

K Lejind - The Statement

I used to be the rapper who don't fit in with the rest but wait
I'm still the rapper who don't fit in with the rest
Maybe its because i'm focused on the shit that i address
Instead of using a mother fucking gimmick to impress
Influenced when i heard an eminem cassette
How he uses every word and he mixes and connects
All these syllables he kills it bro with wits and intellect
So it hit my interest and became a little bit obsessed
That was in back in 99 when when i was 12
I was cryin' out for help all these errors and the terror
Of just staring in this mirror got me quite beside myself
But life would take it easy on me when i put my mic inside adele
And now the flows imac and i honed my craft
And won't relax until i know that every showed is packed
One day they'll notice that my soul will be all over rap
My music will go full circle put on the coldest act
But half of your sheep couldn't grasp what i speak
And the fact is that this track wouldn't last you a week
So do that math you rappers ain't a fraction of me
Cuz once i get in my mode i'll prove you're average emcees nah mean
Divide and conquer til i know that i'm the dopest
I'm here to get on your nerves that's multiple sclerosis
And i got the illest flow that no ones noticed
Maybe the day i'm pushing flowers will be the day that i'm that i'm holding
all my roses
It just dwelled on me they telling me i'll never top ten
Fallacies they fail to see failing is barely an option
You'll rarely see someone rare as me a rarity god sent
While you're hearing me you're literally inheriting prophet
But apparently the punch soft celebrity boxing
You can ch-ch-check the melody like eric b rakim

When you're hearing me use your words carefully and sparingly
And please don't not compare me to garbage where were we
I've been hungry for this shit but i guess i can't find a plate
Told you that i'm warming up these are slightly micro waves
Bars multis punches every rhyme that i create
And the flow is just the mother fucking icing on the cake
But it's my own asphalt that i ain't make it and blow
Cuz i stopped riding for a minute and was chasing the dope
And now i'm trying to find a lane but life taking its toll
And so much traffic i just can't find the right way to go
I see my exit coming up should i up and just go towards it
Cuz everything else went south and i'm so over it
I'm closer than i thought so fuck it i'll go for it
What good is drive when you got nothing to chauffeur it
When i write rhymes i feel like i'm spitting to myself
Cuz they don't listen they thinking that i'm like everybody else
Guess i'll never get discovered like the indian in the cupboard
I'll just be the minority that's sitting in a shelf
I can tell you bout the time that i was trapping on the streets
And how i stopped and started rapping on these beats but you don't listen
I can tell you bout bout the years of cold showers burning candles for hours
A house with no power but you won't listen
Or the bucket under the roof catching the raindrops
And scuffing all of my shoes not having the same socks
I can tell you bout the landlords trippin and evictions
I can even tell you bout the drug addictions but you won't listen