

## Cold Day

K.A.A.N.

Man it'll be a cold day in hell 'fore I lose my shit  
I got that noose vice grip, you'se as loose as a bitch  
You need your tubes tied kid, stop producing that shit  
You get your wig split quick down the middle you dig?  
Asymmetrical like geometric squares  
Incompatible, there's nowhere to compare  
Me to you, it's not possible

Logical, niggas pulling out they hair follicles  
Comical, shit to each his own, do what you gotta do  
A lot of you, do the dumb shit that you've been allotted to  
But that's what I'm alluding to, I hope I'm not confusing you  
Niggas talk and all I hear is la-la-la, le-la-la-la, le-la-la-la  
That shit ain't audible  
I'm Randall Cunningham to these duttymans, I scramble out  
Niggas ship sank 'cause they rode the wave but ain't plan the route  
Overstep on steady stepping stones, it's how I'm standing out  
Throwing temper tantrums like Bobby Knight via '89  
Rigged the whole series like Rothstein, with a large dream  
Best believe I come to collect for the C.R.E.A.M

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You slowing me up, that's not plausible  
Illusions what they are, I'm astronomical  
A paradigm you stuck inside, your shit is paradoxical  
I can take 'em out and then move it  
I can take your regular scene and turn that to a movie  
Howard Hughes it, use it, fuse it, and make it larger than life  
Then that's the bells and whistles with all the aesthetics they like  
There really isn't nothing to it, my shit is contrite  
I got a vision plus the intuition  
Star of the show, I'm Michael Jordan to your Scottie Pippen  
These niggas couldn't start the engine or transmission  
Your wires crossed, signal's off, what you transmitting?

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