

# Can't Not

## Taproot

Breakin' 'em off a piece of my wicked funky style  
Up front straight up,  
No hiding behind a facade conformed society's way  
Masses try to fit in, sin after sinner  
Up inner higher self discriminatin' against the ways  
Others are livin' their lives  
But I is real different  
Yes a unique open mind  
Just f\*ckin' sittin' around here totally bored

Just waitin' for fate to let me conquer my goals,  
These helpless feelins' although they're not true,  
No verve is left inside of my soul,  
But tell me what can I do?  
Forced to cope, just don't know,  
How to acheive, my goals  
A life derived through inner strength,  
And the traits in the divine,  
Strange perversity dominates,  
The spirit and the mind

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