

Still

K.A.A.N.

Swear to God I got a skill to kill oh lawd
You can check the fucking record we have built it ourselves
Me and all of my companions built the foundation
A bit of ingenuity and a lot of dedication
It all a dependent on the original flare
I feel the energy collapse when I move along
As I correct the composition for the sake of your soul
My vernacular consuming
Nigga letting it go
I've been the cynical pessimist
So I try to stay positive in the personal interest
I deliver the sentence with the sentimental value from the past
My brain play a Keith Murray
The most beautiful thing in the world is the interesting flow I got
Had the shot and I took it never standing around
I'm looking for a serious opportunity to pursue
I pick a position to play my cadence is so vicious
East 1999 born thug shit I spit it double time
So evident you can fuck with me
That was relative to the rhetoric that I render
Reluctantly I release it with new faith revealed
Reverse the verse to refine me define the meaning of real
Got me feeling like a goddamn king oh lawd
But my aspirations aren't materialistic I'm a simple man
Very minimalistic
Couldn't tell from the flow cause it was sick and sadistic
Man these rappers about as sweet as the Kiwi Mistic
Heard them niggas got the keys boy please just miss me
Said I used to be submissive but now nobody missed the bullshit
Its bad for your health high fructose corn syrup
Hypertension hyperventilating when I hear
Heard the sheep to a cliff you can jump in a group
That's a suicide pact when they missing me to
Like nigga the joint gold but my shit dope to
Hit them with the stale face
I disappear from reality I really wanna live in my zone
Wrote another monologue
Add it to my catalog
Let a nigga catapult and calculate my fucking effort making sure it's calibrated
I could make it but I know I tell the world I've been devoted so I got to keep my focus so I pray the perseverance on display pays off God damn

Nigga fallin' I've been slipping on the daily (On the daily)
On my mind got a nigga going crazy (Going crazy)
'Fore I close my eyes and go to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
I hope Jahova hear me
Hoe I hold it down you best believe I

I still roll around smoking weed
Like I used to
I still ride around bumping Spitter
Like I used to
I still work alone Solitude
Like I used to
But this some brand new shit
Something they ain't used to

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I can package you a pair
Coming out the complications
The preparation is a process please pardon
I put the parenthesis is a pivotal spot
I purposely propose a proposition to all of my people
Got a perfect alliteration I wrote it in my steeple
Second coming of the Father
Resurrection like the sequel
They decipher every noun but never understand the meaning Mr. Avant Garde
I'm a sheriff [?] and not abiding to the rules or regulations resonating with the regular patrons
That is stuck in the matrix when I run out of patience
I proceed to barate you see to brigate
The gaze engage against the grain protect the culture
Not precocious raised like Zacharias De La Rocha writes a hook
Like Oscar De La Hoya pain inside his mind confined no one Goddamn

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