

## Back Against the Wall

Slaine

I got a book of rhymes, more like a book of life, more like the  
King James Bible the boy can write.  
So publish it up, it'll be a best seller, trendsetter vendetta  
neva eva been betta.  
Turn your white champion hoody into a red sweater when i when i  
...  
chicken dinner when i, behead ya. feelin real special of that l  
etter E mentally give your girl heavenly.  
A degenerate feelin generous like Ellen D.  
les be honest, my BM is lebanese.  
You thought i would say lesbian.  
Trippin on mescaline feelin like my skin is drippin off, ah nah  
look at this mess i'm in, nod off sawed off turn em to seven m  
en, all, walls, covered in blood and excrement it's effortless  
i throw words together like a perfectionist

I've been slept on all my life constantly that's why i treat th  
is situation like a robbery.  
I got these ghosts in my past and they haunting me but i try to  
play it off non chalantly B  
Nobody move nobody get hurt Cause my backs against the wall and  
my dick is in the dirt

Welcome to my mad world, trapped in my laboratory  
You've been a bad girl I bet you have a story  
The way I stitch your fabric its erratic always  
Its sorta twisted tragic f\*\*k it I'm gifted at it  
These kids are mad at Georgie they picture Pat and Pauly  
Dont get me pissed bitch I'm in a different category  
Ive been a misfit since I was this big with my kicks split  
With a broken heart I had to fix with  
Blue tapper nails toothpaste and rails chewing gum paper clips  
grey goose and ale  
He plays to win the dude hates to fail currency stuffed in a su  
it case for reaaallll

All deals are off the table money is off the books so I'm steal  
ing it off the labels  
Running with the crooks I'm like a thief with the metal  
Im like your worst nightmare never sleep on the rebel

Hey i'm Terry from the Cemen-tary nice to meet you waving the s  
emi at ya and it might just reach you, actually it will definit  
ley lightning sneakers is what you better have cause i'm gonna  
light the street up i'm the no name grown man cause i chose to  
be the unknown when i'm moleing into your dome ain't looking fo  
r a roll of green from a f\*\*king pocket what else would I be do  
ing?.

So hand it over bitch and hope...

How many times do i gotta say it?

I don't even got time and i'm out of patience not a mind in my  
head for conversation just demands get the f\*\*k down take this