

# La Quan, Lyrical Theory

As regarding rhythm to the pulse in the sequence of the musical phrase  
not in sequence of a metronome, kick your lyrical theory

[VERSE 1: Laquan]

Mic-check, turn my microphone up  
When I speak throat muscles tone up  
Switch the pitch, find a style to stick with  
And let my words flow like liquid  
As I unfold and swing an episode  
Notion in motion at a constant drift  
I excel, rebel to fail, teach as well  
Show and prove, show and tell  
Many fade like a fad or phase  
Yo, I'ma stand for days and decades  
News ask: What's Laquan's task?  
Fame and freedom and it's soon to come  
The response is snaps and handclaps  
Chuck perfect cuts, I project raps  
I'm livin positive, those that are negative will fear me  
As I present my theory

[VERSE 2: Laquan]

Step in a full step, packin a full load  
Rhythm is progress, the style is swing mode  
It's like I transform when words are perfected  
And you are infected and g's are collected  
The slammin bass upholds the style I carry  
Rhymes were written in ink and stationary  
Face to face you're lookin in the mirror  
I have a project, you can't consider it  
Dance material pumpin through your stereo  
The mic is loud so words will come clear to you  
Place it on your tables, cut it, eat it  
Yo, I'ma feed this cause many need this  
Black lyrical episode  
Let knowledge unfold, guide the lost souls  
Down a new road to a better life  
It seems you haven't been livin right  
Well, let's put in effect a resurrection  
Lead the lost ones in a new direction  
Victory isn't given, it's taken  
Trapped in my lyrical lake, no escapin  
Non-stop words identified as a poem  
You start to fear me  
As I present my theory

So deep I'm livin inside the track  
Yo Epic, bring the break back

[VERSE 3: Laquan]

Samples coast in a circular motion  
Metaphors as smooth as lotion  
Silence, you're on a journey, I'm the pilot  
I have a train of lyrics, ride em  
Follow my path as the concepts leads ya  
Slavin with a cravin and I'ma feed ya  
Knowledge I bring in a full swing rhythm  
Manifest your best, the aim is towards success and bypass the criticism  
Often I sit alone and wonder  
Why would one keep another under?  
It's the wicked one's process  
To not let one progress his best  
I project my vocals clearly  
To express my theory

Yo, this lyrical theory