

some thoughts about kanye west's the life of pablo

this is not an album for perfect people
it's more of an album for oh my god i wish i didn't just say that, people
an album for people who spend their entire night waiting to go home,
just to arrive at home and then start thinking about their entire night.
this is an album for people who keep read receipts on,
it's an album for the nocturnal,
an album for people with "so much potential"
an album for eureka shouters, tinkers
and yes, this is an album for narcissists.

it isn't particularly linear and probably could have turned out any one of a hundred
different ways and if you want to cut or add songs,
or rearrange your personal tracklist, that is your prerogative as a listener.
but it's important to listen.

his favorite thing is dopeness;
listen to the kids, he implores us
i want to make the world a better place, he screams
it's okay to be critical of yeezy,
to have high, perhaps un-meet-able expectations,
cause he did set these impossibly high goalposts for himself.

we can talk about how awkward some of these lyrics are:
i'm tryna keep the faith
can coexist with
and somehow segue into
if i fuck this model and she just bleached her asshole,
again, it's awkward and weird and sometimes distasteful and sexually explicit
and I respect if that's not your thing,
but it is extraordinary and it is epic as shit and there's something wonderfully
aristotelian about this space he exists in,
between maturity and juvenilia,
between confidence and insecurity,

that metro boomin dj tag nearly made me lose control of my bowels,
we're gonna be yelling (or overhearing others yelling, as it may turn out),
'i got broads in atlanta', at parties for a minute,
and this stuff really matters.

every time ye releases an album, people will try to tell you this is the first bad ye
album. but tlop is basically an anthology:

feedback sounds like yeezus,
fml sounds like my beautiful dark twisted fantasy
father part one sounds like 808s
famous sounds like graduation
real friends and no more parties contain honest lyrics about real ass family
dynamics just like songs that sucked us into college dropout and late registration
(she ask me, can you sign some t shirts)
and ultralight beam doesn't sound like anything i've ever heard before.

you gotta be a real curmudgeon or perhaps an uninformed listener,
to not crack a smile at 'pink fur got nori dressing like cam'
and on waves,
he says 'even when someone goes away the feelings dont really go away',
and i dare you to try and tell me that real friends is anything less than a perfect song.

kanye has been making social justice commentaries that may or may not ever go
acknowledged by internet music journalists and white liberal arts college students,
(what's the difference, really)
his takes are considerably more complicated and nuanced,
than kendrick lamar's to pimp a butterfly,
now, 'bill cosby innocent' was sad and ignorant and truly indefensible.
but it's fucked up to characterize 'you don't understand what it means to be the
great grandson of ex slaves and make it this far' and his criticisms of the
dishearteningly white entertainment industry,
as the twitter rants of a raving lunatic.
why does his feeling of freedom
bother you so much ?

in the event that event albums make you feel empty or alone, hang in there,
(lately i've been feeling rather empty
and wishing there was a more succinct term to describe the persistent,
nagging desire to leave a place and never ever come back)
but this really is the album of the life, and you don't have to believe that,
but don't discredit the fact that i do.

gun to my head: mbdtf, dropout, 808s, tlop, yeezus, graduation, late registration
but the reverse of that order makes almost as much sense.

my dad thinks he's an asshole,
the president thinks he's an asshole,
i think that i'm watching the greatest artist of a generation.
a god, if you will.
so to the people who can't connect with or appreciate the life of pablo:
when you see em in the streets
give them kanye's best.