

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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