

The Process

K.A.A.N.

Blev

I was going through the process
I been praying for some progress
I ain't running in the rat race
I ain't worried 'bout the contest
So many no's, closed doors, where do you go? (Oh oh)
Better that dumb boy that throws the towel in? Hell no
I went un-noticed
Can't shut shit down, can't stop my focus
Nigga I'm rolling
Run a hundred miles an hour, my mileage swollen
I can't control it
Taking up four lanes every time I'm going
Keep it all in motion
Give it all to the game, that's my devotion

I could be the missing piece, to complete what you need (Preach)
Tryna come up with a reason, is it what you need (Please)
Looking for a purpose, trying to find the route that's still working
By design we're trapped in this circus, living like animals on this surface
I been trying to maximize my full potential
I been in a state of mind that's detrimental
They could never minimize the instrumental
Existential, underestimate the influence, been through it
Still do it at the pace that the greats do it
Had to tell them motherfuckers they should make room
Put myself in a position where I pull through
Nigga who knew, who knew?

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Ten years still in with the process
Feeling like I might adjust my logic
I been dealing with the bullshit, constant
I refuse to let the problems stop me
I been looking for the HOV lane
Telling the pastor feeling like I see things
Giving classics, I want three rings
Put a mill' in a suitcase, passport, for the long chase
Hall of Fame stats with my name on a plaque
And a jersey that's high, gonna hang from the rafters
A man of the hour that's moving the masses
Allude to the truth, you could use it or pass it

Never grasp it, their concept's clashing
Working with a purpose, I'm dripping drastic
I been in the zone to feel fantastic
What I been through you can't imagine

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