

No Handouts

Slaine

They say I'm cold blooded, my flows are so rugged
My icy demeanor's foul, the public they don't love it
Cause I'm so hated, they say that I'm ungrateful
That I made I cause my hunger ain't fading from one plate full
It does nothing for me puffing off the blunts
I need two bitches nowadays to suck me off at once
A couple fat stacks for blackjack
I hit an old boo with my whole crew, black hoods and black hats
Sushi on my chop sticks, Polo logos on my boxers
Broken Prada frames on the Navigator floor
Hockin' loogies out the door, I'm obnoxious
Five figure watches, tell the kids not to watch this
My rhythm is irate and my bitches are triple x
I'm sick and bizarre, faded from liquor and hot-headed
Sick in the head, isn't he?
I run the company damn it, I love misery

Am I supposed to go and ask for a hand out?
Or fall back and be shushed like I can't shout
Nah, I'ma get mine even if I gotta take yours
This is my world, this is my war

I'ma get mine, even if I gotta rob
And I don't listen to a boss, I don't got a job
Am I supposed to go and wait for a hand out?
Why would I play the sideline? Homie, I stand out
I got determination burning, you can't doubt
I was told I wasn't shit, I heard it straight from my aunt's mouth
But is there any question what I'm capable of?
I came straight from the hate and inescapable love
I ran the streets late at night and learned the taste of the drugs
Scraping with thugs, pacing a basement, I'm bugged
But who I am to stop it, who are you to judge me?
And who are they to hate me, who are you to love me?
Shoot your guns, I pray to god that you shoot above me
And miss me just slightly, look at my crisp Nikes
What have I done? Look at my little son - He's just like me
Son of a gun, whatever comes is a bit shiesty