

# Something To Believe In

Slaine

(Verse 1)

Er'day I wake up to the same shit  
I've been caking, G  
But nowadays the more niggas hating  
They in the cut sitting patient  
Waiting for me to meet God or Satan  
I'm in the streets where the killers roam  
The villains know if you fake like silicones  
You talk about it but inside the kid will grow  
And under pressure he'll fall man I should've known  
Shit I deal with tryin' to make a mil quick  
Still sit in front of a real chick to chill with  
I know about a dollar neck froze upon a collar  
O's and the cameras goons, holding on a llama's tec  
Blowing for the drama got a choking for your mama  
Why she blowin' on his gamma getting low in the Bahamas  
Slaine salute, get on some lyrical shit  
It's a miracle I ain't spiritual the shit that I live  
That real street shit  
Real niggas that I eat with  
Let the heat spit, getting caught on sea shit  
Running with killers so the greediest can't  
It's Lou Armstrong AKA the city is mine

(Verse 2)

3 things I hate girls, women and bitches  
Spit venom I hack spit vivel collect it  
Cynical feet a lyrical dick I'm hot  
I'm tip a stick the miracle whip I'm not  
To be fucked with period lips  
With them pyramids I'm beverage with spiritual ficks next to me  
Your whole crew is a terrible mix  
I'm a don you're a pawn America's bitch  
And you're quick to verticle flip  
Which means you snitch and heard of a tip bitch  
Nigga skin you and turn you to mix  
Magic similar to an urban who's sick  
Tragic, that's where to a turban that ticks  
Flowin up memorial, satorial showing it's fixed  
You're an orphan and me I done fathered you  
And often I'm awesome, the chips I done off with you  
It's big deal, but the deal might cost you

(Verse 3)

Moroney, I'm the best bar one  
These lame ass rappers got bars none  
I shit bars it's a bar stool  
High off the lips and the jenicks looks like a cartoon  
Spark tools, harpoons are harm dudes  
Wet 'em up while they went away that's a carpool  
Your girlfriend is a bitch and you are too  
She's down for the D too so don't argue  
Fly talker sky walker high offer  
That sour patch holla back if you let the dollar stack  
Cash try to hate but take pics and ask for autograph  
Copy cats hang 'em out the dry like a towel rag  
I told y'all I ain't the runner up

I'm so high I'm literally running up  
Bllunted up, with 2 L's that's a double dutch  
I'm on the bottom she's on the top I'm coming up

(Verse 4)

The beam heavy only got 'em dropping like right now  
Them things heavy on me get 'em poppin' like right now  
Y'all better back down quiet or hide down  
Or have some niggas right now lying your ass down  
'Cause when the beef come these niggas never there  
We gonna bring it to your man so whoever there  
I got them dudes on the streets and they rubber band  
Bullets crushing bones you can see we ain't never scared  
You can see that we everywhere  
Old town beam town, BX the beam on  
Still on the block trying to see checks and seamore  
We ain't gonna stop till the whole team eat more  
We hit makers, we get paper  
Get chicks to taste us, better said we're the best  
And we ain't gonna stop never put it to rest  
Same chum motherfucker we the best of the best

(Verse 5)

Look we all need something to believe in  
And this world living inside of you it's fief  
You can pray to Jesus Christ for your fucking life if you like  
You can be the white picket fence type with the wife  
You can knock her up twice ain't the fucking lights  
From the pipes you know that bitches thrive  
When you come home from work and you find her getting piped  
By some jerk, do you kill her with the knife?  
'Cause the world crushed all that you believed in  
And she's living with the mailman in your crib  
And your kid's call him daddy while their mama drive a caddy  
That those cocksuckers paid for with your bread  
I would rather sip goose from a plastic cup  
Get sucked by my broad till I crush the truck  
I would rather quit a job where they treat me like a slob  
Turn the motherfucking mall to a massacre  
Swear to God I ain't living like a dog  
I'm taking what I want till I'm living in the prison or a morgue  
Talking to myself the television isn't on  
Smoking chrome on the lawn writing rhytims to a song  
That's who I been man, who I'll always be  
I'm stil the same kid back from them hallways G  
So fuck you if the world's against me  
I change the story all around on my MC