

Oochie Wally

K.A.A.N.

Yeah yeah, let's do it
Lawd, knowledge, nigga

Look, man these mothafuckas mad, I can really feel it
Never business always personal, that's why you in your feelings
Once a ceiling, nigga I surpassed that a year ago
Re-corded in a basement while you was with a basic bitch
Different states, but safe to say I'm moving on to greater shit
Sideline commentary, nigga sound like Heather B
Say you disagree, so suck my D like you Heather Hunter
1, 2, 3, 4, 5 grams in my front
A leaf rolled it up for me, no I don't need company
Smoking by myself, but comfortably, I'm feeling lovely
I'm Elroy Jetson high, this world is under me
My feet up with both eyes wide if they should come for me
A hundred forty five pound tyrant to a troglodyte
Keep my name up out your name, you'll bite off more than you can chew
These sneaky greedy heathens, let me bless you like you say "Achoo", I just
went super saiyan, no Goku, hadouken with haikus
I swiftly move my IQ, large rappers singing like Elder Busche
Falsifying finances, facetiously, down play the losses
Off the bars alone I get more respect than your crews and bosses
Lucid dream, I'm living like an Allan Watts dissertation
Acid mixed with iowaska, now I see the Holy Father
Lights is getting dimmer, conversation darker watch me sparker
Parking eagle to the side, this heat's a necessary crime
Pacino in the mirror, reenact it, no attachments to my life
That I can leave 30 seconds flat, imagine that
For the sake of time, this motion picture has been edited
Like, where'd you get your talents, Jehovah's where I credit it, but
I ain't talking Sean Carter, gold shield, strong armor, clean conscious, good
karma, shine like the Belgian rapper
Praise the lord like Chance The Rapper, everyone's a killer
How the fuck do y'all believe these rappers
Most of y'all are entertainers, shucking jobs, don't make a dime
These Sanbores are entertaining
Yes sir Masa, I'm sure is happy
Now tap dance to a mill and tell me how that feel
There ain't no hands inside my pockets, dividends devote directly, independence
is intelligence, don't you ever forget it
You're favorite rapper is fucked, stressed, living in debt
Old quarter bought the niggas, I don't give them respect
A silver chain dipped in gold, with the God on their neck
I'm just a trail across suburban, now we used to live in D-ron
My pockets flat, no spare around
My anchors I still hold it down
My photo finish photosynthesize, I call maturation
Rappers feel they self too much, it's like they masturbating
I sterilize them, now they as stagnant as I
The young Popeye, call a doctor, would I [?]
Propose the proclamation, proceed to practice my teachings of feedings, I feed
them life, your alternative isn't nice
My advice is you fucking practice, I'm practically post-traumatic, impossibly
passive impartial, my stance is my prowess, the vantage
My favorite point is to vanquish, no chance I could be defeated
Yes dead presents ain't the key to being icon
I shift alt delete, then shoot my shot like a nikon

The fuck out of my way hoe, I'm definitely manic
I smoke three in a row, the dopest way that I could manage
I'm not a practical thinker, I'll never ration my reason
If common sense ain't evolved, then fuck it bro I don't need it
That's no common dependents, like wearing a nigga's pendent
And driving a car that's rented to profit off an image
These rappers using the internet to cover up their timidness
The end is imminent, living limitless, I just finished it
Woah