

?

K.A.A.N.

Lord I could never be materialistic, fuck your opinion  
The direction that I'm taking my lyrics is contradicting  
The image of any rapper considered my opposition  
That's forgetting about the feeling of lack of a pot to piss in  
The window to throw it out of wasn't no where to be found  
I said I built it from the mother fucking ground  
Fall in love with the sound  
If you listen to my music in the least  
Realize I'm a mother fucking beast  
God Damn nigga

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Nigga you can call me Lucky Luciano pop a rotti in Maserati  
Ducking paparazzi did a kamikazi  
With a bitch that wanna party  
Pop a Molly  
I'm fully aware that that wasn't even original  
But I'm a smooth criminal  
The message I provide is more subliminal  
And that was just a simple rhyme scheme  
You could hear upon your radio  
A laundry list of reasons why I'll know they never play me though  
And yeah I got the dialect  
But I refuse to give into the rhetoric  
It's not competitive, it's a sedative in monopoly  
Monotony's the way they turn the music into anomalies  
Giving you garbage sonically and you chose to accept it  
You know they forcing you shit like they feeding you diuretics  
Pathetic  
I got aesthetics  
In acquisition through etiquette  
Elevated your mind with the elegance of my eloquence  
Delicate maybe definite, defecate on your confidence  
Desecrate in the paper, defiling the English language  
Distinguish and then extinguish, relinquish you of your powers  
Exterminating your ignorance, I think they got Napoleon complexes with impotence  
Infinite possibilities limited by your fallacies  
Masterminded the manifestation of my reality  
In all actuality the content of my music is subject to your perception  
I'll make a lasting impression like lashes upon the spines of my ancestor or heritage  
I feel the way y'all follow these trends is fucking embarrassing  
Barricaded my mind cause I don't want let the devil in  
Hallucinated off of LSD and therefore masculine  
Medicating my mental capabilities mutilated my will  
I live ya life like is it even really real, I bought a dollar bill  
An automatic weapon that a nigga would conceal  
Aim it at a target pull the trigger till the blood has start to spill

Your cup runeth over till that motherfucker drip upon the page  
A revelations of reservations eliminated by my preparation and  
Lyrical fornication which formulated personification of the imagination  
And elaborate type of labyrinth slapping rapidly, lacking the single lies of  
human decency  
Frequent injections of methamphetamines, metaphorically  
Metamorphing into the perfect moment when my soul has been reborn  
And only God knows that I will never conform Lord

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I lock myself inside of a room as I try to create a masterpiece  
Mathematical madness precision down to the decimal  
Take it to higher levels, I'm moving it up a decibel  
If you're susceptible to professional fundamentals that capture your fascina  
tion  
You create an interpretation or taking the broader stroke and make a classif  
ication  
Completely eradicating artistic sophistication aristocratic vocation  
Exhilarating elation I chose it for navigation to make a path of my own  
Surpassing the aggravation perpetrated allegation my passion and dedication  
Is penetrating your politics and if it's honest  
You'll never have an internal conflict  
Try to convince the world and then place yourself in that image  
Where art is imitation reflecting illuminated  
The truth will come to the light that your alternate form of flattery  
Was just another extension of your demented fantasy  
Vandalize with profanity too confused for humanity candidly I'm conducting t  
he sickening type of cynical  
Sacrilegious and criminal plan that couldn't be broken was spoken  
It's not divisible minimal or remissible in any court of public opinion  
So fuck your feminine feelings from this moment within the present to infini  
ty  
Recipe for divinity written within this imagery symmetry of my energy  
Synergy of the sinister penning the proper living convinced the post [?] re-  
visuals  
I viciously victimize while I victim you leaving you destitute without a res  
titution or a resolution  
For your convolution of my revolution and the best solution  
Solidifying constant confusion or current illusion that are eluding that you  
r inclusion  
Infusing the few formalities fanatics suffocate upon formaldehyde from publi  
cation came with degradation  
And a sunny deposition the audacity to have supposition when you listen  
I'm fixing to be the greatest lyricist that sees a living if given the oppor  
tunity  
But usually if usury infested jewelry is not confusing me  
Never consuming me as I attempt to be more proficient prolific like predeces  
sors that elevated  
When the purpose wasn't permeated doing supplication  
Success is impossible without plans of premeditation