

This game has played with my emotions, messed with my brain
The street's got a million stories but the lesson's the same
So before I go to sleep I count the blessings of Slaine
Accepting the rain and the gossipers who stepped on my name
I got cats who wanna roll on me with weapons to aim
Doing a home invasion but homie I'm holding the same
And I know what life's like standing cold in the rain
So I don't want to but if I have to I will go there again
I seen films and creeps chewing pills in their teeth
Nod off and watch them go as they get killed in their sleep
I've witnessed what you never want your children to see
Know a thousand cold blooders way iller than me
You found of me, good, play it in your neighbourhood
This is hip hop, people say it's bad, say it's good
This is for my people who know that I could
That I would without getting roped in the mud, yeah

Yeah, got my noose tied but it's tangled
Smoking on dust from the angels
America, I'm star spangled
Strangled, conman looking for an angle

Kids got their fists in the air ready to scrap
Me I got the mic in my hand ready to rap
Got the shotgun in the trunk with machetes and rats
The blood strays Crazy Eddie is back
I come from angel dust, stuck at bus stop in Georgetown
And Roslindale, hell, why the fuck not?
Sergeant Bill can fuck himself cause we don't love cops
Love loud music, cases of booze, and drug spots
I roll with Finigans and Flannigans, Dominicans, Hispanics, and
Blacks
And some people wanna panic at that
But all that racist crap and old antics is whack
Say no one can ever stop it but I can with the rap
Grew in white pride till the city heard the word nigger used ev
eryday
Why they drinking liquor, booze, drop your rocks and sticks
When we came here they called us whops and micks