

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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