

At what point should a man just admit he's defeated
And swallow that pill of humbleness that he needed?
Cause I ain't draw the picture right, see myself in better light
Bigger than my body give me credit for, right?
An ode to the sketchbook, you all I got
Ain't tryna get mixed with them fools on the block
But it seem like the streets got a magnet in 'em
Heavy metal in our jeans so we sag our denim
And the city sing a song to make a veteran blush
Of kids who can't get in gear stripping they clutch
But the blank page is saying to me "this how God sees you"
Say I don't believe you but soon the world'll need you
And if you give him a chance, he can Michelangelo you
Sistine Chapel masterpiece fresco you
Nothing more honest than an artist sketchbook
A visual depiction of how God's love looks

I ain't the artist, I'm the canvas

The only thing you ever wanted to be was a rap star
The only thing you ever wanted not to be was what you are
On these pages so tell me how far from what your spirit grew
Will concede you, I assume you got what you need dude
Silver screen bright your life, silver screen done paid you, right?
See your name comes out of these brothers scream
Your dream state is a dreamscape
Escaping all that's real - fake
Rape the soul takes its soul
These lost art emcees, they come and they get they gangsta stroll
So you gotta know
You gotta know that this page scratches the surface of your soul
Your bloodline ink surface so why abort your convictions?
The distinction that is made from the touch to page is rebirth
I have filtered life through pencils and exhaled as parts into little pieces
of your image
My name is pronounced in consonants and makes drums sounds when brought out
into the open
But even though you, as pen to God alone has remixed his tone
I continue to pass mosquito bite insecurities through the page
So don't bite the hand that feeds you
I need you to be allowed to breathe
When will you get off your hands and see I need to breathe to hold on?
Breathe to get through, breathe to pass off these fares of strength to master
insecurities in my life as testosterone statements and lines
Write these rhymes with gills and [?] stanzas so that they breathe under pressure
and can grow back lines when I failed
Exhale the shame, write pain and tear duct verse that inks this curse of blank
pages
You are the sages of the world so go purify me a world order
That ain't nothing short of resurrection with the pages that alter
We all falter but as long as you bleed this pen on my face of bleached skin
You will birth the ability for all of us to breathe again

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Come and get your fingers dirty, get paint on your hands
That's the fun part of art, put the color where it lands

I'm a blank page, fill me with life changes
Color depiction of what it could be or should be
But sometimes feel like lines don't match the Scripture
Bothers me cause I've seen the picture
Patient maintaining the fire up in my chest
It's line between hungry and desperate
And I got to be more stubborn than the wall that I'm pushing at
Convinced of the vision like what are y'all looking at
If you seen what I seen, then you would roll your sleeves up too
That's why I never understand how it feels to be you
I bet it's so mundane
But the sketchbook seems to me simple and plain
You can not turn around, can not not try
But stick with it, this is how we got got by

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