

## Judas Iscariot

K.A.A.N.

Oh shit nigga here we go again I need to get in contact with my doctor  
I got voices in my head and my mind keeps spinnin like propellers on a fuckin helicopter  
This suspicious blood is ridiculous because everything a nigga give is conspicuous  
From my sense of security felt to obscurity yelling obscenities this is absurdity  
Lyrical entity envy thy enemy empty this clip till they trip off the remedy sing this melody my flow is heavenly  
Demons in my soul are constantly tempting me  
Living in misery learning humility  
Spitting a plan and clutching a rosary  
All that I wrote is to sanctify savagery pain and some agony, death and disparity  
Clearly I need to get my motherfuckin medication in my motherfuckin system real quick I'm on columbine with twelve concubines  
I got concrete rymes that'll blow a nigga mind shakespearean the way that I construct it call it al jazeera like it's mass destruction  
I've come way too far with this Abdu'llah and my believe in God has been cracked with a flaw  
As I fall through these shadows this blasphemous blackness I'm stuck in a nightmare that you can't imagine  
I'm sick of my pastor he's preaching salvation just burry me deep so I'm resting in peace  
I eternally sleep with bouquets of carnations, roses n posies and blood colored daisies  
Mutilating my wrist going through phases nobody notice that shit was amazing  
Bitch I'm bipolar and borderline crazy my father don't care I swear that nigga hate me now look what the fuck you done to your baby  
I guess I'm everything that nigga made me  
I am what am what I am is a shame the fact that I'm bearing this family name realize that my father and I are the same see these apples you barely fall far from the tree  
Now Chris rolled a blunt at the age of fifteen and Kevin's a dick a literal prick I hope that you die you son of a bitch I would give you the shirt off my back if you ask  
When I got on that roof and busted my ass and the day that I quit you just pointed and laughed now you forty years old and broke with no cash  
I refuse to put limits on things that I had but my life ain't defined by the things that I want because I wanted to kill you I ain't gonna front  
But see then my nephews would have had no father consequences of my family drama

Fuck that ain't no more lines being dedicated to these motherfu  
ckers I hate  
That refuse to acknowledge calamities caused that I'm dealing w  
ith everyday okay  
Now a nigga about to get technical I'm on meth tical spitting a  
pristine vow  
I'm like Tyson my vices are killing me slowly  
I burn all my bridges in this allegory disgusted by lack of com  
passion and this man that's rooted in evil and seated in wealth  
won't do for another what you do for self  
I ain't writing no rymes bitch I'm crying for help ahhhh?