

Who Are You

Slaine

Is this what you wanted? Shit. My style, I stand in front of it
I got a hundred kids spilling rum on ya bitch
Have you ever heard of a man holding a gun in his lips?
Have you ever heard of Slaine who got hundreds of clips?
Shooting his mouth off, drinking Smirnoff, chew your right arm off
I hope you're a southpaw, me and my outlaw, me and my MC
Hope I don't come back, bury me ten feet
Give me a drug track, I give me a bum rap
Come back drunk, hang you up with a thumbtack
But if I come back I'm a be the illest fiend
Take a shit load of pills and I'm a spill the beans
Sorta like a scene to be seen on your TV screen
A bad acid trip or a bastard dream
A face in the rain, the last to be seen
Four AM behind you at the cash machine
In other words this is the concerto of weirdos
You hear dough in your ear yo
In your whip keep the beer low
In the club put it up, blaze and raise your els up
Now everybody in this motherfucker get the hell up

Who are you? Who are you? Who are you?
I am Krumbsnatcher, I'm the gun clapper
Hitting you with one faster
Who is he? Who is he? Who is he?
I am Slaine with a backwards brain, know what I'm sayin?
So we gonna ride till the wheels fall off
Call your A&R's yo cause the deal's called off
We let it rain, let it rain, let it rain
We let it rain, let it rain, let it rain

Dawgs, you need to stop playing
Cause where I see you, that's the spot you'll be laying
This ain't no battle rap back and forth
This whenever I can catch you I'm a clap with force
Toss heats in backseats, skate off like I'm Gretzky
Watching your whole chest bubble up like it's Pepsi
Double up, let's see if y'all can test me
Cause Krumb come with guns that be blacker than Wesley
Yes he never gonna back down
Dawgy I clap rounds into your hype man in his back now
Smack down that bitch right in front of your face
Clap down that snitch right in front of them jakes
Not cosmetic or synthetic, I said it
When the pressure boil over you let it then get wetted
I'm not y'all dudes that front for the two
The knife will thrust and adjust your attitude
Much older, a chip on my shoulder
Something like a boulder, at ease young soldier
This my life, not A&R created or fabricated
Still standing while most hated
I never have to lose my breath over the track
With a hundred bar verses of the yikkidy yak
Know what I mean? Get my point across sixteen
Incredible Hulk, yeah, out for green
And make it seem so easy, off the heezy
Get greasy, dawgy please believe me