

Slip The Clip

Slaine

I slip the clip in, everyone gets to dipping
React quicker when the tensions start to thicken
Better run, no half-steppin', no half-steppin', no half-steppin'

Who you tricking? Head you little niggas bitching
On the block so now I'm back for my position
Better run, no half-steppin', no half-steppin', no half-steppin'

Nigga, I hit six figures more than twice in this game
Be with killers for hire but it quite ain't the same
Fear in their eye and firing right in your frame
Only second on my list next to providing the 'caine
Long ago the quiet type that became
Accustomed to the strife and the pain of life and the game
Now I'm rebelling against them restraints
And waving my middle finger at authority figures
It's like they do great at washing your brains
But all the flashing and mimicry you usually see on the screens
, right?
Cause bright lights do entertain
Y'all can have fun while we out collecting this change, dummies
I look at all the in the ring
You paying me to show you all these elaborate things
But I ain't gonna fight the grain
I'm just trying to get paid and pave the way for us to lay in the shade

I'm a fucking demon and I'm spitting semen in your momma's stomach
Ask me about the trauma and the drama, I love it
And I don't even spit no more, no I vomit
You wanna hear some gangster shit? Yeah, I'm on it
I wished upon a star, I pissed up on your car
Got my dick sucked by dirty bitches in your garage
I listened to your songs and what you spit was just garbage
This is pain, my issues and tissues sticking to scars
The fantasies are yours, the pistols are ours
Get your ass knocked out with the fist in your eyes
Nah, you ain't high, you make me sick with your lies
You're just a chicken, we licking at your breast, wings, and your thighs
There's nothing left, you're wrestling with a mirage
The white man is the devil, I'm a blessing in disguise
Jesus Christ, look at the life I married my flows with
So I could put a bullet in both Mary and Joseph