

# Bringing Much Terror

Slaine

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I came in the game hungry tryna get this money  
Burning [?] I left my enemies bloody  
I bring terror to the fakes  
They tryna take this food out my plate like we sharing a steak  
Now let it marinate  
'Fore I shake your hand and it break  
Roll up twin 30's Ashley and Mary-Kate  
Now let it resonate  
Imagine who appear at your wake  
Bunch of fake homies now how they appear in your face  
To the back stabbers know lives matter it's all hazardous  
Black magic and black matics we all ravenous  
Unanimously I'm the champion of the anarchy  
Call the ambulance I 'cause a avalanche to humanity  
You do it for the vanity, I do it for my family  
I swear to God there's no profanity in Christianity  
There's no comparing me  
Just carry the bread and Hail Mary  
Rest in peace to my grammy and to my Aunt Sammy

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Yeah, see my journey and path  
And time told me to rap  
I stay home until they burn me to ash  
Their faith for me hold firmly intact  
I could never be stopped there's no turning me back  
Try to talk about yo friends, I'm here with my henchmen  
What is it revenge? I'd rather find redemption  
I'm not making sense? Well in my defense  
We're really not seeing things through the same lens  
Get the picture, know you don't  
But you will soon 'cause we don't play  
Pack your bags, change your plans up and relocate  
Got your future looking grim I don't see no way

You can find your way around being DOA, ay  
I been around for years there's a reason for this here  
Every moment that I'm season, every season of the year  
I got over on the evil I got even with the fear  
I got colder with the focus you can see it in his glare

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I came in this game like I had a war sex scene  
Perceive the Lean and Mina senseis  
The Codeine in my schemes  
My pro method schemes will knock niggas out like promethazine  
My methods trust in me became dope like methamphetamines  
Got gold bars lead will mix with paper making alchemy  
They go hard but every flow they steal they can't amount to me  
No Goyards unless these bitches go the extra mile for me  
Got sonar people know these niggas from the south a me  
I'm still making [?] and dough but I'm still baking it  
And emails kicking in and kill basic with L, stating this but still  
But still all your minds go soft they Bill Gating it  
My will, had to fight hope and loss like it's Phil making it  
But still I'm a Fresh Prince a fly king like enlighten me  
You're like icing to my high cream  
You're a light green to my high beam  
There's no hiding there's no high trees  
Better ask about me  
Don't step on my neighbors who got ass around me like

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