

# 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 lineâ€” that shows me I'm not alone it's saving me  
    Cause I know that that's a lifeline  
    Like mindsâ€”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 voiceâ€” 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 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 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 their chest  
And a ballpoint pressed in their notebook  
Listen to me, this is for the word  
Looking â€‘so fine â€‘I'm rubbing coconut oil up in the crack ofâ€‘dat spine  
This is for the times I'm reminded my mind isn't mine alone  
This if for the poems and the lines  
(And the letters in em)(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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And although I give voice to it seldom  
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And if you love someone then you tell them

Songwriters  
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