

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  
Cohersion 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 pacifist, 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  
Filleted 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!