

The Years

Slaine

[Intro:]

Lets take em back
To makings of a king
We go back in time
Check it out, yea

[Verse 1:]

Yow
Dreams come through but not for sleepers
When I was nine I go a [?] box and knocked the speakers
Beasties rockin, finger poppin
Girllies by the bleachers
Feening for the [?] but couldn't cop the sneakers
I had the lines of ratsio
Prior to the ball fade of Caesar
In little league I prayed to jesus I would be a major leaguer
But spring fever got replaced by the taste of beaver
Before long a bag of chicken heads and blazing reefer
I ran the streets and learn to find my way through shisty rackets
Rocky Cortez classics and black nikey jackets
But for my dudes that are locked up psychiatrics
I wrote these rhymes for and shadow that I might be at this
My theatrics beginnin
I started pennin what I been in
Drinkin gin and chewin gum
Stakin and a cinnamon
Smokin blunts [?] this is minimum wage
Wrote some day I'm gonna make it with this pen and a page
Sayin

[Chorus:]

The years f*cked up, the years
The years f*cked up, the years
I twist a bottle cap, provide a little hennessy
In the stairs for my peers in their memory
The years f*cked up, the years
The years f*cked up, the years
For years I had felt I was roamin in a cemetery
My own words now I'm holdin on to memory

[Verse 2:]

I moved to New York at the age of eighteen
Left where I grew up
Right before the kids aroun the wayside had the shoot up
Poppin these pills back and forth
With the dust took the bus
Back to mass drive my class
Stack my loot up
Movin with them DMS kids

And now I'm crewed up
Me and Damn One drinking beers
Gettin screwed up
Layin down rhymes on the sample
See with flip doin dips
Turntables and a mike
No computer

No booth from the roof tops
I walked in my tube socks
Smokin oh ops
My boom box breaks from do whop tapes
And 2Pac's great
Shortly after Biggy was killed
It was apparent to me then I'd need my level and will
If I wanna make it either that or head for the hills
Myconnect not that cut off the bread for the pills
But my head was gettin bigger
And I'm head over heels
That's when everybody figured I'd be dead or in jail

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

So I came back home
I'm half dead but still [?]
Addiction was clickin but years in my head they were turnin
And I ain't have a nickle but a flicker
Of the fire that was burnin through
Turn into a ball of flames
In the winter the furnace blew
Friends is on the fringes
Bingin on syringes
Relentless ever since
With my mental in the trenches
Gangsta puttin dollars in my projects
Got a pension for some violence
And this end with no logic
So this is how it has to be
Trapped in a catastrophe
Robbed a studio with cats
And now the cats is after me
Really for no reason
But they gassed up on a half of key
That ain't no embellishment
I'm tellin you it's actually
Before this dude had a chance to put cap in me
He got popped for a robbery
And takin off a jack [?]
I started volume one
It's crazy how the past repeat
Cause that's the same robbery the town will reenact with me
It's crazy