

## Focus

K.A.A.N.

You can tell 'em Imma get it my way  
You can tell 'em Imma get it my way, my way, okay  
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Focused, and I'm working on the craft  
Doin' everything a young nigga got to, got to, got to  
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Look, my style too I'll, no exaggeration  
Can't get like this with procrastination  
I'm a slave for the craft, no master, baby  
All I can think about is making records lately  
I've been workin' like I'm livin' on a mission  
I'm efficient', but the vision wasn't given  
To the niggas that was sitting on the sideline watchin'  
They can see you strugglin'  
Trippin' and fallin', but no one helps you out  
Look, I know the feeling of being alone  
I've come to terms with decisions I've made  
But I pray everyday and I hope that I'm safe  
If I send you this song, will you send me some positive energy?  
Please, I am begging you for it  
I'm forcing myself to feel something euphoric  
Of course it's important, to point out the beauty in life  
That I see like a minuscule witness  
The muse for the music that people have muted  
Confuse it for ignorance, that is not me, tho'  
I creep low and see more, but my lack of C notes is see through  
Be set in the tone of my messages  
Negative outlook is getting repetitive  
I am regressing, progression's my nemesis  
My pessimism is potently powerful  
Wordsmith, I might play around with their volatile  
Lawd!

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Never let you muthafuckas defeat the kid  
Spitting egregiousness  
Do you agree with it?  
Never see them again, I'm a seed in the ground  
I ascend to the light with the lines that I write  
And my rhymes got girth, like I'm foresting the earth  
All I ever do is work, I'm asserting my worth  
This is something I was taught since my birth  
And you will attain nothing by sitting around  
And to receive a blessing, you must do for self  
As an means to an end, so that one day you'll help  
Someone that you see struggling, just like yourself  
And I can't justify why I do what I do  
When I act how I act and that's far from the truth  
If I told you my story, then you would past judgement  
Disgusted by what you hear in that discussion  
I swear that I've witnessed some sickening, cynical rituals  
Pitiful pray that the pinnacle presents some pieces  
I preset my presence, a pretense apart  
With no beef and I'm starving  
I've barely started of carving my name in this game  
I'll explain, but I gotta move fast  
Get a point of view quicker, I'm a catastrophic nigga  
Definitive when I kill it  
Ain't no muthafucka that was giving you  
Something that's realer, but never caught in a feeling, goddamn!

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