

Straight Face

K.A.A.N.

Man I'm a motherfuckin' alcoholic
Swervin' left and right when I drive
A ragin' drug addict, fiendin', jaundice, both of my eyes
I came home with 20 grams, but woke up to a .5
Like Brandon's barely alive, and man I think he just died
Two tablets of cyanide for a silent night like the Sabbath
Woke up in a pool of vomit, then quickly vacate the premises
Stumbled down the steps while I'm not coherent and non-compliant
Slapped the shit out of a silly bitch while preaching non violence
Grab her purse and car keys, take her phone, put my number in it
Told her call me on her day off and then I skate off
"What do you do for a living?"
Tryna OD is my day job
Went to college but they kicked me out for simple stupid shit
Like stabbing my professors and slipping bitches some Rofexilol
Voices inside my head is where this fucking evil's rooted in
One man that does the job of twenty, hooligans and mexicans
Like fuck it, mask on
Lucha Libre that's if we wrestling
Then fuck it, mask off
Yeah, this danger is a prerequisite
I'll let this settle in like sediment, sunk to the bottom man
I do the dirty work and rebound like Dennis Rodman man
While y'all recoup and regroup from taking "L's" like Mrs. Rodham
My best friend's a Klonopin
Kinda kind but i'm kinda sick
Connoisseur of the contraband, constantly crying for a fix
First I'll start with a gram or two but one turns into 36, then 36 turns into
72, you get the picture boo
This my distasteful brew, disturb the news like fagots sending nudes
Am I offending you?
This feces flow is fluid, I'm the shit
Facetious bars you spit, I'm not convinced, I don't believe you bitch
I'm just a nihilist, force feeding you Niacin to heat your shit up 'cause it
's lukewarm
I use your mixtape as a coaster to sit my drink on
I'm using you as an example of what I could never be on
I use your bitches face as a place I can sit my dick on
Fucked her then I sent her to the store to get some Backwoods
A pack an hour later, Strawberry Fantas and Frito Lays
She dip, I'm running through her shit
I'm out before she noticed it
The Pope and Anti-Christ mixed
I'm one hell of a contradiction
Sending salutations from somewhere private, experimenting
Prehistoric evolution, T-Rex to a salamander
Meaning rappers used to be monsters but now they basement dwelling, brand se
lling, peddling [?]
Made products, like it's Pelle Pelle
Check the tag, if I don't see no logo nigga I'ma blast
Fire on the that ass, go 'head with that trash
Smokin' that sufferin' succotash
While I'm gone off the [?]