

*"Being blessed is not just being able to float on air, I'm saying, if uh, if you gotta pay for things that you've done wrong, uh..."*

*I got a big bill coming (speaker's laughter) at the end of the day."<sup>1</sup>*

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<sup>1</sup> "Being Blessed (Interlude)", Gil-Scott Heron, *I'm New Here*

# Unstoppable Isn't Good

Signal flares now fireworks

The Great American Snowflake

*ISIS On Ice*

Cold as hell

So precise when I write

Entropy, life's meant to be messy

Passed my PsyQ Test

Ignorant yet quick-witted

Rome wasn't built in a day

But I fucked your bitch last night<sup>2</sup>

I don't get triggered. I get pissed.

Things N.W.A. does not stand for

1. No Women Allowed

The first rapper was Gil-Scott Heron. Not Shakespeare, not Dr. Seuss, not Bob Dylan.

Once I drunkenly met someone and asked if he had broads in Atlanta, slurredly stating "this man looks to be of above average likelihood of having broads in Atlanta."<sup>3</sup> His girlfriend was in Atlanta. That's the only time I ever asked anyone if they had broads in Atlanta.

Law of Attraction, Physics in Action.

Meaningless Synchronicity?

Assassinate any challenge.

Proletariat carry it.

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<sup>2</sup> "That seems a little aggressive" *Run The Jewels 3* sample

<sup>3</sup> Citation: Father Raise my Hands Pt 2 (Panda)

She got ovaries, photo opportunities

~~insecure~~ unstable

Metamodern Warhol

You have as much right to be a bitch as I do to say the word.

~~Hare Krishna~~ heavy bass

Vote Women. Vote War. Vote Hillary.

Climb Wittgenstein's ladder but forget how you fell down after hitting your head

Addy kicks in and I'm alive.

Is desire for stability in the death impulse?

"We're worried about you"

As you should.

Heart of Darkness. What, I should be impressed it took a novel for your triple entendre?

Fuck that. I'll pull off four in a bar.

Wasted, raising it higher on a football of benzos, feelin they lowered the goalposts

In Heaven, there is only Steeze<sup>4</sup>.

Like the Universe, I have no center. By law of physics, I cannot be fully observed.

Bipolar, through the course of the affair, is more extensive than flipping between two poles, or even oscillating between them. Each of the two poles express their own complex wave form. These two waves communicate additively, generating a burgeoning economy of mixed states to govern one's existence<sup>5</sup>. When you factor in dimensions of numbness, physical symptoms, or psychoticism due to chemicals<sup>6</sup>, detachment, or down-beatedness, it becomes clear that pinpointing bipolar experience is more string theory than x-y coordinate graphing. The multiplex matrix of states has the effect of turning Dasein from liquid stream to jar of high-velocity gas molecules. I get sent tearing through layers of consciousness in all directions, rarely growing out from central focus.

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<sup>4</sup> Followed by Beavis and Butthead laughter from *Speedin' Bullet 2 Heaven*, Kid Cudi

<sup>5</sup> All veterans of mixed episodes I've talked to say they're far harder to describe than depressive or manic episodes.

<sup>6</sup> Medication, self-medication, fluctuations of serotonin norepinephrine dopamine GABA oxytocin and cortisol levels, allergens, neurotoxins (lead, fluoride)...

Tremendous personal growth accrues as scar tissue forms where manicholia<sup>7</sup> tore through astral membranes. There was undoubtedly deep insight when the incredible momentum of my mental states enabled glimpses into hyperspace. But I think the investigation and integration of revelations<sup>8</sup> is yet to come.

Hypomanias were a time where I would far outdo former creative bests. Today, I would locate hypomania's benefit as not being due to its "just-below-mania" sweet spot of infinite energy with retained focus and judgment, but also its enriching being with an ultra-involving terrain of inputs at once from the trenches of a canyon and the peaks of a mountain.

Some go through hell to find what others call God

Reality fetish

We make love watched by God and Beelzebub

Invisible, under surveillance

9/11 didn't happen The Holocaust was an inside job.

These are bipolar times. Hot headed and cold blooded. Laughter to tears followed by hollow sorrow.

