

1/19/1992

K.A.A.N.

My new shit got 'em claiming that I'm back again, this rap is bizarre  
I'm one of the illest that you've heard thus far  
I got more drive than your car  
I hold it down to hold it up like a bra, on my job  
Got all the elements, the earth, wind and the fire  
My desires elevated and matured with time  
Scribbling every random thought racing inside of my mind  
By design, I grind ride like I'm at [?]  
I BMX, no ESPN on the television, where you from?  
A literal paradigm, I'm giving the signs like pantomimes  
I'm global bitch, they hear me out from Vietnam to Panama  
The Rio Grande to Mexico, could care less if I'm next to blow  
I'm giving original flows and staying composed, you see I'm in contro  
l

Here we go, animalistic style

Making a victim now

Running around like quarterbacks, avoid the sack, they on the attack  
I'm bouncing back and coming above the latter, that's a real fact, fe  
el that

Kicking some real shit that you can go and play anywhere, anywhere

Hitting up Amsterdam for the bud, I know it's plenty there

Travel around the globe to locations I cannot pronounce

Came a long way from writing rhymes in my momma's house

Analyzing every bar and metaphor, I sound 'em out

I roll a blunt then hit the roundabout to ease the stress and doubt

Fuck the clout, kids doing the most to try and make it out

I was them, I see it from they point of view, I really do

It's not [?], I'm not that far removed, I'm feeling like I'm screwed

Overthinking moves, undermotivated and out the loop

Searching for some proof to lead the reason for your living

They don't listen when you tell 'em you feel like you ain't existing

What's a mission with no direction, the rules don't have no exception  
s

It's get it while you can, they may never understand my plan

It's a philosophy, operating a monopoly

Told 'em I was an anomaly, my house more like a mausoleum

I'm running a marathon but most these people cannot keep up

The reaper, stay on my line and blowing up my beeper

I need stamps upon my passport, a couple work visas

Words reach 'em, niggas'll pay attention, that's when I'm speaking

Mine's peaking, all that pico de gallo like Puerto Ricans

Loiter for my leisure, need a lawyer and a preacher

Presentation's everything and I know it

Get your shot, don't blow it

If you fall down, keep going and keep growing and keep

We just some motherfuckin' kids

We just some motherfuckin'

RIP Mac

One of the best

An inspiration

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