

# The Eyes Of Santa Muerte

La Coka Nostra

This is all there is, now there ain't shit left  
It's like I'm looking in the eyes of the saint of death  
(La Santa Muerte), these people fear me  
I've seen murder, disease, it's all near me

This is all there is, now there ain't shit left  
It's like I'm looking in the eyes of the saint of death  
(La Santa Muerte), I know you hear me  
I wrote it fucked up, you see it clearly

Enter the cult of the death's gods, traffickers and ex-cons  
Skull and robe, hold the globe in outstretched palm  
A revered image of truth, here with the youth  
Vivid living proof spitting like El Chapo in the booth  
Death is the beginning, so without fear we run towards the willing  
Manufacturing murder anthems and songs of killing  
Ballads of massacre, the psalms of the forbidden  
Cash is the master of every broken law that is written  
Burning up the abomination conjuring hatred  
Virgin of the incarcerated martyrs of Satan  
Persecuted like the Inquisition in Spain  
Condemned, made to repent my religion of pain  
Set on fire like in Salem where the witches were slain  
Behind bars till I die for these bricks of cocaine  
No regrets though I pray to my saints often  
Holy Death, lying awake in a coffin

They say the world don't spin without the hand of God  
While them damn priest trying to get a kid to give a handjob  
I guess that really means I am odd  
Cause I don't let my kids get on their knees to pray for damn slobs  
And I ain't talking about Jesus see  
I'm just speaking on the cardinals, the BC  
This is the crazy shit that we see  
That's why I'm grateful that the streets are the only ones that teach me  
Yo, and on that note, they giving pedophiles months  
While they give the homies life for dope  
What kind of shit is that? That shit ain't right though  
If a grown man wanna buy the right blow  
We're like Vegas in a sense, you know it's false hope  
Instead of slot machines and card games it's all coke  
They making hustlers like us walk a tightrope  
While every other fucking snake is alright though

New York is inhabited, there's smoke in Los Angeles  
Long arm of the law is broken with bandages  
They call me Slaine, the La Coka evangelist  
Our spoken languages provoking the scandalous  
You dummies are dead, dummy, there's a gun to your head  
There's no loyalty left, just money instead  
My blood speaks the truth that none of you said  
You should be fighting the power, you're running instead  
Where's your heart at? Your bones weak  
You talk loud all the time, when I'm here you don't speak  
When the heat's on in front of you the pressure is real  
You're a bunch of fucking sheep to a messenger's hill  
I should have chapters in the Bible cause my testament's real

I'm a product of violence and mescaline pills  
Was you born to be a faggot cause it seems like it  
Your life ain't nothing like mine, you just dream like it