

# Tell Me

K.A.A.N.

I don't think I'll ever be sober  
Talk about life like it's already over, Lord  
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Talk about life like it's already over, Lord

Tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me  
Have you ever been terrified of your darkest fears becoming verified  
By your destitution, no resolution  
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My darkest secret, my closest friend  
Is my lonely pen, so let the pain begin  
Now, we could put it on a page for people to read  
A make a couple dope lines, you better believe it  
Never taking it easy, I was trying to appease every solitary soul  
That would listen to me, but I  
Realized that it's all fake, not real  
I figured out people take but never give, and don't nobody give a fuck about  
the truth  
Or what it means to you, you're barely making it through  
You was living with a dollar and a dream, plus a miniscule scheme  
Everything ain't what it seems  
When I looked in the mirror but couldn't recognize the person I'd become  
A nigga I despise, but otherwise I'm obliged to describe my demise  
Surprised a motherfucker didn't make it, he couldn't take it  
No resignation, his dedication was steady fading  
But what he facing was so amazing, what you did to phase him  
A difficult dilemma dependent upon a mental aspect  
Flow abstract, niggas can't match that, detached to make a fat batch  
Of the dopeness, a nigga wasn't this real then everybody would notice  
We live in a world completely ass backwards, at least for the thanks and no  
please  
Rankest police yank and murder a young nigga then leave him out on the pavement  
Debating the basis of all of your hatred  
I told myself that I would work and never start complaining  
Can't be complacent, don't seek the fame  
As I reach the brain let's beseech the cadence  
I kept aside so I could try to survive  
And lately I've been getting high for the pain I confide, Lord

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I wanna make a change but it's never that easy  
Really hard when you're trying to develop an image and give the people  
The realest they ever heard  
Talking poetry in motion, I'm speaking a spoken word, absurd, we differ with  
in the pain and really live in a lie but the sign that I presented was a ridiculous vibe  
A ride inside of my mind really defines it all, but if you really took a look I know you'd be appalled  
Now take a step back, no need to relapse, but last week I was fine, I recently relapsed, I've rehashed the issues a nigga never dealt with, I wanna survive, it's like I'm barely alive. I'm lost inside of a typhoon, I'm feeling helpless, I'm so selfish, I've been relentless, defenseless, my independence is not dependent upon the pendent, don't really style, stupid niggas are trending, the records I'm making are colder, December, desegregated, disintegrate, people are never gracious, emaciating, interpretation, my flow is a guilotine, I decapitate it, irregulate it, regurgitation of anything that I was creating, this procrastinator will stay sedated to mask my emotions filling up on a daily, and I couldn't give a fuck if a record label paid me, I wanna make a connection to people that is real, give them food for their soul, something that you can feel  
Imagine the passion of packing a promise but what you are lacking is focus, please don't ever think about distractions and pay attention when a nigga rapping, it's all about the self-preservation, your effort to practice when it's time for the lights camera action, lord

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