

## No Way

K.A.A.N.

You could tell it was real with the flyin' man  
No trust in the game for the shit I've seen  
Tell a young nigga act like you can't drink  
I could send it all like a phenomenon  
Your mind's closed off like it's an octagon  
I said your heart is gone and I'm a stand-up guy  
You send for help like the hand of God  
I got the Midas touch, must you watch them step around me  
Let them all drown in the pity, sad  
Imma wake up and go get it, lawd  
What's the reason I would even do this, for  
Tell me how a nigga even got this far  
No blasphemy, it was a higher power  
No surpassing me, I outlast a coward  
I was in the basement, trying to learn the basics  
Superb amazement, no words can phase me  
I'm quite content with my work ethic  
Go around the clock 'til I can't feel me  
Cup overrun, it's like canteens  
Tell 'em give me space, I do my damn thing  
Yell it through the speakers - I get it, through  
Hoping that I can reach a nigga, I do  
No one gives a fuck until, you  
Get it by yourself homie that, true  
I'm back up in this, that I'm more explosive  
All this shit I'm hearing sounds atrocious  
Dropping niggas scared like some roaches  
Spread the love, they feel it 'til they're hopeless  
I've been working hard and passed devoted  
Time to meditate so pass the potent  
Flower-power, cigga-rillo, roll it  
Flow for hours, high up like I'm holy

Your shit sound aight, it's just OK though, OK though  
My shits sounding tight, that 808 though  
I could tell you everything I know though, know though  
If you fuck with me no that's a no-no, no-no  
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Open for the past, noticed everything  
They goin' for the neck on the better things  
Broke-boy got a check, go get everything  
Roll another spliff, that's the medicine  
I was patient no [?], never fading on it  
Mom's just waiting for the day, yeah she been banking on it  
When I be singing up on stage and making paper from it  
But I've been hanging making changes, sounds so painless, don't it?

Are you proud enough?  
Can I speak loud enough?  
Maybe I'm out of love  
Maybe I'm stackin' up  
Maybe I'm not really down for much  
Maybe I pack a punch

Can't really add it up  
Can't want it bad enough  
Got 'em all acting up  
Got 'em all acting tough  
Gotta stick my passion up  
Gotta tip them glasses up  
Gotta make the best of us  
You and all the rest of ya  
Looking for the extra stuff  
You can you can you can go sit down  
Hold it down, in the crowd, watch 'em now  
Jer chasing, hurting patience, hurtle fame shit, swerving out

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