

## 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 beautifullest 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 Mystic  
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 brigade  
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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