

# Deadline

K.A.A.N.

He yellin' "9-1-1", the paramedics ensue  
So in this game of fake news, nigga, we know what's the truth  
Can't be led by false prophets out here singin' the blues  
No Billie Holidays, just modern day meteoric moves  
Stuck in the groove, you choose, cruise, eventually lose  
Your point in shambles from the gambles  
What the fuck did you do?  
Bones and booze is hard to handle when you built like you  
This simple shit got niggas shook  
Got them lost and aloof  
You could have been better  
You could have been humble  
You could have been smarter  
You could have been quicker, ya bastard  
Couple of screws loose, they fell out of your picnic basket  
Tell me what you do to hide the pain  
I know that you mask it  
Nigga would you move the way you do  
If you knew the truth?

I pray to my God  
Can we survive  
What will we do when the tides rise?  
How can we prosper?  
How can you see through them blind eyes?  
CNN, Fox News, sellin' all lies  
History repeats these feelings like the end times  
Niggas die, shot down on the front lines  
The prophecies bein' fulfilled as I speak now  
Before the clock strikes twelve, hope I get mine  
Pray I didn't miss the deadline

Wake the fuck up, and get on your shit  
Yeah, you could throw the fuckin' towel in and call this shit quits  
It's obvious, it's in your face, how the fuck you not convinced  
Only so much empathy in me, I'm out of it, I'm spent  
So go on down the dead-end like all the novices did  
Supplyin' a feelin' that's unknown, yeah, it's too real for the kids  
So right before the bomb blows, bitch, I give you a kiss  
Bein' aware is a burden, and bitch, I carry this shit  
Y'all niggas awkward with this, shoot like Shawn Marion did  
Just pay attention when you step, it could be treacherous shit  
'Cause it could be any moment, any time, my nigga, you dig?  
Your standards of livin' lowered  
Lo and behold, we know what it is, eh, eh

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