

disclaimer: I really liked this album
a lot of this might not mean much to most
idk really

I listened to it while shaving
and I introduced an old friend to it,
and I've never listened to it on a bus but the album reminds me of bus rides,

have you made a year end list recently.

milo's 'so the flies don't come' feels like making a new friend,
it really makes me want to sit down with a stranger,
and tell them things that I hadn't totally realized until that exact moment

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Aesthetics>
the idea that any liberal arts college student actually has an 'aesthetic' is a
compliment that I am reluctant to pay.
if you're trying at all then you're trying too hard
and when you use that word it makes me not want to fuck you

"this is an encyclopedia containing the latin names of the ugliest parts of my insides"

you should never look up the lyrics of a rap song.
unless you've already listened to it at least 100 times and if you insist on ever going
to rap genius dot com you should at least have the decency to be embarrassed about
it.
I forget who said this exactly but I'm fairly certain that rap genius dot com is white
devil sophistry.

Milo (often stylzed as milo), is an American hip hop musician from Wisconsin [5]

rap music an infinitely more tenable form of talk therapy,
I'm not crazy about bryson tiller but a lot of the other sing rap is really really
excellent,
but damn this album is so different from that and even if you can't really sing or rap
milo is doing something you could do if only you could be as impossibly clever as he,

I'm a bad note taker but I take a lot of notes,
And I'm not that hopeful but I sell a lot of hope,

most people are rappers,

this dude is very guarded and very honest. and he doesn't lean too hard on the artistic crutch that is staying in one's feelings, make no mistake though he is definitely very sad. milo is scattered and epic and cynical and too smart to do much of anything, there's a lot to notice in this album.

(there's these hoards of friendly ignorant white rap-listeners that one tends to encounter in places like Milwaukee or Chicago or Minneapolis or Seattle or Connecticut with disposable incomes, long story short I bet milo has had some people say some really weird shit to him after his shows)

in seventh grade we had an assignment to just sit somewhere and observe the world and for some reason I really did not enjoy said assignment, I seldom listen to odd future these days but I do live in one, and nowadays it feels alright to sit.

I deleted the instagram app to make room for more pictures.

I grew up listening to rhymesayers and in eighth grade I burned my English teacher a cd of their songs cause I thought the rappers were smart and bookish and more academically meritorious, I'm kind of glad nobody told me slug was kind of corny until I was old enough,

does anybody ever really fully grow out of anything.

'I' statements,
eye statements,
tried patience,

sarcasm and parody exist on a graduated scale,
and nothing is totally, completely serious
or un-serious.

I would say your best bet is to carefully rehearse a shit eating grin.

this is an album for devout bullshitters and charismatic nerds.
it's meant to be listened to in a still room, with some other people but not too many
and some dim lighting but not too dim.
['christmas lights' and 'tapestries' and 'cuffed jeans' and 'existential angst']

there's a line near the beginning of this album,
milo is speculating as to whether underground rap was just one tight phase and I'm pretty sure it was and I'm pretty sure that's for the best cause we still have rap and I'm pretty sure that's all we actually had in the first place.