

Consistency

K.A.A.N.

Niggas live on the road to riches, get sideswiped by business
Get side-tracked by bitches then stall out and quit it
Immaculate, see my vision, multi millions hiding in the ceiling
Double wrapped in plastic, I conceal it 'fore they come and steal it
Feel it in the air like Beanie Sigel, call it intuition
Rainy day funds for the premonition of the extradition
Looking like Harry in the driveway 'bout to put my key in the damn ignition
Any moment could be your last but you don't really know it
My only fears are God and death, I don't know where I'm going
I keep my cards close to my chest, nigga I never show 'em
That poker face, you know I play it well
My shit been setting sail, I'll do anything 'cept for fucking fail
I run with monsters, not above committing atrocities
Philosophies of fines and fees, we got it under lock and key
Try to check my temperature, it's scorching hot
I stir the pot and take the pie that you made for yourself and make that shit mine
Niggas falling off, I'm on the incline
Going to war like we in Vietnam, viet cong kingdom

Ten toes in the concrete
Niggas better pay attention, that's when I speak on God
Pain running through my bloodline
I'm a dog, I ain't fucking wit' you felines oh nah
We surviving, that's by any means
Makaveli wishing death upon my enemies yes sir
Keep it moving like a mosh pit
Fuck out the way nigga, you ain't finna stop shit uh uh

These motherfuckers got a lot of nerve, this shit's absurd
I'm giving out poetry, there's beauty in every single word
Attention deficit, dyslexic shit, I resurrect with this
The mass exodus, dipping out in the Lexus
Systematic, the nexus is the example of excellence
Let it resonate so they elevate off the resonance
I don't want the throne or the residence
Niggas claiming false kingdoms and kings get they head cut off
I'll let it resolve, I seen the writing scribbled on the wall
Compose my thoughts and think over a glass of Pinot Noir
From afar, I seen them waving the flag for truces and calling it off
Come to collect like Curtis Jackson, bitch I came for it all
Shell-shocked, you see we leave 'em in awe
Mouth on the ground, hope they pick up they jaw
Shall I point out your flaw?
Your plan was fucked from the jump so you never had a chance
You fell flat on your face, that wasn't happenstance
Tell 'em to get right before you get left
Taking these chances, taking a stance
Taking my time, don't let 'em waste mine

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