

Chapter One: Destiny

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We begin our story in L.A
Our player's on a mission: a mission of revenge
In a small town, a fire breaks out
Shots piercing air, and a massive killing spree begins
Is this just a random act or sense of violence
Or is this story deeper?
Is there a reason behind these psychotic actions?
Welcome to the mind of contract assassin
Whose time has just run out
And whose fate will be decided, by you, the listener
Running like a bat out of Hell with blind fury
Hundred-yard dash, smoking mirrors, eyes blurry
Hit the porch bleeding red, seven dead, two in a truck in the back
Scanning through the goggles for the Cadillac, left it running
Swiveled my body to the sound of shots, cocked back
And let them fly, bullets screaming, left leg bleeding heavy
Ducking the sounds of the Chevy that pulled up to the lawn
Breathing heavy from the smoke?
Jump in the passenger side and hit the pedal?
? ride, I'm half-gone
Leather is hot from sitting the sun
The chrome burning my leg? puddles of red
Screeching out, rubber smoking, I'm ghost, the wheel is broken
The door is half-open, my lung? air chokin'
Sick the chase kicks this way
I'm headed to a small town, just outside the city walls of L.A
Destiny ridin', just a matter of time
And put it all behind me, bullet holes and bodies
Motels and lobbies,? find me
I'll be inside the arms of fate hiding
Can't run from nothing, I'll just keep f**king
Search and kill, ducking 'til they're all gone
Got to do something, can't just keep running
I swear to God I won't stop the song
This road driving got me bugging got me seeing vision
This company dealing got me killing children and women, holy God forgive me
Now I'm headed to save the very seeds of life
? hands of time supposedly outliving my husband and kids
They caught him in a Krispy Kreme on the fly
For leaving the company without a reason why
They said they'd relocate me to Hell, put my mama in jail
I f**k around and leave them all to Satan making a bail
Associates supposed to get me guns for these twits
Found him bloody on a windy Sunday, deep in a ditch
I travel from motel to motel, steal whips and kill
And cover tracks, laughing, pull off quick
Dump the Caddy for a black Impala
Slit the neck of a collar or a priest
And then a deacon and then I sped off east
Reach a rest? made out with the cook
Snapped his neck, took the truck and bounced and nobody looked
Sitting in this car sniffing coke on a dash
Tinted windows, Isaac Hayes blast, mind a million miles a second
Closed hand bloody, brains on the seat
Range and Honda and a Dodge Viper parked next to me
The motion sensor lights dimmed well
The stove lit, twelve butts, three lines, and one L

Contemplating suicide, the drugs got my wildin'
Complicated of the thoughts, the tears are flying
I'm thinking Russian dog finally found the kidnappers thinking
Wait 'til 4 then bust in and start clapping
Should I go? Should I stay? Should I wild? Should I wait?
If you choose to rush out the door now, please choose track #7
If you choose to wait in the car and think of a plan until 4: 00, please choose track #3