

## Abc's

K'naan

Bundle up my whole style is so cold  
I glow like old guys who go bald  
My flow got no front in the vocal  
Your flow got no button its so old

I don't mean to sound like a showboat  
But it's true my persona's no joke  
I stepped into some kinda portal  
I'm legend and sometimes I'm noble

I'm from the most risky zone - oh  
No place is more shifty global  
More pistols, Russian revolvers  
We shootin' all that is normal

But it ain't just because we want to  
We ain't got nowhere we can run to  
Somebody please press the undo  
They only teach us the things that guns do

They don't teach us the ABCs  
We play on the hard concrete  
All we got is life on the streets  
All we got is life on the streets

Rock, you know my era  
B-boy seasoning, salt and pepa  
Grown and sexy, come with the extra  
Crushed up linen, fly like sess-a  
This type brew I gave it birth  
Now it's time again to give it a verse  
Jamaican born, not a fan of the ganja  
Boulevard, Brooklyn to Somalia  
And it goes in the background  
Playa, that is my sound  
The green doesn't symbolize I made it on the top  
Pioneer legend, and they call me Mr. Rock  
No B word or N word, I don't need those words (no)  
Respect for hers  
The game dried up, so we come with the grease  
Leadin' ya right and treatin' ya right, so peace

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Superman is known by the locals  
As this dude who's so fly it's global  
Attitude that came outta struggle  
Destitute but I make it hopeful

You real, but my real is tenfold  
My real'll make yours a rental  
Gangsta if at ease, essential  
Fight with guns or utensils

So bold nothin's confidential  
Breakfast was not continental  
And lunch could not compliment all  
We still become competent souls

These streets ain't paved with no gold  
Matter fact someone stole the light bulb  
Nobody fat enough for lypo  
They don't teach us to read and write, so...

They don't teach us the ABCs  
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