

# Audio Murder

K.A.A.N.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it was a cold blooded, pre-meditated murder."

Never heard something that's this absurd  
Audible murder in the third degree  
Brought 'em in then into a fricassee  
Fan inflates to inhale the heat  
Get away from my kitchen if you can't take the humidity  
It's dark in hell, it's hot, I let 'em rot beneath my fucking feet  
See under the circumstances, I raise the standards and stand alone  
For this type of dialect, to decipher you need Rosetta Stone  
My head is a war zone, I go Rambo, I feel like Sly Stallone  
A literal kamikaze, all carbon copies I kill the clone  
Celebrated on TV, e-mail, CC, retweet, keep the receipt  
Repeat, repeat, don't you believe, don't buy bullshit, that's E.B.T  
Not human, I'm more like E.T. royalty like Nefertiti  
TNT, B-O-M-B, behead you, you no longer breathe  
Feeling the energy shifting with sentences, [?] similar syllabus  
Set up the syllables, make it invisible, I'ma go in until I see the pinnacle  
Prodigal [?] with the pies, pivotal, kick it the most when you doin' the minimal  
Never distracted by data or numbers, the motive is moving, I'm reaching the summit  
I'm an outlier, a top-notch prize fighter  
My attitude's nothing to lose like I'm a lifer, housed to Rikers, third striker, [?]  
I shine bright like headlights and highlighters  
It'll get a little rocky ASAP just like Rihanna's fetus  
Whenever I speak, they clap, that's onomatopoeia  
When it comes to rap, I snap, damn I leaked a litre  
Let my people eat while I burn leeches, compose speeches that'll leave you speechless and sleepless  
What's up under my sleeve is something so deceiving, it shock your system and cease your breathing  
I'm the reason you should rehearse your verse before you speak 'em  
Call the nurse, call the doctor, call the pastor, call the deacon  
I could get analytical and give you a logical method to explain the madness  
A matter of mathematics with offensive pattern  
Put a fork in the bitch when I'm finished  
The way that I'm spitting, I leave you go seek your dentist  
From the mouths of [?] calisthenics  
Said you couldn't catch me if you're weak winded  
On my worst day I'm in first place, give 'em first aid, you're in need of it  
I resuscitate 'em, blood circulating, heart palpitations, 'bout to save the patient  
Put 'em under the knife, I do surgery, surgically make an incision  
Insisting I'm really ready chopping like machetes, flowing like I'm Fetty  
I go over your head when I feed 'em the medicine, give 'em the sedative  
Put 'em to bed where they numbing the pain if it's relative  
Most of these motherfuckers on the quest to be relevant  
No I do not feel the sentiment if it ain't about my betterment  
Fully aware that I am in a dirty game, for the fame people change  
Women lie, men lie, the numbers get re-arranged in the name of unspeakable things  
I really [?], surging, gotta watch for the serpents lurking  
But this shit is a circus like Barnum & Bailey's  
It's certain, that I will rise up from the ash, [?] , I flew right past  
Go to the max, I won't relax

Release these flows, I do just that  
Believe the ground I walk, it crack, that's to the core, I make impact  
Gotta shift like tectonics, giving out content, gotta reach every continent  
I'ma kill 'em with no conscience, unresponsive to all of these consequences  
Roundhouse kick at your shit to make you flip take you out of it  
I could make you slip your disk, I don't miss, I hit you then slit your wrist

Like a real cease and desist, make you quit  
Inquisitive minds insist that I get back on my shit just like this, and I'm staying on top of it  
Topical topics they giving, they're tiring  
I live in the lion's den, I'm battling with the beasts never the novices  
Avoiding the politics, all of the hypocrites, all of the heretics  
The rhetoric that they give, I don't believe in the shit like an atheist  
My faith is in two words, six letters, that's Hip Hop  
No cross over, flip flop, mainstream dickriding  
Kissing cock with a French liplock until it drip drop  
Looking to get ahead but instead you came up with nothing  
They wanted the glory, they wanted the fame, as it goes together when it's one in the same  
And they wanted the money to get through the shame, it's embarrassing giving up morals for fame  
And you running in circles, you going away, gotta find a direction that put you into position  
Play the victim and put you into submission, there's a feeling of defeat  
The reality you see, realizing you won't be at the top, it's appalling  
At the end of the world it's really a small thing, you are no king  
In the deep end with a small boat, if you can't swim then you will sink and you will drown  
When it goes down, I am one of the ones that is profound  
So it's me, myself and I like pronouns, prolific profile  
I noticed the way that they feeling my style, that's no coincidence  
Connected to the gift of the spirit like it's Corinthians  
I'm giving a ceremonial rebirth like it's a christening  
I've risen to the task to attain the skill to amass, to amuse the masses and masses  
I mastered the art of rap, it's a masterclass with a winner  
Like Master Splinter, I taught 'em young  
The best is yet to come, this a marathon that I run  
Ready to regulate like the CDC or Nate Dogg and Warren G  
These flows like CPR, that's a breath of fresh air I make 'em breathe  
On point like CP3, how you handle shit is a major key  
My rhyme schemes intricate, in succession of notes like a motif  
The re-occurring symbol, it's simple but yet it's seldom seen  
It's something so serene but it's really cerebral  
As you see, that's elementary like 1-2-3 or learn the A-B-C's  
They pondering the possibility of what it really means  
One of the fan favourites, one of the game hated, one of they foul flagrant  
Running around with the devil like I'm Van Halen  
I am reporting live like I'm Van Lathan from the local station  
Spreading that sound all across the nation, let the people play it  
You see the way I am displaying abilities only given to a few  
And I'm chosen, they chilling, they fake, you can feel it  
In fact it's a formula that I have fortified  
The flows'll leave you mortified, a fortress that I've built inside  
The lines of the composition, pay attention to the rhythm

Yes god  
Knowledge, nigga  
"But remember, don't hesitate to call on me for anything."