

# 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 compositin' 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  
I cannot handle the weight of this world on my shoulders  
I cannot handle the weight  
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.