

Abstract

Towkio

Okay, I make art, make sense
Matter fact, maybe my
Work is, too abstract
And it go, over heads, carry on
I was born alone, I'mma die alone
Like okay, I make art, make sense, that's that
Matter fact, maybe my, work is, too abstract
And it go, over heads, carry on
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That's a different song, my pen out, my pistol drawn
And I'm sitting on the world like I'm sitting on your couch with my shoes on
Give a fuck about what you want, I could care less
Need a headrest because they bore me because my cup filled with morphine
Tell Nike endorse me
Tell Kim and tell Kourtney
Tell Kylie and Khole
Tell Kendall I love her
Our babies be gorgeous but our days these babies are born into
So I proceed with caution
Got a crib with a fortress
And the fortress got a backyard
In the backyard there's a forest
God damn I'm important
Got a mind worth exploring
That's a mind full of gold get your portion

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That's the saddest song but on a different note
I be at the crib all alone
Painting pictures, making movies, writing songs
Writing hooks, and fuck around writing a book
About the mind and how it works and no degree
They could lie but that's just me
And leave behind a piece of mind, a piece of me
It has to be a piece of me, a masterpiece

And it ain't no Ralph though
It ain't Ralph level
(Okay, well let me ask you this)
(I'm asking you)
What's the name of your clothing line?
We don't know