

Thumbsucker

Soul Glo

I been so down, been so down
I been so down it look like up
So down, and yet, I couldn't figure what it was
Hit the loud once, world opened up, and still learned none

"Cookie Monster was a prisoner of war" is the kind of poem I like
The kind only God can write
The kind that spells out my life in the simplest terms that suffice
Before I pass the mic, I'd like to share some advice
All you protect yourself from feeling will fuck with your sense of being and
become all you can see
A lor nigga was C-O-P-I-N-
G by tryna stay out of sight with a thumb between my teeth
Always under my arm was my best friend, Cookie
But my Grandma, I think, feared that it would turn me sweet

I been so down, been so down
I been so down it look like up
O down, and yet, I couldn't figure what it was
Chris woke up dead then I started to really bug
So depressed I was defunct
Asked to see someone, shit a dub
Felt like my folks ain't give no fuck
None of us thought about my thumb

You know what's funny to me?
It's this lil idea
About Cookie Monster getting tortured tatted on me
Think of Rambo in his flashbacks when he tied to a tree
Emotional assimilation feels similarly
We were apart most my life, turns out he got took from me
My Grandma gave him back once I secured my bachelor's degree
With nothing more than "Well you stopped sucking your thumb, didn't ya?"

It went:
Crying
Thumbsucking
Depression
Screaming
Weed
Loud
Depression/Anxiety
420
Therapy
Escitalopram
Bupropion

But yea, I guess I turned out alright in the end, didn't I?
Didn't I?

(I detest all my discussions of I!)

I been so down, I been so down
I been so down it look like up
So down, and yet, I couldn't figure what it was
I did many drugs but never ever rode the bus

No instead a nigga de-prioritizes his needs
Disarmed by paranoid delusions that bring him to his knees
Growing out of character is how he spends the time in between
And therefore trapped inside a cycle of constant apology

I been so down it look like up