

Risk

K.A.A.N.

I know you seen it, make it look easy
Want it done right, you better do it yourself
It's my season, bet I get even
Tell them niggas it'll be a cold day in hell
Before I fail
'Til the motherfuckers wish me well
I'm at the top of the top like a citadel
I blow the whole bitch up like an infidel
I'm on your head like a motherfucking infrared
I need the cheese, I need the bread
My pull-out game weak, I'ma leave it there
They got a young nigga bringin' out the motherfuckin' beast again
Give me a reason to reach past reasonin'
I put a little on top, that's seasonin'
To be honest I can't see what y'all see in them
They distorted the truth like CNN
Then recorded the loop to replay again
I ain't givin' you the luxury
What's enough for them is not enough for me
When you're down and out, where's the company?
I ain't goin' nowhere, y'all stuck with me
So I strongly suggest that you fuck with me
'Cause there's a bumpy ride from the other side, God

Get it all, all that
Run it up, where it's at?
Get a ball, and fall [?]
Get in line, fall in
Goddamn, Goddamn
They know, who I am
Goddamn, Goddamn
They know, who I am

Bet I make a couple million 'fore I leave, bitch
They don't know the feelin', they don't do it like this
Shoot a lot of shots, but I learned from every miss
How the fuck you get awards if you never take a risk
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I took some chances, never took advances
Put a little speck of paint on my canvas
I dodged the cameras and the greasy handlers
I know that these deals all double-handed
I know that y'all niggas all lost and stranded
I see that these folks all lower the standards
Make a nigga wonder how the hell y'all made it
Must have lost your mind if you think I panicked
Feelin' like McNabb with the way y'all scramble
Call me young [?] with the grip and handle
Boy, your flame went out like a dim-lit candle
Nigga, I don't give a fuck, pardon my manners
How he switch that gear, hit the gas and mash it
I ain't got no limit, I'm forever massive
This shit get deep, yeah, the game assassin

Gotta clean my cleats for the seasoned bastard
Niggas can't stop me, I'm a fuckin' monster
Yeah, so many words, I'm a fuckin' problem
So it's fuck what you heard, better call a Doctor
Receivin' the propeller like a helicopter
Yeah, we been givin' 'em hell, no other options
Livin' by the code, the eternal doctrine
Goin' for the gold 'til the throne is conquered
Ten thousand now is invested on this
I must-

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