

Drug Dealin Pagans

KNEECAP

Bímse ag crochadh thart le Druids
Powder paraphernalia and fluids
Tine cnámha, amharc suas
Ar an Ghealach, is déan fuaim
Drug dealing pagans
Human sacrifice to become famous
Ní bheidh muid ag dul where the pearly gate is
A priest would have us locked up and sedated
Cos ye can't save us
Le linn blianta fada mhór an chogaidh
Ó Iarthar Bheal Feirste siar go Taobh an Bhogaidh
Ní ghlacann sé I bhfad sula mbuaileann tú le chunky
Blaring rebs doing a half, caitheamh siar buidéal bucky
Ní dhéanaim aon rud nach bhfuil mé ag iarraidh a dhéanamh
Airgead mór má tú lorg mé le canadh
Tabharfaidh mise aire de do mhamáí, do leanbh
Isteach an doras tosaigh mar is cuma faoi do bheannú

Féach, féach, nach bhfeiceann tú é?
Scaoil saor le do ghualainn is glac anáil mhór tríd do shrón
Tá muid beo!
You don't know what's going on, nobody knows what's going on, fuck it!
Sílim go gcaithfidh mé dúid, mar níl aon rud níos deise ná fear ar an bhfliú
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Ag suí anseo le Manchán le cúpla magnum
Ní ghlacann sé I bhfad sula dtéann siad chuig do chloigeann
Aeroplane mode cos there's nothing to be checkin'
Ag iarraidh bheith beo fá choinne achan uile shoicind
An comhrá ag éirí domhain agus snaois dul suas mo shrón
Ye can't buy time, ye can only get a loan
Ach ná bí faoi bhrón it's a softboy-free zone
Tá rud éigin sa spéir cos we're never alone

Nach deas a bheith beo
Ag mothú an fhuacht, ag siúl fríd an cheo
Maidin luath oíche mhall gan stró
Mo shaol gan treo, I came I saw, I gazed in awe
Chonaic mé an áilleacht
Tá eolas ar fáil ansin duit más maith leat
Cruinnigh é, ya mad cunt, sure, why not?
You'll end up with a brain as big as I've got

Féach, féach, nach bhfeiceann tú é?
Scaoil saor le do ghualainn is glac anáil mhór tríd do shrón
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Ah bhaineas ana-
Bhaineas ana thaitneamh as sin
Like, you know, you don't know what's going on
Nobody knows what's going on
Fuck it
Sílim go gcaithfidh mé dúid mór beathaíoch ramhar, aww
Caithfidh muid, mar ní thuigeann éinne an cac a dtuigimse

Beidh mé ar stáitse libh
Beidh mé fuckin' - what's it? - belly, not belly dancing
Crowd surfing, sin é
Gone, le mo chíocha amuigh ar foluain go mortasach