

Where Hope Goes to Die

La Coka Nostra

Yeah, La Coka Nostra. I shoot you out your body Perform a seance with a fucking shotty I wear a ski mask so that nobody identify me Grimey and grizzily, throw you to the pitbulls like a frisbee Then feed the pieces of you that they bring me Baby, your arm, leg, leg, arm, and your head Even God turned his back on you, holmie, you're dead Just a fragment of your former possibilities and aspirations A casualty in the civil war of a gangster nation My generals pocket death to millions The media spread lies and cash cheques for trillions I organize crime, money and murder synchronize beyond time I move mountain tops without trying I move buildings like super villains Throw penthouses of people and fist fuck porno movie bitches Like Bang Brothers dot com, got money in my palm No love, no smiles, ain't nothing funny, y'all.

I come from where hope goes to die, Where dreams get crushed and the bullets fly. I come from where hope goes to die, La Coka Nostra till I die.

Peckerwood b-boy in the white man's stance Where I come from, soon, the wolves don't dance They stand with their fists and talk shit like this Y'all don't want drama, y'all don't want static You fiend like crack addicts, comeback's automatic Got a douce-douce in my boot holdin' five Got a razor in the other one in case you survive I rep the Gaza Strip, the hunger strike Cousin, bite on your lip, do what you like We ain't playin' no games, you ain't honky-honk When the cats with the guns pop the trunks and dump And the pistols thump and the bodies slump Goin' for Jihad, can't wait to see God A child of the city so my attitude's shitty The livest type bomber out for pure drama Period, comma, P.S. fuck your momma.

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I'm the white guy who gave the whole rap game a black eye Fuck your bitch with a dick thicker than Shaq's thigh You can't nod off, this is a crack high Stab you in your fucking face with a jack knife I love bitches who suck dick and half-dyke I'm just sick, I'll beat your brain, doc, with a flashlight A black mag light, you other rappers fag fight We don't battle, I have your family crawlin' up the bagpipes And the preachers preach, pine box in the fucking facial features fixed Whoops, I mean fixed, push don't mean shit When a dope fiend lean on a custom green whip Everlast, Ill Bill, Slaine, and D-Boy, Lethal, Left Cage We got you? We b-boys who destroy on both coasts Tote toasts and sold coke with gold ropes.

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