

Window

King Iso

Yeah

Four corner room shit

All alone starin' out the window, random thoughts

Most likely medicated

Particularly a rainy day

Yeah, I wonder if the humans know that all of them are planets and their galaxies are made up with a universe inside of them

Wonder why we hear about LeBron and Jordan all the time, 'bout how they cross the game over, but barely mention Iverson

Wonder if my people will forget their history, the more they lit up everything and burned down all these fuckin' monuments

I wonder what the ward would do, or even worse, my girl would do, or the board if they knew that I was plottin' suicide again

I wonder why these women wanna fuck me, say they love my music

Funny 'cause when I visit their socials, there's no sign of it

I wonder why these rappers all waited until now to give a fuck about injustice or the system, even politics

I just seen a nigga yellin' "Black Lives Matter", two days later, talkin' 'bout slidin' on the opps again

Wonder if these niggas that be wolfen' online know I'm maskin' like COVID and get love from Anonymous

And why the fuck these rappers tryna sound like me? Wow, Oh, I see now, they're opps no 'tometrist

Talkin' 'bout mental health, only when it benefit 'em, they ain't never been through it, but did it for the audience

Seasonal depression, shit for me that's like a blessing, 'cause it hit me every other day, like favors people call to get

I wonder if everyone that's online knows that they sold their soul to fit the rhetoric of target marketin'

I wonder if the woke people know to be privy to what someone made knowledge is a con to your consciousness

And when you think about it, if you draw a cross startin' with a hyphen, that's turnin' a negative to a positive

Or that the rabbit hole is like how I drink mimosas in the mornin', or the girlfriend's ass, yeah bottomless

Or me and mental hospitals go together like snow and sweaters, so to call your boy crazy is a compliment

Usually have so much on my mind

(Staring out the window)

Stuck right here just fucked up and high

(Staring out the window)

You can tell a lot once you look in my eyes

(Staring out the window)

Thoughts keep racing while time passes by

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When I seek asylum, it's a different meaning I can show you how the game work
k yeah I can ref you G's
They probably want me dead now 'cause I'm chopping niggas heads but dropping
knowledge though instead, yeah I'm the next Bruce Lee
When you were in the house gettin' restful sleep, I done went through more s
hit than public restroom seats
And anybody beefin' with me: only reason why you still alive right now is 'c
ause I let you breathe
They don't want Smoke like pickin' Cyrax, I be in your Sektor with my gat li
ke making Ed Boon scenes
I know that I'm a sinner but I've always been a winner, quarterbackin for th
e Saints, you can forget Drew Brees
I ain't stoppin' 'til I'm chillin' on my ranch, billions in advance, eating
grilled wingettes with blue cheese
I graduated late but now I'm flying first class while you're in the back lik
e "Can I get some legroom, please?"
I wonder how the world can have people still alive but nigga I swear to frea
kin' god you're dead to me
Or people clickin' up shit like I'm the nigga to fuck with and get your dogs
touched, no pet groomin'
Or why I got two kids another one comin' but I still refuse to go and buy an
SUV
Or when the scary ass rap game will keep it real because with beats and rapp
in' nigga, who the best, fool? Me
I wonder how the homies from the set feel knowin' that I'm dressed for the n
ext peel in fresh blue jeans
Or niggas that be talkin' 'bout king shit but when I peek shit the bed that'
s in their master bedroom's a queen
Or how I got a power of a god, all seven Dragon Balls and a life supply of S
enzu Beans
But none of that matters right now because I'm in a fuckin' mental hospital
for the next few weeks

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Hey dad, it's probably lunch time
I hope you are eating well
Today mom took the park where we used to go all the time
I miss you and I love you and I can't wait to see you
Get well soon dad