Letterhead

Sapient

I?ve been obsessed with words ever since I was a little buck,
Always picking up pens and pencils to scribble stuff,
It helps to represent the inner of me,
With or without the literacy, I?m still living the dream,
Fascinated with letters and trying to make ?em unnatural shaped art,
Our hands would spray at the train yard,
Under bridges and alley way walls,
Another business defaced in a conspicuous way.
When I was under 18 I had nothing to lose,
Give the graffiti task force something to do,
Cover the huge-ass graff pieces thrown up by my crew,
When I get a head full of letters, I?m cutting them loose.
Some think that it would be a gift,
A gift divinely bestowed to those that get in line,
Wait and wait and wait and get denied
Unhappy, they don?t realize Letterhead is not a gift,
It?s a vice

(Letterhead... never slept on or left for dead... I?m a letterhead)

I select a rhythm, and if what I say gets a listen,
Then no matter what, the things I said I?m livin despite of your skepticism,
In the amount of measures written,
I could quit, I could curve it,
It?s just addiction, I use it instead of stickin it all in veins,
I become obsessed, awake all night
And forget it when I wake up the next day alive
It brought me back to my essence, like Christmas time,
Only getting drawing pads as my presents,
Mom how the hell you think I?d turn out?
Burned out at age thirty lookin for jobs living at your house.
I know you don?t see me like that,
But I?m just a junkie,
With a price tag, despite that image of me,
I?m never giving up or getting dusty,
That pot of gold in the distance must mean I?m getting lucky
With headie letters whether in a group or solo user,
That beat pumps by blood with mojo boosters
I?m a Letterhead...

Lyrics submitted by Alex.

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