

Benji

K.A.A.N.

Said if I'm fallin' pick me up
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Alright

Fear of falling
Feeling like I'm never gonna make it (make it)
Feeling like I got this rap shit in my grasp
But I can not grab or take it
Gravitating
Towards falling
And I fear that whenever I'm trying
I feel like my sanity is in my face but I can not grab or find it
Stop!

Now pay attention when a motherfucker spitting
On a track not lax I should get paid
Nigga, shit my brain sharper than a switchblade
Because I don't flow, I just cascade
And every other motherfucker that you listen to
Don't stay true, that's a motherfucking masquerade
But who am I to judge cause they're in it for the money
I'm a hundred miles and running I'm automatically gunning down
Anyone that wanted this real
I'm never fronting, novocaine for your brain
My rhymes are mind numbing nigga
Writing that shit that you can't supersede
I give a fuck about what you believe
And I could care less about how I'm perceived
So just open your mind so that you can receive
All these blessings I'm giving whenever I preach
From my pulpit
I don't bullshit
My nigga don't trip
Get hit quick
Then get a grip bitch
I spit a full clip
So when you hear the click from this deliverer
They say my style is so motherfucking sinister
You need to get in contact with your minister
I keep my flow on lock like a prisoner
Check the forensics of what I have prepped for ya
The suspension of all your expenditures
Now if you let me take it up another motherfucking notch
I'ma spit it till it pop
Blood drips then it drops
And I bet you niggas watching from the sideline
They got the lights on homie like it's primetime
But am I ready for it, nigga I will never really know
Until I step up on the stage and then I let my lyrics flow
From a place of desperation a balance of segregation
I'm leaving you salivating from lyrical elevation
And I hope they came ready cause this ain't a simulation
Assimilated the facts of rap that's on board
And stimulating the minds of my demographics abhorred
That your flow is so forced it's not consensual coitous

You niggas can't avoid this
You couldn't break change to make cents, four quarters
So when you step be cautious
Cause my mind lawless, and at this point of time I'm accustomed the losses
Chi-Town '84, he ballin'
Foot up on the gas but the car keeps stalling
Got fame from the game whose main dame is flawed
And while scuffin' up the hardwood floors till the mornin'
A moment of silence atonement of violence
But this the last time I'ma try to make it private
I put it on consignment
And give it an assignment
I hope that the days alignin' 'cause I'm really tired of dealing with the-

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I ain't perfect in the motherfucking least
But I bet I bail will transformed to a beast
Land buyers wasn't biased to the shit a nigga seen
Escobar turned to the slum into fucking Medellín
Nigga fuck you and your compliments
Cause all you give is false confidence
I check the contents of your context
The shit nonsense that's full of discontent
But I'ma bout to vent to get it off my chest
Just like a bench press
And if you feel a oppressed
Then you should write a check so that you can invest
I need advancement money plus interest
Cause my flow's disgusting like incest
I said I burn it up just like incense
And if it's all about a dollar
That's a motherfucking problem
Cause I care for more than just dividends
That you could divvy up
Until the prize dries
They got they hands out
They got they eyes wide
I told em bring it in they call it high tide
They all washed up like they tide dry
My flow complicated never concentrated
It was confiscated by the constellations
That was ovulating from the consummation
And that conversation was the confirmation
I'm attacking the track and I do that with ease
Stomp on the beat and I'm making it bleed
Where internally surgery needed I seen it
My style is demeaned
But yeah this distinguished
Dispersed and extinguish a merce of relinquish
These lines I'm releasing gon' leave you in pieces
I'm spitting a grievance that's leaving you grieving
Hope we in agreement that you'll be conceded
Contrite with the lessons that I have been giving
I'm busting my ass like I work for commission

But I'm insecure so I write, re-revision
Constructing these bars like I'm building a prison
The way that I give it would murder a cynic
Embarrass a critic, my flow is acrylic
I'm spitting acidic
While bombing your city
And bombing the beat
And just know that I'm feeling the-

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