

# White Lines

K.A.A.N.

And I've got a couple of flows  
You love my speed and I'm giving you all of my heart  
Everything that I'm feeling inside don't I confide on the records  
Repugnant pundits that push agendas and pass judgment  
My confidence consequently squandered, I'm being honest  
These moments never lapse  
I sit and watch them pass me  
But still find time for the craft throughout the mist of madness  
This mind numbing tactic has now been a major factor  
What you see as monotonous becomes my daily practice  
Studied the rhyme but from front to back till I know it all  
Its every adjective, its every consonant, its every simile, verb, noun, its  
fortified  
It's for the soul but it's all composed like a fragile mind

White lines, pretty baby, tattoos  
Don't know what they mean  
They're special, just for you  
White palms, baking powder on the stove  
Cookin' up a dream  
Turnin' diamonds into snow

And my family worked they whole lives  
I've seen em struggle and survive  
That's where I learned the meaning of sacrifice  
To love someone so much that you put your dreams on the shelf  
To provide a life for them that you never had for yourself  
I recall all them nights at deep run, arguments over low funds, roaches inside the dresser  
But never settle for less  
All these rappers speak on progression as though they've actually seen it  
This mindboggling selfishness  
As though materialistic shit can fix all your problems in situations and instances  
I've seen what money does to the soul  
It muddies it  
If there's no moral compass  
But you've amassed an amount of wealth  
Then invest in a crucifix, an attempt at saving yourself  
I can tell you it's fucking hopeless but that would be pessimistic  
The poster child, for contain negativity, I will never be  
No longer am I lost in my thoughts, I'm doing the best I can  
I have to put myself in their shoes, how hypocritical  
Am I to judge what someone's been through?  
Or why the act they way they act and do the things that they do  
It's all perspective  
We subject ourselves to different vices and my advice is be decisive with decisions you make  
Don't be overly obsessed  
Find some balance and truth, everything in due time, it's not as bad as you think  
The frame you're seeing things through  
Just multiply it by two, and you'll see a bigger picture than the one you currently view

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And I wanted to make it I guess, how do I live with the criticisms?  
People will give an opinion they put it upon a pedestal  
A penny for your thoughts but I never asked for change  
My work ethics ridiculous and yours is not the same  
I swear to God and I wrote it all with a pure intention  
The truest testament with no excess or false aesthetics  
You couldn't imagine or fathom the effort I'm exhuming  
My heart and souls in the shit but yet they force me to prove it  
Who in the fuck would've done it the way that I've done it with all of the pressure  
No label backing, no facetious claims of independence, no hidden investor  
This shit is developed in my mind  
I pray to God and ask for strength and patience through these times  
It's to the point that I'm passed insane but it's intertwined  
4: 30 AM, I'm up and my day has just begun  
I'm living a life of focus  
I'm giving you nothing but realness  
But give it a couple a minutes, I swear you'll hear all my devotion  
Feel like I'm stagnant  
I'm running in place  
All of the time that I've invested have I spent it in vain?  
Givin you a better effort, shouldn't that work more?  
Got me thinking to myself what I do all of this for  
How you complain about the hatred but you accepting of love  
So I take the good with the bad and I ignore the assumptions  
I ain't read comments in years 'cause they won't do nothing for me  
I never take for granted the fact I'm alive  
It's a blessing

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