

Say I Was Slaine

Slaine

That was just fucking me up. Come on now, you know my motherfucking name.

Slaine

Yeah, nobody in this motherfucking city can touch me. Nobody in this motherfucking country can touch me. Nobody in this motherfucking earth can touch me. Yeah, lyrical murder. Come on.

You pushed my buttons so here comes (Slaine) the nuclear man
I'm wolf in sheep's clothing, a shepherd with Lucifer's lambs
You're too stupid to stand under
Understand the pieces of a mad puzzle with ice in his eyes
Heat in his hands, gears turning like clockwork
In my head counting each breath
Death's a complex girl, how can I not flirt?
Life's a bitch though death still hasn't took me yet
But I'm talking with her and I think I got her pussy wet
As long as I'm alive I'll personify a lust for life
Agony and anger, danger every time I touch the mic
I muster might to fight, swinging bats and busting pipes
Broken glass, fallen angels holding dope in open bags
This whole culture's bad, I am just a product of it
How can you hate on me, homie? You know you gotta love it
From Dorchester to Mission, Southie to Rottendale
People listen to me and they love the oxycontin tales

Tell me, what's my name, mommy? (Slaine)
How will the game find me?
One day laying in the rain with all the pain behind me
They say you manifest the words that you speak
Then it becomes real so until I'm murdered, deceased
I'm a spit fire at you and curse from a throat
On the edge of bursting with every verse that I wrote
I tempted the fates, created the drugs
They say I'm insane so when they ask you who I was
Just say I was Slaine

I'm the motherfucking rage of the renegade
The face the enemy, the temper of an alcoholic wasted on Hennessy
They eyes of a barking dog, the soldier at war
I'm the white man, the devil man, I told you before
The promoter of gore, horror that's sold in the store
Got a God-given rhythm, kid, I know what it's for
It's for pissing off the system while I'm holding my balls
But this is just another rhyme that I wrote on my walls
I lived the life that I depicted, that of the trife and wicked
The graphic, gruesome, and grisly, the shiesty, icy, and vicious
Drug addicted inflicted with remnants of social law
Born in my scorn spread through the phlegm in my vocal cords
My mornings are torn, visions of dawn colliding with night
My soul at odds with itself, too divided to fight
I wave a gun at the government with the flag in my face
Point a pistol at the president, the faggot's erased