

Nature Of The Beast

La Coka Nostra

Yeah, my talent is so violent, never get no silence
Blocks littered with limbs, bodies, and po sirens
Murderous wordsmith hold the flow tyrant
Fiending for fast cars, jewels, and dough piling
Got me caught out there living on hope island
Voices in my head that sing in a slow violin
Hang the f**king noose, get the rope, tie him in
Tell the pope he's old, tired, and fired, now
I am him Kiss the ring, Mr. Slaine, vicious slang
Spitting all my writtens while I'm pissing in the drain
Violent thing, I'm a violent thing
Do you believe these slugs from the iron sting?
Welcome to the jungle, I'm the lion king
Walking up inside the fire, let the choirs sing
Cause my pliers got a grip on this entire thing
These streets, this game man, you see what I mean man

When your sky falls and your walls come crashing in on you
You're all alone now, that's just the nature of the beast
Strangers faces stare from different places
But I will die by myself right here for you have to take this shit from me

This changes the whole direction, arranges my soul is pressing
Got your best friend's ex-girlfriend on my swollen erection
I never knew the answer so what I'm guessing
No but I'm blessing your whole dome with the holy progression
This solely and only aggression born from a lonely depression
I paid my dues and this f**king game don't owe me for nothing
Or me for ?, my poetry's pacing
My dreams walked in dark hallways of a basement
I was always so flagrant, so gutter, so street, so pavement
If this microphone is made of stone take my name and engrave it in
My behaviour has been bathed in sin and washed in a bloody bath
Yeah you are your buddies laugh till it got serious
Now you know just what he has, it ain't a fake ID or the HIV
It's an ability to slither with the snakes I see

Peckerwood status, one man militia, allah akhbar
Jihad take my picture Post me most wanted on the FBI
Been a rebel motherf**ker since I was knee-high
I put Bush on his knees and pop one in his eye
It take a whole lot of kush trees to keep me high
Plus a whole lot of benjamins to keep me fly
You ain't got to keep up boy, don't even try
Cause I've been a professional sinner from birth
Just spent my thirty-sixth winter on earth
Mr. Whitey got the IED suicide bombing on New York trains
Hot like top ramen I like bitches with brains
I like diamond chains and brand-new sneakers
I like revolutionaries, love truth seekers
I spit for the heights, the crackheads and tweakers