

arca, or some shit,

funny thing about this album is if you don't already know what it is you probably shouldn't listen.

i wasn't thrilled about the fact that there weren't any words but shit,

(making fun of people for wearing canada goose jackets
at your elite liberal arts college
is not that different from actually owning one)

this album kind of feels like running on a treadmill, set to random, with the robotic legs of that guy from south africa who killed his gf
or else sitting inside a massive, to-scale, bag of popcorn
as kernels pop all around you,
just bouncing.

it's post-yeezus,

bear with me,

i am genuinely curious as to how it might feel to fuck with this album but not enough to actually really fuck with it you feel me.

somebody told my friend evan that the music he makes kind of sounds like arca's, i prefer evan's music though. that boy can cook.

one of the songs (maybe the second) sounds like a recording of somebody being choked to death by that massive tarantula in harry potter,
lately i have been tempted to stand up on a plane and scream at the top of my lungs, just to see what happens.

it's all very lit, darling,
anything can be lit,
if you believe it to be so.

arca's new album featuring elephants and zebras on the production credits,
maybe a wildebeest,
are you aware that the word beetle is not spelled like the band,

if i were president we'd throw question marks on the street signs, like, maybe we shouldn't express anything with absolute certainty.

spamming is not hustle
spamming is not hustle
spa-

imagine jahlil okafor listening to this album.

some times i lie down, other times i lie up,
did you ever spin in circles til you got dizzy just to see,

this album sounds like watching a simulcast rerun of a street fight in extreme slow motion with everyone you attended high school with;
light refreshments are served.

abc always be closing is a good mentality by which to guide one's life.

kanye west's anti-brand you should like you for you shit is so dope and i wish he would take enough deep breaths to explain it a tiny bit better than he has,
kanye west said that a verse which includes the line 'i'm bout to wyle the fuck out, i'm going bobby boucher' was the best rap verse of all time.
if you hate kanye you're the enemy, period,

this album sounds like your little cousin pounding on the piano when you're hungover as shit,
it sounds like a game of quarters against a robot in a dive bar from the future,
there's barely anything here to even so much as nod your head to.

one time in high school i drank so much that i was still hungover two days later but i never threw up so i never got caught, and i think the reason i used to be able to handle my shit so well was out of fear,
so shout out to authority figures i guess.

cinematic is a terrible adjective. juxtaposition is a terrible device.

this album sounds like the gorillaz
doing a collaborative project with some actual gorillas.
this album would break the itunes visualizer,

(most people are good in bed. that's kind of the point)

once i had to wipe an accumulation of ass sweat in an indiana rest stop,
you know the feeling,
right as i was bending over for the optimal angle,
a man walked in, opened the stall door,
i swung around,
it was an important and revelatory moment
i can still see the whites of his eyes and sometimes i dream that i'm living his life like harry potter and lord voldemort.
it's lit.