Pragmatic and Mad

KiD A's SEE Ghostface Killah on some Bobby Digital Underground

The most OG undergraduate capstone ever composed, so cold I close chapters quoting 2Pac<sup>9</sup>

Eminem of the upper echelon

Generation why the fuck not

KILL ALL WHITE PEOPLE<sup>10</sup>

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<sup>7</sup> Derived from Hippocrates' mania + melancholia. "Melancholia" sound like getting a manicure and cholera though

<sup>8</sup> Whether they were truly revelations, time will tell. But some of them were. These were the most real, and they exist beyond words. Visions of my past, visions of my future which repeatedly came true, stars and planets physically aligning, out-of-body out-of-time impressions of Dark and Divine archetypes. I was a tourist in the world beheld by Nietzsche and Jung.

<sup>9</sup> "Put a Blank Face on, nigga let that drop" from "THat Part" the one time I'll type it out because Schoolboy Q tells the crowd at shows that he doesn't care if white people say the n-word at his shows as long as they aren't dumbasses outside his shows.

<sup>10</sup> "WLDM" or White Lives Don't Matter by white-looking anarchist ZOOK314

Before there was 6ix9ine, there was the Six-Twelve club. For people 6'+ tall with size 12+ feet. That initiation of “bro you're in the six twelve club!” meant far more than NHS<sup>11</sup> ever could have.

Consciousness is tied up with string theory's 10 spatial dimensions, plus time, and perhaps fundamental forces like, gravity and electromagnetism. It's the best explanation I can come up with for psychic abilities in humans<sup>12</sup> and statistically undeniable astrological correlations<sup>13</sup>

3 years old wondering “what's a limited warranty with no down payment and why are all these balding men on the TV so excited about them”

Everytime I touch the Word doc, it's a mic drop

And we know the government administer AIDS<sup>14</sup>

But Ye believes this administration's great with the second Reagen

Yellin' fuck Trump bumpin Late Registration

5th year, ain't graduatin' cuz I been insane

No more overthinking, so over thinkin

Literally off the charts, objective genius

They shoulda never told me that shit

I know how concepts work, I try not to use them sometimes.

Opposite or anti-, additive, how I tend to grow

Since I was four, sought alternatives to normal

Additive neuroplasticity

Running back beef like Arby's

Praying this madness is divine and I'll survive it

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<sup>11</sup> National Honor Society. I showed up late to the first 2 6:30 meetings, then dropped it.

<sup>12</sup> “The Reality of ESP: A Physicist's Proof of Psychic Abilities”, Russel Targ, PhD. I haven't ordered this book yet as it's not the right time, but can cite scopeasthesia, the phenomenon of being aware that one is being stared at, which has been proved in several studies, including this one: Sheldrake, R. (n.d.). The Sense of Being Stared At Part 1: Is it Real or Illusory? *Journal of Consciousness Studies*, 12, 10-31. Retrieved December 12, 2018, from <http://www.sheldrake.org/files/pdfs/papers/The-Sense-of-Being-Stared-At-Part-1-Is-it-Real-or-Illusory.pdf>

<sup>13</sup> Jung, C. G. (1985). *Synchronicity*. Taylor & Francis.

<sup>14</sup> “Heard ‘Em Say” Kanye West, *Late Registration*

Original Gangster Sin<sup>15</sup>

Stoned Capone,  
The family's Gambino,  
Blown Corleone  
WU<sup>16</sup> Don.  
Blank Scarface,  
Vice Templar,  
Altair Rockefeller,  
Frothing-wild Rothchild,  
Psychic Soprano  
Cyborg like Haraway's Manifesto  
Literati of hip-hop  
Dick horse big, tall so discs I jockey  
Shady Scorsese,  
Since first grade they loved to hate me  
Pray to Satan you offended  
Send it down, end the falseness  
WUSTLUMINNATI!!!

Yung souls I been cray  
Yin Yang I been sane  
Mathematics equals reason  
Bipolar equals seasons

Fear, I think I'm past that  
But always we regress  
Can't always be your best  
Some days it's a party, but usually a test

What so you call a horse that lives next door to you? A neighbor.

Wrecked with a belly, still flexin'

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<sup>15</sup> Soundtrack: "Tookie Knows II" by Schoolboy Q X Traffic X TF from *Blank Face*.

<sup>16</sup> Washington University. Admittedly being the Don of this comes effortless.

From what I understand Quentin Tarantino<sup>17</sup> and Charlie Sheen<sup>18</sup> are the two white dudes who can say the *one* word off-limits in any context unless Schoolboy Q says you can say it.

