

Miami Advice (feat. Aesop Rock)

Kimya Dawson

I was feeling master blasted, lost my head, my anti-entity
And just because it's real to it isn't not pretend to me
And did you know my el' bro taught me positively everything?
I never didn't know about double negativity
Have you been un-followed 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 McFeel me?
Banana mid drift, so appealing
Head is in the clouds and my feet are on the ceiling
The foundation is much uglier than what it is concealing
My delivery is speedy, can you McFeel me?
Banana mid drift, so appealing
My head is in the clouds and my feet are on the ceiling
The foundation is much uglier than what it is concealing
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 can't 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
It's 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
Add a little and I feel better already
My delivery is speedy, can you McFeel me?
Banana mid drift, so appealing
Head is in the clouds and my feet are on the ceiling
The foundation is much uglier than what it is concealing
My delivery is speedy, can you McFeel me?
Banana mid drift, so appealing
Head is in the clouds and my feet are on the ceiling
The foundation is much uglier than what it is concealing
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 we 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 it's better to reuse
Than to support the corporations buying crap they 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
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
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
You think I'm preaching to the choir
But I'm not, I'm not, I'm not
I'm singing with the choir again
I am, I am, I am, I am
You think I'm preaching to the choir
But I'm not, I'm not, I'm not
I'm singing with the choir again
I am, I am, I am, I am
You think I'm preaching to the choir
But I'm not, I'm not, I'm not
I'm singing with the choir again
I am, I am, I am, I am
You think I'm preaching to the choir
But I'm not, I'm not, I'm not
I'm singing with the choir again
I am, I am, I am, I am
You think I'm preaching to the choir
But I'm not, I'm not, I'm not
I'm singing with the choir again
I am, I am, I am, I am
We are all in this together
We are all in this together

We are all in this together

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>