

Samba

K.A.A.N.

Moving like I'm in a rush
Living like I'm on a high
Pushing the limit, I know
But I promise I'm taking my time
Shit I almost passed out, tryna max out
I've been focused on the vision, I've been living in a glass house, can't tap out
Tried to make 'em understand

This what I planned for, I planned for
That back and forth, that rah rah not my lingo
I'm Hall of Fame, big time, game Ochocinco
I aim it, cock it, shoot it, then I reload
I fall right down then bounce back on my feet though

Checking on my ego
I can see it all like the eye of an eagle
Bitch, I feel regal
Trust no soul, niggas lie, that's lethal
Never take a day of leisure
We keep on shaking and moving just like a seizure
I mean the tables are turning, they're moving in my direction but it's a regular scheduled procedure
Knocking on the front door, tryna get some insight
Coming from the bottom, I can tell you what it's been like
Tryna tell the story, no censor and no re-write
Getting right to it, nigga nah I can't stand down

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I go
Step back
Press forward
Relax
I go
Step back
Press forward
Relax

Getting on topic, nigga don't copy
Tell 'em all watch me, work how I work
Boy that shit sloppy, nigga that's not it
Bad for your health, damn near toxic
How you gon' stop me?
Nigga keep plotting
I'ma keep waiting, I'ma keep going
I'ma keep shining, I'ma keep growing
I'ma get mine, lil nigga, you know it

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