

?

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