

Citizen Caine

Slaine

Hey yo put me in line, I'm chock-full for your nostril
I'll make you motherfucking hostile
Not till sunrise will some eyes let their lids down
I've been there for you and I'm sure to get your kids down
In Midtown I get down, skyrise enterprise
Little white lies, your wives don't know nothing
I've been there for years, they smoke me and blow me
But when shit go down everybody act like they don't know me
Uptown I travel in packs put flames to my backs
Rock me and lock me in caps and sell me to blacks
Rap cats claim to sell me before they sold their soul
The goals of those put me up in their nose
So I take control, impose my will, I'm I'll
Got to spill mad shit for bags of plastic
Drastic measures of grams in the hands of triple beams
The shit behind their little schemes are crippled dreams
Sicker teams'll bring pain but I just want to party
Maybe nobody somebody from Scarface to John Gotti
Drip down the throat to your body
Kids'll stick you to get me so get your body a shotty
Make a whore from a hottie, flush me down in the potty
When the five hits talking that jive shit
Searching for me cause I'm the live shit
I'm Citizen Cane, I'm Citizen Cane

Hit me with a razor, hit me with a straw
Your heart's beating quicker now, I'm fucking with your jaw

There's a cocaine rain that drips when I sniff
It's like an icicle trickling it's freezing my lips
So in between the uneven breathing it slips
Numbing my teeth leaving me up all evening with skips
See I've been handcuffed by the devil's dandruff
On my shoulder, I just can't kick the damn stuff
I get older stuck with these sick dreams
That I had to fuck with since a time of fifteen
Trying to get my shit clean but I love the speed
I can never get when I only fuck with weed
I took one sniff and my body just agreed
With the liquor in me saying this is what you need
So tell me how you're supposed to hit the skids with the wiz
Still want the I'll though you know what it is
That we started off doing blow when we're kids
Running in the streets sneaking home to the crib
So now I gotta live with the shit in my brain
Littered with pain and driven insane by Citizen Cane
As soon as it's gone I wanna get it I'm sayin
Cause my dome is just screaming to get wetted with rain
So before this triple six makes me hate ya all
I'm a commit the seventh sin and make this late call
It's like I got nine lives the way I do eight balls
So I guess the corner pocket is where my fate falls