

# K'naan

## "Boxing My Shadow"

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### "Boxing My Shadow"

*[Verse 1:]*

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 soon,  
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  
medicine 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, but fuck don't laught my anger,  
(resulted) from pressure, (exhaustion) my boys be  
(orphans), my voices, (is all bent), I'm tired (I'm  
coughing) my daddies, (divorcin), my momma (is  
hopin), my eyes be (so open), for chances, (I'm walkin),  
I'm walkin an  
Talkin and boxing my shadow.

*[Chorus: x3]*

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

*[Verse 2:]*

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 seems,  
It'll never be succesful, please protect your neck before  
they squeeze,  
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 before 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 mind 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.

*[Chorus x3]*

*[Verse 3:]*

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 acclaimed,  
Put most emcees to a lyrical shame, get some um  
fame,  
Express my pain and still keep this shit raw, how can  
one person 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!

*[Chorus x3]*

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