

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  
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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