

To Thine Own Self Be True

La Coka Nostra

It's been a long time... Long enough to come back from the dead
To thine own self be true is the credo
I've been saying who I am on the 8-0
Eight in the snare since my fate was fatal
It appeared that I moved like a great tornado
With my temper getting hotter than a baked potato
Or the temp up in the ride with these plates of yayo
I was meant to hit the bottom and escape
Real superhero no mask no cape
Back to the basics, flicked off the roaches, locust
Back from the dead like hocus pocus
Maybe that can go and give hope to the hopeless
Still spitting certified dope from the bullpit
So if I can testify with a wise sermon
And paint a picture of a soul as it dies yearning
To cheat death with the fire in his eyes burning
You hang around long enough to see the skies turning
And I can feel this lightning and rain
Whirlwind of chaos pull my life in its strain
My eyeballs stained from the cycle of pain
My brain running back what it's like to be Slaine
Bullet holes in the souls of these hosted foes
Now i walk through these blocks like a ghost in robes
It's like I'm gone from my body but I'm still here
And I've lost any instinct to feel fear

Slaine:

To thine own self be true you gotta know
How to find what's close to you, don't let it go

Rite Hook:

X2 Be true to yourself and you'll never fall

Slaine:

To thine own self be true you gotta feel in your gut
Which is your first instinct and it's real

Rite Hook:

X2 Be true to yourself and you'll never fall

X2 To thine own self be true to yourself, to yourself

Emerge in the mist, I'm urging the swift
If you can learn quick, I'll teach you about the birds and the bricks
Where I'm from the young boys become men at age ten
Bust most are dumb and either wind up dead or in the state pen
Glocks are easy to get, rocks are easy to flip
Cops are greasy as shit and shot as easy as this
Where I'm from dope addicts will grill your doberman
And dope habits start up your nose to float through your syringe
Cold wave colossus had surgery to smuggle cocaine in his armpit
Alter weight like the arctic, all city like graffiti on the wall gritty
My girl 80 pounds wet p*ssy your titty, listen open your ears y'all focus on
it
Count money by the pound we can fill the whole apartment
Blood ceremonies and ritual nods, ?this the wise just that dies a synchroniz
ed surprise?
?State of greats? with shooter in the loft, spray AK's and uzi's at your squ
ad
High five catch your guzi at the bar, drive-by spray a uzi at your car
To thine self be true is this a rock bottom, truthfully I want my cock sucke

d by a hot model

Another blowjob and a pizza, then jump in the studio so I can body your feature

Be true to yourself