

Letter To Myself

Luke Christopher

Yo, you see these scratches and these bruises?
Me neither, I don't let these phoneys be a nuisance
You see I like to drink the pouring all the richness
Put the wealthy on my hit list
Look down upon the real boys and girls and grant them wishes
The schools don't like you cause you think like me
And so you got nothing to offer cause you smell like weed
And if the moment never came or we were higher than the trees
We would look down at them and say
Oh, yo now I see

This is my letter to myself
When you read it, you'll be wise enough to see
That life ain't always what it seems
I wish you happiness and wealth
I know you loving every moment
As the man as I've always wanted to be seen
I'm glad you made it this far
I'm glad you made it this far
I'm glad you made it this far
I'm glad you made it this far

Cause I'ma take the anger and the amusement
Yeah, its' confusing maybe cause I'm scared to loose it
Cause every time I try to look into the future
I see mistakes of the past, afraid to do to the next
What I did to the last
It's passion, its presence, its lust is it love
Is it the action, it's the essence, fuck it, all of the above
That got me feeling this way and I know I made some mistakes
When I open up this letter I better remember this day, this day

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