

## Boxing My Shadow

K'naan

It's like writing to the dead, dear people, I don't know if you  
'll hear my last plea,  
But somebody needs to be a little concerned about me, it's like  
I'm standing on the edge of a high tower by kanie,  
Ya'll are rootin me to jump, nobody stoppin me,  
It's like a drug filled rock n roll documentary,  
Just wait till the world knows what's inside of me,  
Cause you ll be sorry when I'm gone, and I'll be gone so very s  
oon,  
If the pressure on my diaphragm keeps resisting,  
If the feds keep my brothers stompin up and down prisons,  
If you can't understand my offerings and deep mission,  
No label is willing to see my unique vision,  
If metro housing keep threatning my poor mother with eviction,  
You'll be sorry, (you'll be sorry),  
You'll be sorry if I stay so poor I can't afford my own medicin  
e to cure my ulcer,  
And get vexed at every rich person that walks passed, that won'  
t blast, just yet I don't even have enough gas to pass the exit  
, so don't laugh, (don't laugh) I think a smile is a charity, b  
ut fuck don't laught my anger, (resulted) from pressure, (exhau  
stion) my boys be (orphans), my voices, (is all bent), I'm tire  
d (I'm coughing) my daddies, (divorcin), my momma (is hopin), m  
y eyes be (so open), for chances, (I'm walkin), I'm walkin an  
Talkin and boxing my shadow.

I hate you!, I hate this  
I hate food, I won't eat,  
In case you, Offend me  
I wait you, so don't sleep

It's like the possibility of making it in the industry is just  
around the corner now,  
It's just about your ability, but see it's like an enigma,  
An insomniac singer, a dream a figment of your imagination it s  
eems,  
Itll never be succesful, please protect your neck before they s  
queeze,  
I'm your biggest hater you suck, and even if you don't,  
You know your luck you'll probably get runover by a truck befor  
e your first label meeting,  
Meeting is the issue you prick, yo yo you really make me sick,  
no no you make me sick,  
I can't stand this argument, see this is what happens when my m  
ind starts to dwell  
And my strenght starts to fail,  
And I get an anxiety (resulted) in panic attacks (exhaustion)  
I might as well look for (a fence), my health is (dissolving)

I am tired (I'm coughing) my wife is (divorcing), my girlfriend  
, (is open)  
Cause I gotta so (open) over these niggas, (walkin) I'm walkin  
and talking,  
And boxing my shadows.

And now I sing about the poor, and I sing about the war,  
And how can I not represent, when I'm the most critically accla  
imed,  
Put most emcees to a lyrical shame, get some um fame,  
Express my pain and still keep this shit raw, how can one perso  
n be so poor,  
Look at it, your better off, (without me), I mean even I (doubt  
me),  
My own dreams, (mock me) the snicker and talk, (about me),  
They want me to suffer, [? ], take my life around me, (rob me),  
They got me boxing my own shadow!