

Sunken Place

Chester Watson

Woke Up Feeling this Nü this morning
Jerusalem the Crucifix
A tourist in the Holyland
A regular in Hollywood
I don't think that makes any sense
I sing these songs they pay my rent
I swear to God I'm seeing things
The memories that we forget
I'm staring at the ceiling fan
Cause I'm tryna make it make some sense
Cause I'm make a little change
Cause I'm tryna cop a couple chains
Cause I'm tryna make you think I'm rich
Through the radio and television
Through the rented cars and televisions
Is this really what we all envisioned
Is this really what we had in mind
Is it any more or less different
If I ditch it all in search for peace of mind
Would they take it all run to the hills with mine
Would it read the world and rip it dead in half
Now, do they delegate the final laugh
I don't think that's how it works
Max back from the dead
Back for the verse
Back at ya head
I see no God. Need no forgiveness
Gold this year was so expensive
Hope the stocks drop a bit I gotta go stack my bread and go ballistic
Drink some water, see some visions
Swim with mermaids, feed the fishes
Chess-master he's a wizard, movin like Esther after easter dinner
I say doing, you say gonna
I don't know you, I don't wanna
Creating art until the sun up
Squadron rollin flora smell like fauna
I been floating in the sunken place
Haiku and a blunt to face
High school ain't my comfort days
Shit I might buy a dungeon space. just to park my ship for lunch with
babe
She's a witch but won't admit or say it
Crystals, opals, gems. I'm sacred
I Love Ugly on my daily
ILU Muji, juun.j, FOG
I got on Supreme drawls
Pack smell like a zookeepaa
Don't know you cowboy; who-he-haaaa