Wings

K.A.A.N.

Lord, Lord
Yeah, alright let's do it

Ooh, and I just pray to God that we survive, that we survive
I asked the lord to give us wings so we could fly, so we could fly
And I just had a premonition that I died, I died
And now I can not go to sleep, I'm fucking terrified

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And I feel like I'm going to hell but I pray to my God that this isn't the end, damn

Ain't nobody that will ever get up on a beat competing with these poets
Competing with this notion, a murder with a villain, spilling my devotion
Is at a higher level so people have never seen it
Can't feed a nigga the purpose deferred (devoid) from any meaning
To finding the root of happiness, oh it really exists
Insisted you said to press play and sift
Through the words of a nigga that presented you a gift
When I hit em with the real it make the people feel
It never made em feel that you should reconsider
Get em with the venom
I'm finding it kind of funny
Exaggerations of money
Have saturated us out with a cynical sayonara
Disintegrated your energy
Emphasizing with empathy
Empathetic erratic, oh
Orchestrated this symphony
Formulated a plan with the lyrics I've written
Suicidal psychopath someone save me, don't forgive me
Lord! Do you even hear me when a motherfucker talkin
I'm takin all of my pain and make it the center piece
And I'm open to promiscuity that you promised to never pass
Thinkin all the pain that I'm feeling will probably really last
Living in the past with my negative type of mind state
[?] Confess I dealt with depression
I was suicidal as an adolescence
I was steady stessin
Lookin for the reason anybody should live with all my fucking isolation
I know you see what it did
I'm paranoid, I'm talkin to myself, a nigga wanted out
But I was sitting in the corner
Feeling like a loner
Contemplating what what the fuck a nigga finna do
I got a blade and a bottle of pills to keep it real
I be taking every one till a nigga feel I'll
I don't wanna be insane
But there was no one to blame
Slit wrists
Blood drips
It dissipated my pain

Fuck!
Kill em with the flow, I said I'm minding my business
So what the fuck are niggas spending the [?] feeling
Repetitive the plan is develop a sentence
They hearin, it wasn't becoming dependent
I'm picking up a pack a pencil
I could paint a batch of pictures depicting my whole story
And given my whole life find a nigga in the gutter
Succumb into his advice
Called Christ mother fucker
The relic of sacrifice
And I wanna be the greatest
So that you cannot debate it
Never talked to mother fuckers or suckers that could not take it
[?] What I'm doing, proving hatred eliminated them all
Considering me the God
Disintegrating my opponents, I'm leaving people apart
Yeah, heh heh, yeah
Disintegrate my opponents, I'm leaving people apart
Disintegrate my opponents, I'm leaving people apart

My nigga I pray to the lord that we make it
Salvation is me being faded, sedated
I'm soaking and sin and my secrets forsaken
But lately my nigga, I don't give a fuck
Marijuana induces my paranoia
Fuck it, I'm freeing my mind like a mason
When facing a J
I'm adjacent to Jason
Masking my pain, and erasing the aching
Investing into all of my business
The labels just want a percentage
The concept of branding an image
Wait niggas just really don't get
KAAN
Brandon, image
They my mother fucking niggas
And I'm getting premonitions
Scribbling all my writtens
The difference between sleeping and having a fucking vision
Is I plotted for the profit
The plot properly thickens
Lucid dreaming, reality
A percentage maintains society
Religion, pussy, power, puppet politicians
Praying that a nigga fucking flip a key
Make examples out of niggas tryin me
Money, pussy not defining me
They compare you to your own companions
Now them same niggas be your new rivalries
Lord, why these niggas wanna plot on me
They throwin shade, takin shots at me
So I'm ridin round with that pocket rocket
Pull up, James Harden when I pop a three, nigga
You either gettin paid or you gettin played
And if you ain't with it than you in the way
So nigga, fuck what a fuck nigga gotta say now

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