

Breathe

K.A.A.N.

Just come and take me away
I pray I'm forgiven for my sins and God'll take me away
AHH
Lord knows I just wanna say I made it
I could never deal with failure or the feeling of defeat
I just keep working towards success
I've been obsessing about it lately
Feelin' like I got the weight of the world on my motherfuckin' shoulders, but I don't think I can make it
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I could never be complacent with the lies
Nor complacent with the evil spirits that you keep inside
People surprised at what they despise lack of compassion
A pastor up on the stage
Surpassing what you've been asking
While I was up in the moment
I live inside of the beat
The point I wanna get across is I'm not accepting defeat
And the feeling of being and bleeding
When all really I needed was a little bit of help
I never got it by myself
You mean to tell me that the only reason for living is wealth
As if the money purified and we can find what's in the soul
When I'm feeling outta control
I make a list of my goals—the ones I cannot attain
It's stuck inside of my brain
I think I'm going insane
I'm missing that serotonin
The formula for my happiness
A young black bastard spazzin' gaspin' for air
Does anyone really care?
They want you stuck in the system to steady ask for assistance
Your independence is instant
Depending up on the dollars distributed by the government
Money is what we covet
They come and they contact but their consequence is what the context
The content has got you convinced that I'm refusing to make a song about the incidental nonsense
I gotta make it real, something that you could feel
The product that we deliver on the daily wasn't tarnished
It was simply irresistible

But sinister like a minister criticizing your sins
You pulling up in a Honda, he rolling out in a Benz
Collection plate like a record to get a couple of spins
They selling you salivation
You giving them all your wins
And rummaging through your pockets to find a penny or profit
The problem is you was promised a piece of mind and a providence that don't even exist
Religion is what you make of it
Your common sense is forsaken
It usually means that you're producing hatred
You're perpetuating the ignorance
Providing by an absence of the knowledge to acknowledge that the obvious is honestly right in front of your eyes

Try to see the bigger picture, while missing a major issue
To diminish a minor or miniscule
We're too dismissive put ourselves in a problematic position
Foreseeing something, make a decision
Decisive with the precision
Not to mention all the persistence
You assisting on displaying within the sight of your vision
Containing a certain distaste for the life you currently livin'
We're only given a small amount of time to make a difference
So I focus on the facts of the felonious opinions
Of other people that would profit from the pain that I've accrued
But then I write about that
Put it in a song [?] the views on
Like I'm in a groove
A pitiful mood
Pray that you never get it confused
And use every single word that I'm saying as the fuel
For the fire that's been burning deep inside of you
The desire to be better in any type of endeavor
So till the end of forever
My effort is the epitome
The passion I possess
A pitter-patter on a pedestal till a pass is amassed
Is a matter to splatter or shatter
A disaster was an enemy
Imminent that I'm eminent
The truth is in my sentences
I give the realest sentiments
The sentimental subsequential line becoming evident
Gallivanting with relevance

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Man I'm steady shit
You been a bitch
Better hand on my business
A better of benefactors extracting all of the benefits
The beneficiary's revolutionary
End of missionary
Conversating with consiglieres
Asking is the lyricism prevalent or necessary
On the contrary, I'm levelin with malevolence
The message is methodical philosophical follicle
Follow the fourth prophet who's probably got you convinced that's its confidence
Complements the continent but never contradicts the consequence
A heritage of fallacies upon the list
Take a shit I spit it quick
To lift a bitch we never trip
My flow can block the biggest star with bars
Like a solar eclipse
But I gotta be different and stand out
Spit without apologies abolishing a [?]
But honestly-ah-chronologically I mean
I'm trying to be the dopest rapper that you'll ever see in an eternity
I permanently permeate your brain with an entirety
The irony of it is I'm a cousin of rejection and far too many depressive

They care if I get accepted
I'm not afraid to confess it
Realizing that all my faults are just motherfucking blessings
And the pressure is amounting up to a point that you just wouldn't even believe
I've been too stressed out feelin' like I can't breathe
Suicide on my mind without a time to reprieve
My God!

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