

# ABC's

## K'naan

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 it's 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 ABC's  
We play on the hard concrete  
All we got is life on the streets  
All we got is life on the streets They don't teach us the ABC's  
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-n-pepa  
Grown and sexy, come with the extra  
Crushed up linen, fly like Cessna 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  
Respect for hers  
The game dried up, so we come with the grease  
Leadin' ya right and treatin' ya right, so peace They don't teach us the ABC's  
We play on the hard concrete

All we got is life on the streets  
All we got is life on the streets They don't teach us the ABC's  
We play on the hard concrete  
All we got is life on the streets  
All we got is life on the streets 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 will make yours a rental  
Gangsta if at ease, essential  
Fight with guns or utensils So bold, nothing'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 ABC's  
We play on the hard concrete  
All we got is life on the streets  
All we got is life on the streets They don't teach us the ABC's  
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