

Ridin

K.A.A.N.

Eh, Lawd, hah, Knowledge. Knowledge, knowledge, knowledge, knowledge, nigga.
Uh huh, ridin' in my, switchin', Lawd, huh, look.

Don't touch the volume or adjust the dial
Chill for a while with my faculty, I mean exactly
When I exude the heat beseech the beast or treat the beat
And this the makin' of a masterpiece
I'm motivated military mind-state that a young nigga have
And I pray I never pass and I do not have the time to relax
When I'm puttin' my life inside of a track, that's a fact
Real rap, I attack until the topic is tackled
I dabble in fine arts, you wonder where did I start
By undertaking the issue from understanding the plan
And then I'll be available I never been a nigga that would
Gain an advantage by given semantics
And sayin' somethin' I don't really mean
I'm a fiend for the truth
Your general negativity was hidden nepotism
The prism of relativity timidly you attempted
To terrorize with a sentence I see the pain in your eyes
You give an efficient vision, then pray you can survive
Propriety of the mind, our spirits never align
I'ma call it how I see it, divinity of the rhyme
My lines are a tyrannical temper tantrum of tongues
Articulate poet composin' devoted to the process
Lyrically impeccable gettin' rid of your nonsense
The only thing that I would ever stress is the progress

Ridin' in my mothafuckin' car, I'm switchin' lanes
I'm prayin' to the lord above, hope he eliminate my pain
I got a dollar to my name
I don't know how to make it through the truth
I'm broke as fuck and stuck and it's the month my bills are due

I cannot handle the weight
I cannot handle the weight of this world on my shoulders
I cannot handle the weight
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I cannot handle the weight of this world on my shoulders
I got the weight of this world on my shoulders
I gotta focus and work with composure, LAWD!

Never paid attention in class
I couldn't have understood the importance of givin' everything inside ya
This is a reminder, that when you got a goal and a dream
You better chase it, but you might need blinders
Put the past behind ya, try to lighten your load
Nobody said it was easy, believe me I really know
And I chose to be a loner up on a solitary row
The pain a nigga was feelin' I wrote it to get exposed
Listenin' to Makaveli created my own road
Like a story that was told to the flower that had rose
From the concrete, on the wrong street
In a raunchy environment riotin' with the rest of the crooks
To reside at the level where niggas are tryna settle
But you only recognize the cracks in their stems and the dirt up on his peda

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Not the fact that he was actually trying to make a difference you dodge him
with your opinion GODDAMN!

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Eh, Ah! Knowledge. Eh. CashFlow on the motherfuckin beat I appreciate this s
hit. Ah! Eh, That's it, fuck it.