Letterhead

Sapient

Iâ€™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, Iâ€™m still living the dream,
Fascinated with letters and trying to make â€˜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, Iâ€™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 donâ€™t realize Letterhead is not a gift,
Itâ€™s a vice

(Letterhead... never slept on or left for dead... Iâ€™m a letterhead)

I select a rhythm, and if what I say gets a listen,
Then no matter what, the things I said Iâ€™m livin despite of your skepticism,
In the amount of measures written,
I could quit, I could curve it,
Itâ€™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 Iâ€™d turn out?
Burned out at age thirty lookin for jobs living at your house.
I know you donâ€™t see me like that,
But Iâ€™m just a junkie,
With a price tag, despite that image of me,
Iâ€™m never giving up or getting dusty,
That pot of gold in the distance must mean Iâ€™m getting lucky
With headie letters whether in a group or solo user,
That beat pumps by blood with mojo boosters
Iâ€™m a Letterhead...

Lyrics submitted by Alex.

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