

# Grenadine

K.A.A.N.

Lawd, uhuh

Eh, knowledge nigga

Eh, eh, eh, eh

Lawd, look

I'm a cold blooded animal

I don't know where my mind go

Got a nine to five I work a lot

I do it for survival

I supply you with a sound it's super soothing

It was not confusing

No illusion

I can tell you what the definition mean

My flow is sweeter than a cup of soda mixed with grenadine

Agree I fill the seat as I prepare with generosity

The pastor passed away and now the church has got an empty seat

A crucifix across my heart to sanctify my enemies

The vanity of master-minds that you have been believing in

It's nothing but a lie of your perception with aesthetics

I accepted that your soul was never ready for the spiritual

My suicide attempts have yet to work, ain't that a miracle

I'm cleaning out my conscious, put a broom up in the closet

Yeah the skeletons are in the corner right next to my self-

esteem, overtop of the bible and the chapters that I'll never read

I guess I lost my faith I couldn't find it in disparity

I'm pacing praying hoping that prosperity and clarity is in the future for t  
his dude

The truth is terrifying you

The pain that was induced

Nothing to lose

When you were destitute

Determined try to turn your situation from pathetic

To perpetual prominence preparing you for a blessing

Pray the power you receive is something that you can appreciate

Never take it for granted your confidence can depreciate

If you never acknowledge it then it's sure to emaciate

The agony is prevalent say a prayer to alleviate

Leaving it where you found it astounded by solidarity

It varies on the days when I'm not severely depressed

So sitting, staring at my shadow solitude don't seem to help at all

And this is not reality

I should get my shit together maybe make a strategy

Before I cut my wrist and turn my life into a casualty and casually die befo  
re my time

I'm a sicker kind

Never lead you blind

I rewind

Giving you all that I got, I said that I'm taking a shot

Your flow is a flop, you wanted to call me a lot

The lyrical literal hot, that you would decline

Then give it a minute to find, the nigga would shine

Presenting it right, is that what you want

Then why the complaints

I said that I'll change, but never explain

I said I'm working with intensity that's so abrupt

My flow a cobra clutch

An uppercut

Leaving you niggas stuck  
A legendary lyrical leader ledger encompassing  
Now come and take a seat, the masterpiece  
Was written by this beast  
I beat the song to death  
With a derelict in distress  
Or a destination for rest  
With a flow that's a minor test  
And I swear that you'll respect it  
Regardless of what you thinking  
My perspective is immaculate  
Accurate not inadequate

Oh what you thought that I was finished  
I frantically bring it back again  
The fucking fact remains that I am focused on my fantasy  
The essence of the sentences synchronize with my sanity  
Popularize the promise insert a proper profanity  
Apparently it's paramount to pimp them out with vanity  
And that becomes the norm so that people can perform candidly  
Lawd