

The Feeling

K.A.A.N.

Uh huh
Yes, lawd
Knowledge, nigga
Uh huh

They call us overlords and overseers
The pen's like a razor blade under the tongue like Birdie if you tryn
a see us
See if you ask me I'm a fucking genius
[?] style, bloodline running through my veins, can you believe it?
Achievements all I think about, fuck what you talking 'bout
There's chalk around the paper when I write, my mind is gunning down
No dumbing down, just double dutch, entendres 'bout to tag you in
Went Hulkamaniac, now we wrassling, pulling tricks, silly rabbit
This ridiculous bastard relentlessly ravages anything that he steps o
n
I'm pure, not diluted, don't confuse this for average nonsense
Bang this shit till you go deaf
I represent for the hopeless
I was right when they went left
Outta sight, outta mind, that's the way that we keep 'em
Quiet is kept, a nigga been pressed but nevertheless I levelled the f
ield
My shit is realer than competition
What I do, I can paint you a picture I know you won't like it
Invite ya to judge, I don't want opinions so won't you keep 'em to yo
urself, lawd

(Ooh, let go
I get the feeling something is off
I am feelin'...)

Look, you niggas think you wise but none the lesser
The young professor preaching [?] at the speech, impress ya
Decisive measures through these recent pressures
These devious tactics don't pivot the euro-
step from the topic, that's called traveling
I could justify while you tripping, your head's been in the clouds
I juxtaposed the jump and jabbed your jugular with a javelin
Take you down a path or two, introduce to reality
Wherein two days there was fourteen black women abducted
Not seen on your television, think outside of the box
Try to use common sense, that's if you have any left
It seems like nowadays the more you say the less they listen
People talk, form their own opinions then project that to the whole w
orld
I'm still in survival mode, Busta Rhymes with a spliff [?] like it's
spliff mode
Potential in my voice when I speak like Big's demo
See most these niggas garbage and [?]
I'm Marcus Garvey and Gotti mixed with a bit of Gandhi
And a hit of ganja just to top it off, I'm fucking gone

(Ooh, let go
I get the feeling something is off
I can feel it...)