

Love Letters

Watsky

The drum is never the enemy of the pen
But when I'm meeting mentally with beat and melody then
One of me can turn into ten of me
If there's ten of me, tell me how many heavenly similes can we blend?
Like women and men would fall with no friends
Like a rose would fall with no stem
Like most folks follow trends
Like Os follow LMNs
That's how well I know life flows with the elements
As sunrise kills an evening
As stars die and a night sky is grieving
As man sees what he has when it's leaving
You gone is as asthma to breathing
That's how much I need you in my life
I'm never gonna ever leave you in my lifetime
Cause every time I hear line that shows me I'm not alone it's saving me
Cause I know that that's a lifeline
Like minds—this is our home and they won't ruin it easily
Cause the wolf is gonna blow until he's blue in the cheek
And me and you and the crew can go take a snooze in the street
And the bulldozer can come chew on our feet
We never let em through
We'll build a levy
Limit the river's level
Steady the flood and begin with a pebble
Lend me one syllable
Come if you're ready to shovel
Run if you're shaking
But I know that today is not my Waterloo

You've made a place where I'm welcome
And although I give voice to it seldom
Know I love you
Nobody's above you
And if you love someone then you tell them

Every day the planet's losing IQ points
But people still bumping Ice Cube joints
So I've got hope
And every day I'm seeking my true voice and looking up at a bright new choice
Cause everybody's got a hustle and everyone's trying to push it
It's tricky to find the kush hiking up a mountain of bullshit
And there's another mountain of bullshit next to it littered with glitter, money
And strippers they're selling as good shit
It's nothing new up at the core though
Everything same as it's always been only more so
Of course so same token, while there's life there is truth
While there's truth it demands to be spoken
And someone's gonna speak it
It's really not a secret
You just need to search it
You just need to seek it
And though we like to worship a genius in a coffin
We often forget that there's prophets among us walking
And I know because I hear em when I am in the clouds

And I got my music up and jamming it loud
And dammit whatever I am or could ever become I'm positive that I will
Always be a fan in the crowd
So gimme gimme gimme
Dylan and Biggy
Hit me with Jimi, Emily Dickinson, Eminem, Niki Giovanni, Lennon, Kendrick,
Gambino, Rafa, Chinaka, Dahlak and Missy, Saul and Beau and Paul and Kweli,
Chali 2na and Chance and Seneca

(Go in poet!)

86 I was thrown in the mix, saying
(Go in poet!)

86 anyone who would stand in the path of a kid saying
(Go in poet!)

86 bitches, 86 cups full of lean
(Go in poet!)

86 bars, infinity ways to say what I mean

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So if you're blocking the future I wanna to walk toward
Suit yourself we're gonna lock swords
But it's a wash if you're saying "Watsky I could rock withcha if you didn't
talk
Like some nails on a chalkboard
I can tell—that you're really on your dope writer tip
But you'll trip if you don't try to fit
Maybe you can make it if you ghostwrite a hit
And sell it to somebody who can ghostride a whip"
Shieeet—I say no sirree
I can smell the weak shit through the potpourri
So I'm just gonna do what I do
You take a minute or two and Google "Tim and Magoo"
I love the that life I picked even if it ain't plush
I'm too glad complain much
I'm in the lab in a drab world
While these fuckers dab and do dabs and I dab on my pad with my paintbrush
This is for the kids whipping up some home-cooked
Spitting 86 bars, fuckin no hook
Lying in the grass
Passion in their chest
And a ballpoint pressed in their notebook
Listen to me, this is for the word
Looking so fine I'm rubbing coconut oil up in the crack of that spine
This is for the times I'm reminded my mind isn't mine alone
This is for the poems and the lines
(And the letters in em)

(Go in poet!)

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