

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 control
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, feel 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
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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