

Ribs

K.A.A.N.

You're the only friend I need (you're the only friend I need)
Sharing beds like little kids (sharing beds like little kids)
And laughing 'til our ribs get tough (laughing 'til our ribs get tough)
But that will never be enough (but that will never be enough)
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There has never been enough for a young nigga
I paint a picture of the pain I'm illustrating with a pen
I articulate the way that I've been feeling through the words
Lyrics deep enough for any shallow mind to be submerged
I emerged as a mothafuckin' poet, describe the plight of the people
Departed from all the evil, defeated by the deceitful
Depleted minds of the feeble that juxtapose the position
That composition the prequel, you ready for the sequel
I wanted to provide a vibe they can imagine
They finally pay attention when a mothafucka rappin'
Askin' why the hell that nigga spazzin'
He hyperventilate and barely breathin' like it's asthma
Then get up on a track and attack it in a way you couldn't fathom
But imagine that my intuition was never intuitive
I try to stay away from all these fuckin' opportunists
They just wanna take advantage of the dream that I'm pursuin'
Now with the way that I spit it, Imma set it apart
I give 'em everything I got, even a piece of my heart
I'm livin' out a pipe dream that isn't gettin' me far
I'm just an average mothafucka with a whole lot of ambition
My confidence is deficient, imagine in my position
Envisionin' propositions of powerful promiscuity
Money women and jewelry, fallacy not confusin' me
It's all a fabrication, the status of your desire
A company is compliant, so money is multiplyin'
Instead I remain defiant confided within the craft
Complyin' with regulations with practice and preservation
How practical you would think with your constant procrastination
That you was destined for greatness
The only thing that's real is the work ethic and effort
The patience and dedication to be remembered forever
But 'til the moment I reach it, I'm workin' to make it better
Creatin' the perfect record, goddamn

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I want 'em back (I want 'em back)
The minds we had (the minds we had)
How all the thoughts (how all the thoughts)
Moved 'round our heads (moved 'round our heads)
I want 'em back (I want 'em back)

The minds we had (the minds we had)
It's not enough to feel the lack
I want 'em back, I want 'em back, I want 'em-

Imma kill it with the poison of a venomous scheme
Somethin' that you never seen, what I spit is methamphetamine
A medic in to set a scene, I'm tryna lead supporters of the subpar
Thus far every single song that I'm hearing is depressed
And I'm guessin' there's a recession of the honesty and passion
To make a lasting impression
I finally realized I provide a proper etiquette
My purpose on the earth is rhymin' synonyms and predicates

The drink you spilt all over me
'Lover's Spit' left on repeat
My mum and dad let me stay home
It drives you crazy, getting old
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'Lover's Spit' left on repeat
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