

I'm taking my time to get the feel then adjust
I scope it all, I seen the writings on the wall
I read the room then moved along
I'm watching for snakes in my lawn and the longest arm of the law
We need body armor and bombs, I'm embalming them like Saddam
A sadistic ritual form, it's in my nature I guess
I digress, back to the art for the of which I'm obsessed
The sonics connect like I'm RZA, bring it straight to yo' neck
I navigated through neglect and take the necessary steps
I pivot just to elevate, allowing my words to set in
To set the record straight, the realism's how it resonates
Because of the shadow in a song but fate a predetermined date
The derelict known to deceive, to put a want over a need
To fulfill the feeling of greed, the animalistic instinct
We been on the brink of extinction, the spiritual awakening releasing
The consciousness of the mind is peaking
Within a steady ground where there's nothing new to believe in
Internal been my battle, where I fight my grievances
Demons been trying to steer me down a one-way with a blindfold
Heaven and hell, where we headed well only God knows
Either way they giving toe tags with a barcode

I hope we find the resolution
I hope we find the resolution
'Cause it all looks grim
It all looks grim
I hope we find the resolution
I hope we find the resolution
'Cause it all looks grim
It all looks grim

Yo yo, Fro, Fro, yo
K.A.A.N, A-F-R-O
Make way, say when
Stay blessed, y'all so
The rhymes that I rap are grim like MF with my wins and my bicep
Lyrically benchpress, never will be boredom when you are listening to the bi
g foot
Leave your power shortage and then Fro disappear in the woods
Onto a gritty battle like drug addicts in the alley, it can get grim
Mortality waiting, it get challenging
The notoriety of knowing crime is emotionless
The open mit, the culprit, what kind of commotion is this?
The one that go gung-ho, hole in your lungs slow, quid pro quo
The cops close in, I'm running low
Six foot three, the suspect is black and spanish
Crooked police, see me a threat, have to vanish
Have to manage, in this ice cold life like an eskimo, damage the mic
When I'm on sight, I'm 'bout to let it fro
(Negative on that plate that's just the car on the corner)
Quote at the end. Someone should right at the start of our lives that we are
dying then we might live life to the limit every minute of every day do it
I say whatever you want to do do it now there's only so many tomorrows