uh, I'm sorry about before by losin' my composure with you and your lady, it's just that this, this whole thing has really got me uptight, it ain't just, worth the bet doin' anything like this, that nasty mess, you can't go by the book, there's nothing in the book, there's no way to cope

- Can you stop it?

- No way