

# A.D.A.G.

K.A.A.N.

Tell 'em keep up with the pace they know we running  
Had to find my way, make something happen, it was necessary  
To defeat my pride I killed my ego so I'm down to Earth  
Never hid it, I've been off on this journey tryna find my worth, searching depths of my soul  
For the solid guarantee that I need to be in control  
Moving on this lonely road with my intuition of course  
Got to call it like it is, I can't be a victim of hope  
Giving wisdom if you listen you got it straight from the source  
And these flows are made up with love  
My eternal battle with drugs  
When you hit well they leave you numb  
Bet you feel where I'm coming from  
Let it resonate with the young  
So they elevate to the sun  
Never burning out from the rush  
From eternity into dust  
My disposable thoughts combust  
Ima bet I'll go number one  
I get everything that I want  
But I feel like the only one in the room  
4,000 square feet could feel like a tomb  
That's when your own thoughts start to consume, the monsoon

Fighting with eternal demons, had to put 'em to rest  
Rolling up another one, I'm tryna manage the stress  
I've been praying for some peace, I ain't concerned with success  
Another day above ground, bless

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I can internalize it all inside the art that I give  
The honesty gon' make 'em feel me, they relate to the trip  
When your trajectory reverses in a downward spin  
We suffering within the present if this world gon' end  
Never give energy to negative assessments again  
I only listen to the God that's inside of me  
Guiding me through the treacherous, dangerous, nefarious pawns of society  
In the eye of the storm where it's calm for the carnivores  
The animals, the connoisseurs, they'll take your all but want some more  
They mortified the mortal man  
My faith is brick and mortar mixed with water  
Let it stream down from Heaven's Gates into the mezzanine  
The letter reads: the real will live forever, never supercede  
The road to riches paved with many things, even shattered dreams  
I'm waiting on the signs and the sounds from when an angel sings  
[?] to take 'em to the floor, we Kurt Angle-ing  
The truth ain't outta reach, it's in between, it's looking moderate  
The mainstream'll have you feeling washed up and out of it  
You need to get a hit to scratch the itch just like the lottery  
Your self worth depends upon the places you deposit it  
The losses in this life could teach you more than all these colleges

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