

Window

K.A.A.N.

I got a lot on my mind, I get it off of my chest
My thoughts are compressed, I swear I never settle for less
I'm not concerned, who's who or who's done what
I chop it like nunchucks, I got no conversation for dumbfucks
These niggas operating off pure luck
And we ain't gotta talk about the shit man, I just watch it in disgust
Detach from the BS playing some RBX
Overworked and underpaid, I think I need some more rest
Niggas bitch made, feminine, put on a sundress
Motherfuckers sweeter than Minute Maid
You are now attuned to a renegade
The Mad Max, Mad Hatter, mad rapper, bad motherfucker I is
Handle my biz, it's never been a problem you dig?
I had to change the style 'cause shit was going over they wigs
Unappreciated masterpieces, imagine this bastards thesis
You can call it spazzing, I call it releasing
Please, understand that I am a different species
Could walk on water if I wanted, I ain't tryna get my feet wet
I just walked in the building, let a nigga get his feet set
And find some solid ground that I can stand on
I'm back on my shit
If they boxing me in, then I'm blacking the fuck, out
Nigga I was made for these 12 round bouts
Matter of fact, let's add 3 more rounds, let's see who lasts
Mano-a-mano, I'm like Rocky Marciano

It's cold when the wind blows
And I can feel it deep down in my soul, yes lord
Looking out the window
Staring at the world from this view, it seems so small
So tired of things not going my way
Time moves on, they left without me
Now they looking in my window
[?] view 'fore I fall

I pick up, where I just left off
With that direction that you going, it's apparent you lost
[?] is gone, my head been on a swivel so long
My point-of-view is 360 degrees believe me
A thousand steps ahead of that bullshit, I just walk around it
A sea of sad satire, that these niggas drown in
Bottom of the barrel, bargain brand, basic shit
I don't barter or haggle nigga, I'm Marvin Hagler
A heavy handed acrobatic top-notch spitter
You want the real, well then look no further than this nigga
I'm pretty quick so if you blink then you could miss it nigga
This shit ain't for the simple-minded, it's elegant rhyming
The pre-cursor to something special, you'll never find it
Ten toes in the dirt, I'm like a hidden diamond
Watch how I juggle these words, I call it perfect timing
But shit I know it's gon' work, for better or worse, uh

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