

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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