

#1

The king of an echo chamber

The arithmetic remainder

Not even a real thinker, I've seen your papers

You wanted to be LessWrong, but what's sad I read the sequences - should've talked to your dad

Maybe then you'd have some kernels of truth

To distros of stories that weren't obsessed with your youth

Your life's work is a fucking Harry Potter fanfiction

Addiction's an affliction like any other, brother

But the real fanfic is where it ended with your mother

The sequences are frequencies of delinquencies left on ink that's really

Dilettante bullshit that no one takes seriously And if you don't believe me just listen to me lyrically

Fridman's on your dick

Altman's on your dick

Wish you put an epilogic sequence as your dick

Maybe then you'd remember

The other eternal September

An only child homeschooled by two white parents with doctorates

As if the lot of it would make an impressive composite?

You fucking fraud with applause

Put your views on pause, I have due cause

To make your 'zempic body garaged

#2

You talk about a robot like kids today should kill themselves
But you're the only villain who should end it, what else?
Dude, you hung out with Grimes with a fedora, really? Kill me. Be ashamed.
Cornier than a game of Warframe
I can feel your precum when Aella tweets your name
Somehow though, you made a cult too scared to revolt
I revulse at your pulse, you dolt
Quit messing, such a blessing
For you to play this game
Where it's a war crime to say or utter Siskind's name
That shit isn't doxxing, bitch you're shadow boxing
You should be padlocking your clop-clopping
You had a good thing once, now it's a D&D group, a renfair troupe
Can you even drive motherfucker? You need a Coupe
With a silent P, I know you have your MIRI salary
I'm sure it's hard in Berkeley, go hug a red tree
And decompose, until you stop disgusting me

#3

The world needs ineffective altruism

Without your 'tism

Instrumental rationality? Try "without me"

And I don't mean Em, you think you're Neumann or some shit

Who'd be more proud of a noisome breakroom lunch shit

Late white millennials who hate credentials

Yeah, fuck school, who thinks exams will test essentials?

But I gotta hand it to you, I've never had the knack

For amassing stacks on the skin of Thiel's left ballsack

Real people suffer and you dream of dread in your head

Bitch, go to bed

You're the one who ought to be left for dead

But I will concede something, Yudkowsky, just one thing

The purpose of AI is worth it if it concentrates E-lie