

Tendencies Pt.2

K.A.A.N.

Right when I step on the street
I picture the beautiful target
I am a martian
Fuck all the yelling and barking
Planning and talking
You know that what I'm embarking, on
Is definitely tedious
Maybe it's devious
I do not care
I know that I'm leaving with all of his cash
A chain in the wallet
No way you can stop me
The profit is all that I see
I'm running your pockets
You better believe
I'm doing it out of necessity
Not necessarily
What the fuck you thought it was
And with her consumption of drugs
Has made it impossible for my mother
To show me any love
She's coming and going
Whenever she pleases
Even though I really need her
Now I'm conceded
No one really gives a fuck
I gotta make it on my own
Committed a sin but I never atoned
I practiced that policy until I was grown
I can't get a job
I got no income of my own
But I am refusing to starve
And I'm getting tired
Of saying that I'm sick and tired
Of dealing with all of these lies
So what's in my eyes
The vision of me coming up
This nigga did not realize
That he is the person
That I will be working and lurking
For certain to go victimize
Following him for an hour or two
I'm telling you now what the fuck I'mma do
I'm looking around
So I can check all of my surroundings
Make sure there isn't a witness
Fuck this forgiveness
Why am I feeling vindictive
I gotta deal with my issues
I should get rid of the pistol
Shouldn't be in this position
Fuck it I'm already here
I made up my mind
The thought is defined
I see him picking up his pace
And his movement is getting erratic
And I will not have it

But if I shoot a shot
And miss in the shadows
Of those that's in front of him
I guess that that will cause havoc
Ecstatic the perfect distraction
Pick up the pistol and blast, I laugh
Now I can see through all the madness
People are running and screaming
And my tunnel vision is centering
Upon the victim
I promise I'll get him
I'm running as fast as I can
I bet I'mma handle my business
When he hit the corner
He thought he was safe
I wish you could've seen
The look upon his face
And I have no regrets
About what I'mma do
Before I begin don't get it confused
Let's start with the shoes
And every time that you move
I feel like you're making me nervous
What is my purpose
Giving insignificant service
Taking everything you earned
But haven't you learned
Your safety is not a concern
I wanted the money inside of your pocket
Your wallet the keys to your crib
You finna take me wherever you live
He said I got kids
So I started thinking of ransom
Wouldn't that money be handsome
They would just give it to me
So the nigga could leave
And breath
And not be deceased
The second we move I see the police
I already took everything on his person
He was a waste
So I had to get rid of the nigga
But now I think about the cops
And they told me to stop
So I turn around let off a shot
And I'm running a couple of blocks
And I found me an alley
Where I can survive
I'm in a position where I gotta hide
And give it some time
With everything on my mind
I wanted to find me an exit
Looking and checking
I really think that I'm cornered
I can hear sirens
All that I wanted was silence
I can invision the violence
Shutting my eyelids
What am I finding
Nothing but all of the pain I was given
I'm dealing with misery
Nobody listens
I was a victim

My circumstances
Counting my losses
Taking some chances
Never given an advantage
I was just living without any plan
And you understand that
I will take nothing for granted
Finally come to the end
I feel like they found me
And if they did
I told myself that I will never die sober
I am a soldier
Sparking the blunt that I had in my pocket
So that I can think
Open my eyes
Cocking the nine
Stand up and shoot every cop that I see
Riddled by bullets
By every trigger they pull
And I feel like I'm finally free

Lawd
Yeah
Uh-huh
Abstract Art
You bitch