

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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