

Can't Help It

K.A.A.N.

Eh (ooh), yow, yow (oh my god)

I fantasize 'bout kidnappin' rappers for fun
Put the knife to his chest
Put the gun to his lungs
Chase 'em down with my car
Tell 'em run run run
The cops come lookin'
Like, nigga what have you done?
I can't help it
I think I do too much sometimes
I can't help it
It's a homicide inside my mind
I can't help it
I think I do too much sometimes
It's a homicide inside my mind
My God!

I no longer think I'm normal, I've accepted it
Relishing this recklessness, fighting my obsessions' is getting hard
I harbor homicidal thoughts, my heart hard as a rock
So let the bodies rot, and let you spine tingle till your neck pop
Connect the dots, I'm right outside your residence
I love to watch, I'm known to stalk like a lion in the jungle
I'm a carnivore, student of this Art of War
My repertoire is really raw
I'm kicking in the fucking door, this nothing that you seen before
The bad guy who I idolize, take what's mine nigga I devise
You fall back and enjoy the ride, you don't want to see my other side
I'm not the two, I'm not the three. So what you see is number one
This is what it sound like when you don't give a fuck

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Empty pockets, empty pockets tell them gimme the loot
Make one false move then you out of the loop
Chains, car keys, and rings that's a triple scoops
Somebody got to take the L and I rather it be you
I'm not delusional, I'm quite rational
My skills compatible to run this shit like laterals
The graveyard, the catacombs
Are filled with incidental, forgotten scene, its collateral
Niggas that tried to ride the wave, But never even had a boat

Find 'em and I drown 'em in a motor, let the body float
Smell the scent when the corpse decompose, now will you stay composed
It's meant to be, I hope to see you beneath where I stand
And my melody is quite obscene, the scene, but then again

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