

Sapient "I Did It (Theory Hazit Remix)"

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Little Milo grew up in the suburbs,
Every night at about six-thirty he had supper.
Two parents, three whips, family trips every summer,
When he got back he would be sunburned.
He had blonde shaggy hair, he didn't cut it.
All the fourteen year old girls had little crushes.
He snow boarded, wore striped shirts, and liked to
skate a lot.
Listening to Atmosphere and Aesop Rock.

When he was sixteen his parents bought him a Jetta.
He drove it with his friends and made all of them
jealous.
His parents bought him all these possessions and
never taught him a lesson.
They knew he was bright, they thought he would get it.
Nope, his character was poor.
He knew he could have anything his parents could
afford.
Wouldn't even run a fucking errand to the store,
He'd become a lazy boy, I ain't talkin' about recliners.
I'm talkin' 'bout milo.

Now he was seventeen, he wanted to rap, so what.
His friends had beats, but shit he hadn't written for a
month.
That one was easy, he could freestyle when he was
drunk.
He was ready to live the dream,
Rockin' big crowds of white kids to scream.
He wasn't tryna hear that voice from dad,
Tellin' him to go to college and join a frat.
He enjoyed the rap music,
Now hatin' his father.
And yes, you can guess this created a conflict.
So dad made him an offer to pay for his college,
But Milo wanted to rap, they couldn't persuade him to
stop it.

He stormed out, his head was in a fog.
He knew he would feel better if he shopped.
Found a couple sweatshirts that he bought,

Then acted like a dick to the employees 'cause he
never had a job.
Then he got a bright idea,
"I'll record a demo of my songs,
I think there's a good parts center in this mall."
There was, he found it,
Suddenly he found himself surrounded with salesmen,
Ready to get him what he wants.
Milo explained that he was an expert at spittin' rhymes,
And needed to make a demo to get him signed.
"Well we have pro tools, if you can't afford that we
have this old school Tascam 4 track."
"I'll take one pro tools, a Digi 03,
Some monitors, speakers, and one of those please"
"Um, don't forget a microphone with all the stuff to
record record you.
Oh yeah, Your going to need cords too."
"Alright. Alright, I'll take it all.
I need this, how much is that?"
"Fifty-seven hundred dollars even."
"Hmm, okay cool, run this card debit."
"Okay," swipe swipe, "thanks for shopping at guitar
center."

He dipped but before he drove home,
He stopped by this venue his cousin works at that
throws shows.
Primarily local cover bands that love to jam for the
alkies and bozos.
His cousin said they do a hip hop show weekly.
Tomorrows the night he can come out at eight an start
open mic.
Wow, Milo's first gig.
More like a one way ticket to hell,
I'm getting ahead of myself.

The next night he showed up a bit early,
An hour and a half, like so what it's six-thirty.
The crowd wasn't there yet,
Unfortunately they had to miss his sloppily prepared
set.
Not even the bartenders were watchin' him play.
But I was there, watchin', waitin', stalkin' my prey.
He hopped off the stage in an overconfident way,
Like he had just accomplished a great and awesome
display.
The same cockiness that all those kids get,
Over-privileged and don't know their limits.

Well there's a lot of things that Milo doesn't know,
Like your soul, when you die where does it go?

So I followed him into the parking lot,
He started to unlock his shiny car and then stopped.
I tapped him on the shoulder and said, "yo that was
tight."
"I wanna sign you to this label, it's called the afterlife."
Then quicker than Milo could shout,
I pulled a pistol from my waist and put it right in his
mouth.
I gave him no chance to say goodbye to whoever,
Before I put his damn brains on the side of his Jetta.

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