

# La Quan, Notes Of A Native Son

[scratching of]  
(Listen! Listen! Listen!)  
(We ask now)  
(We ask now)  
(We ask you)  
(We ask you)  
(Now listen)  
(Now listen)

(Parties... where we get together and do our thing)

[VERSE 1: Laquan]

Feel the rhythm as the paragraphs coincide  
The vocab will multiply, the mission is do-or-die  
Principles classify, the concept will clarify  
I speak fact cause only fact will justify  
Thus travel distance, it's time that we rinse this  
Stereotype hype right out of life sight  
Drums pulsate, brains vibrate  
Level is first rate, proceed to elevate  
Samples enhanced, audience entranced  
Now it's my turn but every man has a chance  
Evil will never drive, God helps those who strive  
Fire and brimstone dwells in the inside  
Truth is in front of you  
You're blind but it's huntin you  
Speakin with strong verbs, readin the proverbs  
Wake up at once, resurrection has come  
Hear the trumpet of Gabriel and the notes of a native son

[CHORUS x2]

I'm your native son  
(Native son)  
I'm your native son  
I am your native son  
(Hear the notes of a native son)  
I'm your native son

[VERSE 2: Laquan]

Panic, rhythmic, dope addict  
Words flow automatic, sticks like static  
Frozen and freeze dried, the poems are like pitfalls  
This blackman will stand tall, I'm firm as a brickwall  
Just a portion can sting like a scorpion  
Hurt like a heart attack, ride it like Amtrak  
My spiritual insight will take to extreme height  
Cause I'm livin life right, palmin the mic tight  
Brothers have tried this but they didn't swing it right  
Method of a renegade, keepin it airtight  
I thank woman for breedin the black seed  
Then let the verses roll like a tumbleweed  
I give pain like a migraine  
Releasin my best and when done leave a bloodstain  
Glorify God cause there's only one  
Hear the notes of a native son

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Laquan]

Opponents approach and I post my position  
Listen for the word then proceed with the mission  
Paragraphs float, phrases stunt growth  
State is a dungeon, vocal chord is a death rope  
Words are vehicles riding on sound

Drums leave you numb, the pound can put a crack in the ground  
Pressure released performin a stronghold  
Maximum thrust - working towards overload  
Peace Productions, the beat thy're providin me  
Anger is inside of me, anxiety drives me  
But I release my steam on a track, black  
Instead of killin a brother, nah, never that  
To this I'm loyal, I shine like tin foil  
You're soft as soil, the microphone'll boil  
Pause but not fall, we ain't havin no flaws  
My tongue is my metal, Lett hands are like chainsaws  
Words can move mountains, pourin like a fountain  
Clockin crazy dollars, countin and countin  
Drop to my knees and repent for my sins  
Peace to my friends, no rest till it ends  
L-a, q-u, a-n solo, one  
Yeah, notes of a native son

[CHORUS]

(Native son)

(Native son)

I am your native

(Native son)

I am your native

(Native son)

I am your native

(Hear the notes of a native son)

I am your native

I am your native

I am your native

[fade]