

Phony

K.A.A.N.

Man you, said you was dope I doubt it
No cosign and no vouching
My head be where the clouds is
Your heart be where your clout is
No you ain't really 'bout this
No you ain't really 'bout shit
See, I'm picking up from where I left off
I shoot my shot like a sawed-off
Playing the game like I really want it
Never fabricate I tell the whole truth
This incessant style is innocent
Eat the beat like it was Venison
Veni Vidi Vici when I speak
Ineffective all these niggas be
Insufficient to be the front status
Lord forgive them for they don't know
I never stall, but I starve for this shit to work
I ain't never had any opportunities, I just had myself
For what I saw was independence, not no regular work
I'm not dependent on no man
I can't live here like no man
Passed the point of no return, there's no way I can go back
To live how I used to
Safe to say I got used to, all the shit that I dealt with
Singular thoughts got me looking at me
In the mirror, I don't like what I see
In a mural where you feel immature
Take your time so you're not premature
Enjoy it all 'cause it could fade away
Who knows if it's permanent
Get through, tryna penetrate
Make it special, make it resonate
Build something from the ground up
They saw you, they could never take it
Life's short, try to live it baby
Be you and appreciate it
Focused, what I must be
It all ends so abruptly
It goes quick nigga, trust me
Won't stop until I reach the peak
Of my creativity
Wasted no time, no I can't see
I'm a critical thinker
I vanquished all of y'all
The champion status like Ali
Muhammad as salaam alaikum
When you stepped in my ring
That Boom By Yay be like a [?]
There's no alaikum salaam
Get choked smoked or revoked with a dose of this rope-a-dope
Make them double dutch from my wordplay
No response, you ain't worthy
I wasn't aware of you but I know you already heard me
It's levels to this shit, so get rid of your prodded ego
No weapon for em', my shit shall prosper, my shit is lethal

Why are lies so phony

I might lose my cool
You've just taken from me
I got nothing left for you
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Excuse me can I pick your brain a minute
I mean I usually think yours tasted different
You paint a picture full of fame and women
But they don't recognize your name on Twitter
I got a problem with the lame pretender
Y'all are puppies bitch, you claim your litter
You chip and change at dinner
Your hits just ain't been hittin'
You claim you hang with winners
I seen them on the benches
You need to call up Denny
Get you a job that's paying
Slip in the sausage maybe
(Flicka-da flicka-da wrist, baby)
Rap game, Charlie Dave
Act ways, awkward save
Say you got bars, hotter than a match
Played with Roger, shouts to Federer
I guess I let ya burn
You learn the best is earned
You heard the rest don't work
You heard it right, boy
I heard the lecture first
I felt the pressure burst
Call it a night, boy

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