

Kaan! Kaan!

Another psychotic episode, I need my medication
Hyperventilating 'bout to have a panic attack in public
Discussing this with the publicist while I'm meditating
All I spit is heat, so is this room properly ventilated?
I'm giving a high the way that I murder a track, I never relax
You feel like you fucking with me and my flow, but you isn't my nigga that s
hit is a ransom
So I'm playing a random event, I'm taking that beat and not giving it back
I'm putting that right in your face
Just to reverse the verse I'm rehearsing
Disperse a curse, that's a MRSA for certain
I've been conversing, confirming your inadvertent conversion within this ver
sion
Cohesion and my persuasive perversion was a diversion, assured
While I'm emerging, concerning my insecurities, I even said that last line i
nsecurely
That's the second time that I won't say this
The polling is pouring out of my pores to the potion
But come proportionate force, an abortion is purer than bustling fortune abo
rtion
I found within an assortment of force for fornication facilitating
A formulation of duress in a combination
Predicted the proclamation, perfect my mental projectable
Vitamin for the fighters, injectable not digestible
Address the microphone with the tone of any professional
Impressed with impeccable lines, every time, it's incredible
My rhyme's highly respectable, penetrating the posher
You pompous imposter, que pasa papa? I did it proper
Why lead a penne and pasta, call that Jack or I'm Obliterator
While reiterating this honest pronunciation of reciprocation
The eloquation within my innovation
You should hasten on that replication
This is elevation
Like an application. I need to see your credentials
Massage a pen in my pencil
Get loose on an instrumental
With sentimental, incidental
The sound was more intrusive wasn't conducive
I be the one that will lose it
Coming at me with a lude, and never confuse it
I wanted to set the fuse
And given the realest of muse, never to be able to use it
There was no way to refuse it
Given the voice said that it uses
But when I wanted em all in a piece
In that vision I see when I see when I step on a beat
I'm making, I'm breaking, I'm giving them all I can say
But I do understand that the music is fake
Created itself in order to relate
They love it or hate it the minute we make it
We winning it all but not be able to take it
And never would lead you astray? A talent that I might display?
We give it a round of applause
I said, I'm trying to make the motherfucking world rise
With the rhymes that I comprise

The lyrics synchronize the softer part, then analyze
Now watch it photosynthesize
I'm still in that state of infancy
I'm not looking for empathy, why the fuck would you envy me?
MC is automatic for enemies at the embassy
Emphasizing the motion created within the energy
Enterprising my mind to the single pace to infinity
Venturing to divinity
Da Vinci with division, delivered with I'll intention
But if you don't pay attention I'm placing you in detention
Without an honorable mention
Your ranks are filled with dissension
My bars are filled with dimensions
Demented like it's dementia, descending upon defenders
For pinning a pawn dependent depicted within in this sentence
I'm a mild man, a pascifist, massacring the masochists
Murdering, blasting the masses off to massive amounts
They probably give a better effort if they knew what really counts
But if you keep it real and build, then you'll put bills in your accounts
I'm not a mathematician - this rhythm arithmetic
So I'mma teach you algebra, dumb it down for you simpletons
If (y = mx + me) then I must be an MC that's obscene in my scene, but my C
I haven't even touched on the square roots of my averages
The 3.14 pi divided with savages
This ain't a dead democracy
My flow's totalitarian
Battling with barbarians
Buried them barely breathing. while coughing, wheezing with heathens
I'm digging ditches and heaving dirt over my left shoulder
You introduce a Jehovah
Suppose the fool that's in front of me started running and stumbling
Mumbling something out of his lips till I slit his wrist
And I tied him up to a cross and I started off with incisions
Insisting on silence for this crucifixion
The victim was tortured for hours
Scorched by a blowtorch till the toes are burned to a fricassee
And now I'm carving all of the flesh, what's left of it, crispily
I'm vividly visualizing my victory
I'm pushing the vascular vein down to the main artery
The smell of death induces vomiting, I'm violent with a bayonet
Filletted his fingertips to get rid of the evidence
I'm pulling out his canines, molars, and bicuspids
While following in the footsteps of all of my fucking idols
From Jack the Ripper, to John Wayne Gacy and Jeffrey Dahmer
The Black Dahlia killer and even the Cleveland Butcher
Who take a subject and slice it with a surgical precision
Even though I'm only kidding, I've lost faith in the music
And every song that I hear is amusing, it's so confusing
You would rather have a nigga acting like a buffoon
Give him a clown costume, with the floppy shoes and the red nose
And don't forget the diamond chain to go with his expensive clothes
Perpetuating an image that no one can afford it
You motherfuckers sicker than an original ignorance
I pick the microphone up and give you something that's different
Just open up your ears when I appear and start listening
It's Kaan

I shall leave you as you left me. As you left her!
Alone for all eternity, at the center of a dead planet
Buried alive... buried alive...
Kaan! Kaan!