

Landscapes

Slaine

Whattup man?
Slaine in this motherfuckin joint right now
Take this shit all the way around the motherfuckin world man
Ha ha ha, c'mon man you know what time it is
When you hear me on some shit!
It goes like this...
{"Ghetto landscapes"}
{"Where man is determined by how much a man make"}
Turn the whole shit up in my headphones man
Overall volume, all the way up!
I'm deaf as a motherfucker
Yeah I'm deaf motherfucker~! But I'm DEF too
Check me out man, yo

From Roslindaley to Philly to anywhere on the map really
I been spittin real raps like a bastard
Clappin with the Mac milli, what's happenin is I'm actually
Stackin strictly re-enactin life graphically
I've been challengin these cats to come and ask with me
If they can but they can't cause I'm that shifty
My army is too large, my conscience been drownin
I dumped his ass in the fuckin lake, he never been found
And I've been down and out, rose out of my own ashes
The rest of youse is stupid as dogs sniffin your own asses
When I was grown I seen holmes makin his own acid
Sniffin coke with different folks, then comin home plastered
I seen suicides, overdoses, and chrome blasted
I warred with people who wanted me in my own casket
I made it out alive in stereo to stare at you
The Dimock to seven figures right here in America

"Ghetto landscapes"
"Where a man is determined by how much a man make"

Yeah... yeah
Slaine-y whattup?
Paz man, yeah

Lost Cauze lyrical leviathon, literally leave your limbs
Littered layin in the lion's den, lyin men
Make we want to fire ten into their spine and limbs
Buy them a fuckin heart - you got beef? Then don't deny it then
Fuck a fair one, air gun share some
The mac make a fat nigga leap like Air Pun
God rest the dead but God bless your head (no homo)
And my dojo is calm, breath, and lead
I sit in a dank basement, blowin bank statements
On a dank fragrance, plannin my next invasion
Like Slaine in "The Town" flick, quick as a hundred rounds spit
You fuckin pussy cats, I'm a hundred pound pit
Astoundin, rockin a hoodie make of hound's skin
My balls - your broad loves her lips around them
A nigga say he ain't fuckin with me? He a clown then
And you should kill yourself for even hangin around him

Yeah, one two
Slaine whattup cause-o?

I rose above everything they threw at the kid
Pops dead, no fuckin bread, doin a bid
I had a choice I could rhyme or put two in your wig
Cause an option for me was never pursuin a gig
Yeah, I made demos they spit in my face, begin again
I started having reservations like an Indian
I'm a man of God but I started to sin again
Cause muh'fuckers were sleepin on me like lithium
It's a lot of years later, I'm still nice with the hands
I'm a dick to my people, but I'm nice to the fans
Some other rappers talk shit but they rightfully stand
Dig in the same fuckin place where they rightfully stand
Me and Slaine been around the fuckin world together
Drinkin bottles, sniffin sum'n, fuckin girls together
And the objective is to take over the world together
And the objective is to take over the world together
Yeah