

KYST

K.A.A.N.

My eternal clock ticking
Has got a nigga tripping
Stressed for a living
The pressure, I can feel it
The sky ain't the limit
I'm breaching through the ceiling
Hard to keep composure when your heart ain't even in it
Tell me how you keep it
Tell me how you keep it
Tell me how you keep it
Tell me how you keep your shit together when everything's falling apart, god

My mind been running in circles constantly
It's got to be the opposite of positive velocity
My head still in the clouds
Looking at stars, that's astronomy
While pondering powerful possibilities and beautiful soliloquies
The characteristic traits of the greats
Save me a place and a plate, and I'll say grace while you save face
You copping out, like copping pleas, appeased by your saving grace
These niggas talking beef but never speak when we raise the stakes
Cease to bring the heat and keep it moving like roller skates
Protected 'bout as well as JFK in the motorcade
I cascade over the grass knoll by a flagpole
Aimed at a moving target, hit or miss, at least I shot my shot, uh

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If it ain't one thing, it's always something ain't it?
They gon' complain about the picture, irregardless of who painted it
The color composition and the hue becomes irrelevant
Could make a masterpiece but they gon' point out the flaws
Applaud that it's off, and tell you how to do your job
Critics and heretics are one and the same, they hypocrites
People love giving opinions assuming you give a shit
I tune it out, I'm not attentive, no I wasn't listening
Thinking you could do it better well go 'head and do it then
Watch you fail, come back and tell me how that feel
These niggas blind to the signs, yeah they might need braille
And the gon' fold under the pressure, that ain't hard to tell, nah

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