

# THOUGHT PARK

Songer

Associating Songer with Toxic

Well here's a project where I'm toxic  
From my goals to yours, let's run it or box-to-box it  
Sitting on the dock of the bay, that's a classic record  
Give me ten and then that dock where my yacht sit  
Take cream of the crop shit  
I sold seeds but never reaping the crop shit  
I'm lucky writing, talking bout my life is an option  
Apart from all my freestyles, refuse to be boxed in  
My surname's got powers but my name isn't Austin  
I'm here and I'm top tier  
I'm human, I've got fear  
This a little window to my life and then in summer I've gone clear  
I live at Thought Park, it's up and downs for the whole year  
I ain't wrote a song whilst I've been laying in my bed for time  
These days we're laughing in it, tryna get the covers dry  
I kiss my teeth when she squirt  
Damn bitch, this my office but I'll let it slide, baby don't apologise  
My lyric book will know me by my scary side  
I used to write to cope, now I get a flight  
There's airport security I recognise  
Hate comments coming, now it's televised  
It hurts but I can empathise  
It's hard to make decisions under microscopes  
It's just at a different point now  
Silence in a room, I tell myself to keep my voice down  
Internal monologue, he thinks we're boys now  
He says things I didn't even think  
Till I'm waking up hungover and I didn't even drink  
Brain's jaded, I'm thinking wide words, I'm Craig David  
Everybody's saving for the same bracelet  
I save change to change places  
It's hard to take favours  
I don't even know his name, it's just a fake alias  
We're just the same strangers  
Some are bitter, I can see how love and hate wavers  
I kinda get it, I earn money from his bae's playlist  
Or drum and bass stages  
I never took hands out to chase status  
Worked hard, remain patient  
Those who hate anonymously will remain nameless  
That's not the way to the top of the food chain  
I was looking at the clouds, still think of the zoot stain  
I've been doing up and downs, reminiscing on Tuesday  
In this roller-coaster mind at Thought Park  
I love when our thoughts spark and it turn into Doomsday  
Sometimes I wish I could cry  
Not cause I wanna be sad but cause I wanna be fine  
I think if I could shed a tear then I'd know I'm alright  
Cause it's hard to get a grip of where you stand  
When everything feels numb  
Sometimes I think I'm alone  
With a thousand different numbers texting, calling my phone  
I don't wanna pick it up, I wanna talk to myself  
Cause it's hard to get a grip of where you stand  
When everything feels numb  
This roller-coaster mind at Thought Park is up and down

So I had nightmares of fulfilling my dreams, instability screams  
People try and judge my soul by what they see on their screens  
But when I make it, know I made it just because I was me  
This project reminds you who I am  
I'm not a viral fucking TikTok, I'm a son  
I'm the guy who made my debut, so much pressure on myself  
I compared that shit to bullet from a gun  
I chase a version of myself, I never chase the fame  
They want a version of myself that is some kind of shame  
I can deal with added pressure cause the game's the game  
Price of therapy for me is that I'm rarely sane