

When I Shoot You

Slaine

I'm walkin through the after hours spot, it's crowded hot and cloudy
From kush smoke, bitches doin E, killin that powder
Rockin rowdy, guys starin like they know about me
Tout me as legend and heard my words and wanna doubt me
Before I came up no one looked twice when I passed
Now I'm just a snake doomed to live my life in a glass tank
It took years and went so lightnin fast
I went from no whip to Navigator siphonin gas
I rode dolo to this party in particular
Sipping liquor 'bout to take this chick to the whip, to give some dick to her
We swallow Marley, Bacardi spillin on my Wallabees
She whispered in my ear and said she wanna swallow me
We stumbled to the car kissin it was actually suckin
Bitin and slappin the whole way we're practically fuckin
But I shoulda looked in back of me cousin I wasn't thinkin right
Never saw the hazards from the Lincoln with the blinkin lights
Anyway she hiked the skirt up, the drugs were gone word up
My dick was rock hard, I slid my rubber on
She started ridin me, the bitch was screamin like I'm hearin her
Plus her pussy's wet, leakin all on my interior
Just as I came she came, collapsed with a gasp
That's when the side of my head felt the smash of the glass
Fuck I ducked down, threw her like a rag doll
Popped my clutch into reverse and smashed a black Dodge and backed off
Popped it in drive, gunned it and crashed more
I started speedin off, saw the rock on my dash, my head is bleedin dog
I got a couple blocks, started gettin sick and my nerves
Hit the brakes and kicked the bitch to the curb

If I shoot you, I'm brainless
If you shoot me, you're famous but now I gotta kill you
I know the lifestyle that I live is dangerous
So when I shoot you you'll forever remain nameless
So don't think I won't kill you, I will do it
I got a child and a home, fuck it I'll still do it
If you shoot me, you're famous
If I shoot you, I'm brainless, so what am I to do?

I used to be starvin with the animals who hungered for more
Moving bundles in the jungle with the gun in their drawers
Dudes got locked up and pinched pushing onion and raw
All I'm sayin is if they coulda they woulda dug through the floor
When the raids came, we all played the game, nobody stayed the same
Dudes got locked up, some died in amazin pain
Many are alive and fightin still to this moment
From the struggle if they gotta they will kill their opponent
So when I tell you I'm a villain I've shown it
The title of a one in a million I'm not boastin now I own it
But that's the same type of thing that gets your roasted now don't it?
When you made it out the shit and wasn't supposed to they want it
I been a starvin dog with the ravenous beasts
Having a piece is mandatory, you get stabbed in the streets
For what I make at a show, when you're achin to blow
Point blank range my bullets penetratin your skull