

Nature Of The Beast

La Coka Nostra

Yeah, my talent is so violent, never get no silence Blocks littered with limbs, bodies, and po sirens Murderous wordsmith hold the flow tyrant Fiending for fast cars, jewels, and dough piling Got me caught out there living on hope island Voices in my head that sing in a slow violin Hang the f**king noose, get the rope, tie him in Tell the pope he's old, tired, and fired, now I am him Kiss the ring, Mr. Slaine, vicious slang Spitting all my writtens while I'm pissing in the drain Violent thing, I'm a violent thing Do you believe these slugs from the iron sting? Welcome to the jungle, I'm the lion king Walking up inside the fire, let the choirs sing Cause my pliers got a grip on this entire thing These streets, this game man, you see what I mean man

When your sky falls and your walls come crashing in on you You're all alone now, that's just the nature of the beast Strangers faces stare from different places But I will die by myself right here for you have to take this shit from me

This changes the whole direction, arranges my soul is pressing Got your best friend's ex-girlfriend on my swollen erection I never knew the answer so what I'm guessing No but I'm blessing your whole dome with the holy progression This solely and only aggression born from a lonely depression I paid my dues and this f**king game don't owe me for nothing Or me for ?, my poetry's pacing My dreams walked in dark hallways of a basement I was always so flagrant, so gutter, so street, so pavement If this microphone is made of stone take my name and engrave it in My behaviour has been bathed in sin and washed in a bloody bath Yeah you are your buddies laugh till it got serious Now you know just what he has, it ain't a fake ID or the HIV It's an ability to slither with the snakes I see

Peckerwood status, one man militia, allah akhbar Jihad take my picture Post me most wanted on the FBI Been a rebel motherf**ker since I was knee-high I put Bush on his knees and pop one in his eye It take a whole lot of kush trees to keep me high Plus a whole lot of benjamins to keep me fly You ain't got to keep up boy, don't even try Cause I've been a professional sinner from birth Just spent my thirty-sixth winter on earth Mr. Whitey got the IED suicide bombing on New York trains Hot like top ramen I like bitches with brains I like diamond chains and brand-new sneakers I like revolutionaries, love truth seekers I spit for the heights, the crackheads and tweakers