

# Angles (feat. Noname & Xavier Omar)

## Mick Jenkins

[Hook: Xavier Omar]

I've been running away cause I don't wanna fight, I don't wanna pray

Hope the preachers we burnin', yeah, yeah

Like the wait for another day

I only do it if I want to

Look in the mirror, do I want you?

I don't know. Do you know?

Come on mister, don't lie

What do you feel when you look into your own eyes?[Verse 1: Mick Jenkins]

See it's all about angles

Whether I'm checking my watch or I'm hitting my dab

You use the same muscles to cough with as you would to laugh

It's perspective really, the collective is really suggesting a theory that love is a blessing

I'm stressing it really

Man y'all don't hear me, if you've never been alone how you know yourself?

If you ain't up underwater how you grow yourself?

You should love you so much that you'll Marilyn Manson yourself and blow yourself

It's some things you gotta learn that only you can show yourself

Getting introspective, it can only go right like you ain't got no left

Like a wack-ass point guard

Or a porn star, yeah I'm going hard

Yeah, coin star

I've done seen change, trying to turn this to dollar bills

Touching souls, not just copping feels

See myself when I see my friends

They make sure I ain't lost the real

Lost at sea or lost at thought

I give a fuck if I ever lost a deal

I'm hungry to see me like a nigga lost a mill'

[Hook: Xavier Omar]

I've been running away cause I don't wanna fight, I don't wanna pray

Hope the preachers we burnin', yeah, yeah

Like the wait for another day

I only do it if I want to

Look in the mirror, do I want you?

I don't know. Do you know?

Come on mister, don't lie

What do you feel when you look into your own eyes?[Verse 2: Noname]

(I am) I am absolutely, positively happy

Exponential, gratitude for rapping  
Aptitude for passing dude's expectations  
The vacancy will always be laughing  
Cause niggas love a bitch when she's sarcastic  
Rihanna is made of feather dust and matches  
And everybody wants to touch the fire  
A little love never hurt nobody  
Y'all in the club while I'm sitting in the attic  
Thinking about the plastic, a trip to Malibu  
Spend a couple racks on racks of [?]  
In the whites of rooms trying to get to you  
And who could be the breadwinner? Me  
And who could cook your next dinner? Me  
I think not, I'm saving up for Audi  
This is, aligory of a wack-long cloudy  
I am absolutely, positively healthy  
Re-define to expedite my wealthy  
I need money, halfway sunny, out the country  
Only god and a blunt could help me  
And on it quickly  
Happy with sunlight in my weave  
[?] with all anonymous and verbal columnists  
Good raps on it [?][Hook: Xavier OmÃr]  
I've been running away cause I don't wanna fight, I don't wanna pray  
Hope the preachers we burnin', yeah, yeah  
Like the wait for another day  
I only do it if I want to  
Look in the mirror, do I want you?  
I don't know. Do you know?  
Come on mister, don't lie  
What do you feel when you look into your own eyes?

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>