

# 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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