

Miami Advice

Kimya Dawson

I was feeling master blasted lost my head my anti-entity
and just because it's real to you it isn't not pretend to me.
And did you know my Ebro taught me positively everything
I never didn't know about double negativity.
Have you been unfollowed from a sargenistic drinkiness
sitting home alone in a pool of your own stickiness.
Jerking off to your own tweets I found on the share
while you insult everybody else for what they write on twitter.

My delivery is speedy can you mc'feel me?
Banana mid drift, so appealing.
My head is in the clouds and my feet are on the ceiling
the foundation is much uglier then what it is concealing.
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Here's a little bit of Miami advice
for when your hand is down your pants and there's a gun between your eyes.
And she cocks it the minute you cream your jeans
you say "Baby do you wanna ride my sound machine?"
She'll say "No" but she'll laugh and drop the gun I think?
And say "Do you wanna hear the story behind my new ink?"
and she'll say "Hey little man why cant you see there is no spark
take off your socks put on your shoes and go get eaten by a shark"
If I don't set aside time for writing songs I go insane
the stuff that's left unsaid just turns to static in my brain.
It's hard to get things done when my head is full of craziness
its when I am the busiest that I seem the laziest.
I'm sending off my monkeys on the backs of the pink elephants
so it doesn't matter if my lyrics are irrelevant.
Tossing out my thoughts like handfuls of confetti.
I'll do little stormy scum and I feel better already.

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I was feeling overrated, I was feeling under smarted
when you looked me in the eyes and it smelled like someone farted.
Was it man or was it beast or was it just my upper lip
was it an iLembe hippie or just a New York City hipster?
What's the difference?
As well all try hard to make this world better
if it's thrift or if it's vintage it's still your grandpa's sweater.
Either way three cheers for you
cause its better to reuse than sjust upport the corporations buying crap the
y mass produce.

You think you think you think you think I'm preaching to the choir but I am
not, I'm not, I'm singing with the choir

we are all birds, birds of a different feather, we each sing the way we sing
and we are all in this together.

We are all in this together.