

Feels

K.A.A.N.

Eh. Lord. Knowledge. Nigga. Eh. Stress. Stress

I'm working hard
I'm sacrificing my life, I'm sacrificing my mind
I'm sacrificing my sanity but, most importantly, I'm sacrificing my time
Boy, I feel fine. I feel like I am a king
Honestly, I can't complain
Even with faith that's the size of a grain and some salt I will still move a mountain and do what I want

I assault the beat with my rhyme, my rhyme
You would kinda feel me one time, one time
If I gave you something realer would you comprehend the feeling and emotion that I put in my line, my line

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I'm a catastrophic and catatonic as I degenerate
I alleviate for the leniency of the listener
Misinterpreted my cadence for continuity, I engineer with ingenuity
My flow should really supersede the sea I seen with promiscuity
A positive solution for pollution of the purity
I personally purge a verse, immerse the words
I learn the work, assert the search, a SERP, a nurse, I suffer curse, it hurts to heave or have a hearse
I'm taking what I wanted and I bet I do, you never knew
I'm useless n' a necrophiliac the way I kill a fuck, a trick
A hypochondriac, I stay away from people, though I'm isolated, but I like it to do love with the craft
I created different realities
All that's on my head is the sanity
I'm very terrified of living by myself and the struggle seems to pursue me
So I'm peeking around the corner
I'm in the corridor of life
The definition of an artist that was falling for the light
I'm insecure and lacking confidence
I can't put up a fight
I mean I must of missed the opportunity, constantly lost
And extension of my aggression was never meant to affect my sense
This stupid lecture is the lessons that I have learned
As they living inside the legend of my alleged hypotheses, the pharaohcies
I put the hieroglyphic on the wall n' when I wrote it I made sure that it was legible for you, so my legacy was the truth, GODDAM

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I assault the beat with my rhyme, my rhyme
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If I gave you something realer would you comprehend the feeling and emotion

that I put in my line, my line
I assault the beat with my rhyme, my rhyme
You would kinda feel me one time, one time
If I gave you something realer would you comprehend the feeling and emotion
that I put in my line

I wanna do a lot of drugs, and I just wanna do a lot of drugs
That I feel like I can't take no more, no more
I'm incapable of feeling any love
I've been living at the bottom n' I do not give a fuck

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Hit the page with the passion that I'm possessing
The peasant prints with depressing
I'm pessimistic but very connected to positivity
Incidentally, immaculate, maximize all my efforts
All focus with no procrastination
Amazing I'm lacing soliloquies with the formula
Finally feeling better, not feeding you negativity
Detrimental assumption, I summon some of the power
And sanction the serendipity, pay attention when listening, The summit I'm envisioning is beautiful and, most importantly, I'm porously giving you knowledge
The polish for a deposit, possible fan of fortune, a fortune it wouldn't, wasn't
And I'm working to no avail n' it tells a tale of truant that fell in love with the music
I'm usually aggressive to make sure I get my point across, I hope I didn't waste all my time aside a fantasy
Consider me, your losing my reality's delusional
LORD

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I assault the beat with my rhyme, my rhyme
You will try to feel me one time, one time
If I gave you something realer would you comprehend the feeling and emotion
that I put in my line, my line
I assault the beat with my rhyme, my rhyme
You will try to feel me one time, one time
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I wanna do a lot of drugs, and I just wanna do a lot of drugs
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Fuck

This shit is stress. A lot of fucking stress. A lot of time on this shit. And a whole lot of stress. That's it. God bless. Bitch