

Dark World

Slaine

Yo you got a blunt? Smoke it
You got a gun? Shoot it
Bitch take a quaalude, your womb is polluted
Your lies in the soil where the rumours are rooted
It's wrong how we live but who didn't do it?

Yo you got a blunt? Smoke it
You got a gun? Shoot it
Bitch take a quaalude, your womb is polluted
Your lies in the soil where the rumours are rooted
It's wrong how we live but who didn't do it?

They say Slaine he got a gun, same he got a son
I got a full clip and you gotta run, here I come
They say I'm not a bum, I'm an asshole
With a shot of rum and a rotten tongue lasso
Tied all around my throat
Back of the po car, cops found my coke
Blocks surrounded with dope, yo it's drowning my hope
Gun shots found in my coat, my sound is a throat
Being slit ear to ear and side to side
I'm high tonight so ride or die
And if I gotta kick the bucket then I'm a spit the ruckus
We fistacuffers getting hotter than some vicious truckers
Calling bitches' mothers mothers' bitches
It's all about the drugs and riches and how these thugs are vicious
Cut me up, I love the stitches so my gut is dripping
Take my acid tab, I'll show you what the fuck is tripping

Where's my mom at? It's in a grave with Riz
Where's my heart at? It's sad when my niggas doing bids
Where's? at? The heart and soul of both of my kids
What's the point of being alive if you can't even live?
Assassinate the paper, translate the murder plot
Murder cop train for the day we meet
Wise guys play for keeps
Tears and pain for the rips of the game
Thousands a week, eternal sleep, why the sudden change?
I miss our days, I can't get you out of my head
It's like you in my mind every time I pick up a pen
Mixtape 41 for all my sons
Selling crack looking back when life was fun
Now it's not, these murderous nights will never stop
I hold my hat, this life whether I like it or not
We take trips OT to murder these shows
When it's all said and done ain't no place like home