I got reefer and hoes

I burn up and down below

Could have died the next week... didn't care. Walked out late at night thinking how I could get shot, extended the length a few blocks.

Collage of content, psychic psychoticism, cutting conjunctions

Be confident my mistakes aren't heavy enough to bruise much but false ego

Interminably optimizing my experience

Object impertinence

Throw him a thesaurus

Isolate the beat

Rainbows in headlights

Their form of suffering isn't in my nature.

Run the optimization formula: Align, Integrate, Evoke

Existence is a virtue

I thought so loud I thought I became the Universe.

Cut down at God's doorstep

Subjectify Me

Every five seconds scrambling for a pencil

I know we're in the future because we have wu tang emojis

Looking for the holy Spirit in a smeared mirror

Divine constructs

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<sup>17</sup> "Did you see a sign in the yard that said dead n\_\_\_\_\_ storage?" *Pulp Fiction*

<sup>18</sup>Donald Glover, in a stand-up, described Charlie Sheen using the No-no word against his fully Caucasian wife

Define Revival<sup>19</sup>

“Fuck money/I don't rap for dead presidents/I'd rather see the president dead/it's never been said but I set precedents”<sup>20</sup>

Apocalyptic transitory plagiarism

Breaking Mad

Karl Marx's claw marks

Schizotypal, but deceptively sweet, like a Pit Bull from the streets

Obsessive introspective

With cognition the mission's to turn rumination to illumination

Constipation. ~~Shit happens.~~

Remember to do nothing every day

Tough to meditate and accept what's around me, sirens unground me

Pulverize diamonds to disseminate from 300 miles above earth.

OG sin ain't done

Where clothes to function

Line between balance and madness

Not so far as you thought

Monks saying ohm, I'm thinking wattage, A-U-M, can't stop me, electronic

Om is the upside-down exclamation point of the Eastern spiritual tradition, always placed before the phrase (in the case of Om, the mantra)

An example of a proper mantra is Om I don't give a fuck

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<sup>19</sup> Written 6-10 months before Eminem announced the name of his album would be Revival. That journal page sat open on my desk for two or three months. “Define Revival”

<sup>20</sup> Eminem – “We As Americans”. In 2004 “see the president dead” was censored on the explicit version of the album. In the dawn of 2017, Clintonites in pink hats too obedient to march at a stoplight collected tiny red buttons that read “Someone Kill the Fucker”.



Snoop Dogg is high culture

George Harrison, love all day how I manage  
 Yes I am Mad, motherfucker you are passive  
 Any single letter not compassion I subtract it  
 I don't need your made-up superpowers cuz I has it<sup>21</sup>

"I hit the glass ceiling, you ever seen a bird fly into a window. They don't know it's glass. When I hit the hospital that was a bird flying into a window. I could've not made it out of there but I survived.

I'm happy it happened, I'm happy to have gone to the other side and came back. I want to point out the moment you're in the hospital bed and you're next to your friend and you tell them don't leave my side and they put you inside of an elevator and take your friends away from you that was the scariest moment of my life. I thought I was going to get killed."

-Kanye West, Charlemagne Interview

"Don't shoot one shot if you ain't ready to die"<sup>22</sup> – words to live by

“Would you lean over Picasso’s shoulder  
 and tell him ‘bout his brush strokes?  
 Them opinions I don’t trust those”<sup>23</sup>

At my wackest still embarrass SoundCloud rappers

“The LORD is a man of war”<sup>24</sup>

Don't love your enemy until the New Testament, i'm kickin it old school

“No one may see me and live” “You will see my back; but my face must not be seen.”<sup>25</sup> Does not apply to Jim Carey in *Bruce Almighty*

Guess my sign.

I am shitting bull.

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<sup>21</sup> From “Vincent Van Ghost (Demo)” written around January 2017. “You see? You see?/That's what I'm talkin' 'bout/That's why I fuck with Ye/See that was my third person/That's my bipolar shit, nigga what?/That's my superpower, nigga ain't no disability/I'm a superhero! I'm a superhero!/ AHHHHHH!” -Kanye West (with 13 additional credited lyricists), “Yikes”, *Ye* (2018)

<sup>22</sup> “Deep Water” *Compton* by Dr. Dre

<sup>23</sup> “One Shot One Kill” *Compton* by Dr. Dre.

<sup>24</sup> Exodus 15:3 NIV

<sup>25</sup> Exodus 33:20/23 NIV