

# 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...

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Lyrics submitted by Alex.

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