

# Last Stop

K.A.A.N.

Still here, still in the same position, so you can say we still real  
Autobiographical while my shit got the ill feel  
Things get complicated when you climbin' up that big hill  
Make it to the top, but we gon' act like we been here  
Two [?] deep  
So fuck a list, I brought my bros here  
Three blunts rolled, I face 'em all before I stroll in  
Tic-tac-toe, knockin' you niggas off the border  
Takin' control, I have to say it's quite rewardin'

Right on time, I want it all, that, all my raw shine  
Like lemon and pine, tenet glasses, avoid the crashes or stallin' out  
Take the cash, then we rollin' out  
Runnin' routes like receivers  
Retrieve it, see it, then take it down  
Tunnel vision, if they ain't supplyin' their help  
Well then, it's "fuck 'em, nigga"  
I feel like a lion, I'm runnin', I'm fuckin' hungry, nigga  
Statin' facts, anything I lost, I bet I got it back  
Doubled up, win again and run it back  
Double-Dutch, niggas in and out until they fallin' back  
All of that, bars is hittin' harder than a battle-axe  
Niggas bitch-made, they can't hang, they need a maxi-pad  
Enough smoke to make you suffocate when we roll up

Still here, still in the same position, so you can say we still real  
Autobiographical while my shit got the ill feel  
Things get complicated when you climbin' up that big hill  
Make it to the top, but we gon' act like we been here  
Two [?] deep  
So fuck a list, I brought my bros here  
Three blunts rolled, I face 'em all before I stroll in  
Tic-tac-toe, knockin' you niggas off the border  
Takin' control, I have to say it's quite rewardin'

The real is revived  
Survive and thrive through complications of these difficult times  
Where pivotal minds, yeah, such as mine, we can give sight to the blind  
Rivetin' lies disguised as truths, a powder-keg in disguise  
A pound of proof, but you're selective, what is seen by the eyes  
Omnipotent, all-knowin' beings, we descendants of Gods  
The underdog that's in the fight and fought and beat all the odds  
Maneuverin' through all this pollution, tryna to get through the smog  
Deliverin' audio solutions with no convolution  
Yeah

Still here, still in the same position, so you can say we still real  
Autobiographical while my shit got the ill feel  
Things get complicated when you climbin' up that big hill  
Make it to the top, but we gon' act like we been here  
Two [?] deep  
So fuck a list, I brought my bros here  
Three blunts rolled, I face 'em all before I stroll in  
Tic-tac-toe, knockin' you niggas off the border  
Takin' control, I have to say it's quite rewardin'