

**Denzel**

**K.A.A.N.**

I've been having conversations with my fucking self  
In need of help I try to focus on my mental health  
If I'm not in this game then I don't have time for procrastination  
Screaming motherfuck rest and relaxation  
I'm tired of waitin'

Lord, I'm suicidal nigga can't you tell  
I cut my wrist and watch it drip while screaming fare thee well  
Don't touch my body let me burn in fire leave me still  
I grab a crucifix and say a prayer going straight to hell

Why you got a motherfuckin problem with a nigga that would push you to the limit with the effort he was givin'  
Delivering sinning inside my context, perplexed, by an intelligent type of concept  
I never gave a conversation, my topics stay varied and various complicated that centered the document with a pencil  
To put it off in a file, record a record I write  
You ever dance with the devil in the pale moonlight  
Ever bust a nigga's head with a black lit pipe  
When the blood starts to gush it coming in out in a rush  
That's a pretty vicious vision you're given  
I'm getting vivid depicting death in a sentence  
Aligning with the consensus  
If you ever pay attention  
You'll think that I'm demented  
The mental kid who's dependent on many antidepressants, oppressing the present feelings I have as I'm confessing  
I'm looking at the prescription like a motherfuckin prison  
Presenting it effervescent  
Authenticating my message  
The method in which I use  
I pray it's never confused  
The pages battered and bruised  
From the way my lyrics fuse  
Get a hold of my pain try to use it as a muse  
A tool to entertain in vain for the amused  
I'm a semi-automatic  
With static I let em have it  
The bullet flying sporadic  
The shell will fall in the casket  
To burn the flesh of a bastard  
For preparation of rapture  
The rigor mortis I'm writing  
Is rummaging through your arteries  
Autograph with an asterisk  
Notarize with authority  
And all my shit is different  
I'm giving written deformities  
Formulated the plan for avoidance of the conformity  
And I can put the cots in the corner of dormitories  
Deploing that negativity  
Given in your fragility  
Lyrically my ability  
Showing off my agility  
Indiscriminate killer who's never spitting it timidly  
Reminisce with a riddle to rid you of any empathy

Empathizing your sympathy through the sound of a symphony, purifying the soul  
I conflicted by my emission  
Sadistic but realistic  
And not materialistic  
This motherfucker was gifted with the talent of taking words  
Nouns and adverbs and making it backflip  
Blue cane crank it with a different type of twist  
The protagonist ain't alive  
And the villain's tryna survive  
As he salivates over bodies  
He's severing with a hatchet  
And leave em down in his cellar  
The definition of ratchet  
That captured imagination with captivating dismorphia  
Consequence of the pain you contain inside of your orifice  
Do you want any more of this  
Mortifying your pulse that palpitates with your goriness  
Introduction to the maker  
I can show you what the glory is  
Speak on the salvation  
I preach with a prime motive  
Let these motherfuckers know it  
Ahhh

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I'm nothing more than a nigga with attitude  
MC Ren, Yella, Dre, Easy and Cube  
I'm showing some attitude  
Testing your aptitude  
Look at the game and I gain a conclusion  
It's all an illusion  
The water's diluted  
You sippin that juice and your mind is polluted  
By these convoluters and losers  
I'm taking that situation and try to diffuse it  
Man fuck that  
I'm a ticking time bomb  
But I heard they got the motherfuckin evidence  
They must of found the body in my residence  
It wasn't for the money and the pocket full of precedence  
Instead I give a fact and make it evident  
They found it with its ripped eyes out visor with a top hat  
Blood up on my rug so you know you gotta stop that  
Claws at the foot of alpacas motherfucker better block that

That's \$25,000 alpaca  
You block that shit

And what you thought that I was finished  
Diminished, replenish whatever you motherfuckers givin', reliving  
I made a tape about religion but that was prior to what you currently hearin  
g  
Serving the secret  
To leave it to keep it  
To feel that I need it  
But never retreating  
The rarer defeated  
Your mind is depleted  
I'm trying to find the frequency

Juvenile my delinquency  
I do it for respect not fame  
If you want me to be honest then don't wanna be sane  
I've been speaking with the voice that lives inside of my brain, contained t  
o explain  
But how do you maintain  
I need a divine deity  
Looking for my identity  
But all I wanted was a piece of mind and sovereignty  
Find it up in the melody  
I created a remedy  
Hoping it giving clemency  
Flow is moving that Hennessy  
And when I'm dead and gone I just pray that you remember me  
My god!

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