

K'naan

"Boxing My Shadows"

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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
K'neen

Y'all are rootin' me to jump, and nobody stoppin' me
It's like a drug filled rock and 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 keeps threatening 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 past

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 laugh my anger
Resulted from pressure, exhaustion
My boys be orphans

My voice is all bent
I'm tired, I'm coughing
My daddy's divorcin'
My momma is hopin'

My eyes be so open
For chances, I'm walkin'

I'm walkin' and 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
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
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 seems
It'll never be successful

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 run over 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 strength 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

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
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
I hate you, I hate this, I hate food, I won't eat
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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, you're 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 about me
Take my life around me, rob me
They got me boxing my own 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
I hate you, I hate this, I hate food, I won't eat
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