

# Music

K.A.A.N.

This  
Is  
A K-DEF exclusive

Yeah yeah, lord, knowledge  
Uh huh, eh, lord, eh  
Look, look, huh, look

When I relapse to the tempo  
When I take time to make it simple  
Till its tenfold and eventful  
But the man go with a dope stroll  
Like a van Gogh but no vanguard  
And a vagabond the imagine [?]  
Not nonchalant with the orchestras  
I orchestrated, not penetrated  
And I resonated, and you can't debate (it)  
But I'm feeling great, I'm in a good space  
I got a cold song in my system blasting  
And my window down, and my mind flowing  
And that Marvin Gaye til' I'm comatose  
I might overdose on that Sound of Soul  
With that simple love that you rather hear  
I gotta persevere, I wanna persecute  
I, said I do this like its nothing to me  
A cooler composer close the curtain  
Cursing curving the beat up  
Personal peak upon some piece  
I plead the people believe  
In need of the voice of Etta James  
So I can drown out the pain, lord

I need to rest but I got stress on my mind  
No longer sleeping  
I've been thinking of these pivotal rhymes  
I play some music all alone  
The tone is passing the time  
And I hear these stories and the lyrics  
The energy is sublime, Lord

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I want that magical, mystifying soliloquy  
Send me something that's real  
If I feel the seal of approval  
Boost the truth I'm loose and living  
Listening to Frankie Beverly  
Amazed the maze [?] I made the flavor  
Forsaken this  
Shaking Satan  
Won't cave in

I came and I claim  
That I was exceptional  
Paid attention astutely  
By soothers smooth as masseuses  
I'm ruthless maybe relentless  
Lament the lesson they lecture  
They lace the lyrics they living  
And listen this is by children  
That feel alone for an instance  
I did I remember playing  
So Makavelli melodically  
Bother me and the people around me  
Don't seem to care at all  
I'm in this by myself  
With no one to help or assist  
I'm convinced to testing these lives  
With the music I'm feeling fine  
Now in my mind I reminiscence  
I miss the bliss that I had  
I remember ripping on the plastic  
From 2pacalypse now  
You couldn't tell me nothing different  
Now I'm not putting it down  
I finally found the love of my life  
And this message is over beats  
I beseech the speech  
I sing a song like Sinatra  
I'm Johnny Cash  
With these stripes on my soldier  
The trains are coming  
I'm running, huffing  
But never stop because I'm dedicated sacrificing  
I'm feeling so elated

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I want that music that was real so I could feel it for sure  
I realized that they don't even make that shit anymore

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And I'm just trying to bring it back  
To that rap with classic galore  
We put some soul inside the sound  
So they could feel the allure

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Look I'm pushing it to the limit  
Peter pan to my pen  
I picture the perfect procreation  
Appropriation of phrases  
I phase the fake with the funk  
A phase I came to just love  
Play a pun to punish them all  
With that interlude 'bout the gun  
You know:

Packing the mac in the back of the Ac'  
Packing the mac in the back of the Ac'  
Give them the rub on the lyrical track  
I pity the moment I'm bringing them back  
I'm lining the mind in a minute a minute  
I own it, never tone it, I am alone  
In love with the music, I'm putting it first  
I've literally been immersed

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Eh! Knowledge! Nigga!  
Uh huh huh, eh, eh

"Groovin in my heart, and soul... "