

# LOVE LETTERS

Music by Kush Mody  
Lyrics by George Watsky

**VERSE**

B min      A/C#      B min/D      F#min7      G Maj7      B min

Vocals: [RAP]

Piano: 6x

**CHORUS**

Vox. You've made a place where I'm wel - come      And al - though I give voice to it sel - dom      Know I

Pno.

Vox. love you No - bo - dy's a - bove you      And if you love some - one then you tell them

Pno.

**HOOK**

D Maj7      Em9      EM7(#11)/G#      F Maj7      B Maj7      Em(add9)/B

Vox. GO IN PO-ET!      Eigh-ty six I was thrown in the mix say-in' GO IN      PO-ET! Eigh-ty six ann-y-one who would stand in the way of a kid say-in' GO IN

Pno.

## LOVE LETTERS

### Verse 1

The drum is never the enemy of the pen  
but when I'm meeting mentally with beat and melody then  
One of me can turn into ten of me  
If there's ten of me, tell me how many heavenly similes can we  
blend?  
Like women and men would fall with no friends  
Like a rose would fall with no stem  
Like most folks follow trends  
Like Os follow LMNs  
That's how well I know life flows with the elements  
As sunrise kills an evening  
As stars die and a night sky is grieving  
As man sees what he has when it's leaving  
You gone is as asthma to breathing  
That's how much I need you in my life  
I'm never gonna ever leave you in my lifetime  
Cause every time I hear line that shows me I'm not alone it's  
saving me  
cause I know that that's a lifeline  
Like minds—this is our home and they won't ruin it easily  
Cause the wolf is gonna blow until he's blue in the cheek  
and me and you and the crew can go take a snooze in the  
street  
And the bulldozer can come chew on our feet  
We never let em through  
We'll build a levy  
limit the river's level  
steady the flood and begin with a pebble  
lend me one syllable  
come if you're ready to shovel  
run if you're shaking  
but I know that today is not my Waterloo

### Chorus

You've made a place where I'm welcome  
And although I give voice to it seldom  
Know I love you  
Nobody's above you  
And if you love someone then you tell them

### Verse 2

Every day the planet's losing IQ points  
But people still bumping Ice Cube joints  
So I've got hope  
and every day I'm seeking my true voice  
and looking up at a bright new choice  
Cause everybody's got a hustle and everyone's trying to push it  
It's tricky to find the kush hiking up a mountain of bullshit  
And there's another mountain of bullshit next to it littered with  
glitter, money and strippers they're selling as good shit  
It's nothing new up at the core though  
Everything same as it's always been only more so  
Of course so same token, while there's life there is truth  
While there's truth it demands to be spoken  
And someone's gonna speak it  
it's really not a secret  
You just need to search it  
you just need to seek it

And though we like to worship a genius in a coffin  
We often forget that there's prophets among us walking  
And I know because I hear em when I am in the clouds  
And I got my music up and jamming it loud  
And dammit whatever I am or could ever become I'm positive  
that I will always be a fan in the crowd  
So gimme gimme gimme  
Dylan and Biggy  
Hit me with Jimi  
Emily Dickinson, Eminem, Niki Giovanni Lennon, Kendrick,  
Gambino, Rafa, Chinaka, Dahlak and Missy, Saul and Beau  
and Paul and Kweli, Chali 2na and Chance and Seneca

### Hook

(Go in poet!)  
86 I was thrown in the mix, saying  
(Go in poet!)  
86 anyone who would stand in the path of a kid saying  
(Go in poet!)  
86 bitches, 86 cups full of lean  
(Go in poet!)  
86 bars, infinity ways to say what I mean

### Chorus

### Verse 3

So if you're blocking the future I wanna to walk toward  
Suit yourself we're gonna lock swords  
But it's a wash if you're saying "Watsky I could rock withcha if  
you didn't talk like some nails on a chalkboard  
I can tell—that you're really on your dope writer tip  
But you'll trip if you don't try to fit  
Maybe you can make it if you ghostwrite a hit  
And sell it to somebody who can ghostride a whip"  
Shieeet—I say no sirree  
I can smell the weak shit through the potpourri  
So I'm just gonna do what I do  
You take a minute or two and Google "Tim and Magoo"  
I love the that life I picked even if it aint plush  
I'm too glad complain much  
I'm in the lab in a drab world  
While these fuckers dab and do dabs and I dab on my pad  
with my paintbrush  
This is for the kids whipping up some home-cooked  
Spitting 86 bars, fuckin no hook  
lying in the grass  
passion their chest  
and a ballpoint pressed in their notebook  
Listen to me, this is for the word  
looking so fine I'm rubbing coconut oil up in the crack of dat  
spine  
this is for the times I'm reminded my mind isn't mine alone  
This if for the poems and the lines  
(And the letters in em)

### X Infinity

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