

[Verse 1: Slaine]

Sittin' in the bar, playing Keno on a Wednesday
Pumpin' quarters in the jukebox, MJ
Rockin' Billie Jean, Jilly nodding off, silly
Sniffin' thirty millie beans, wet-brain Willy
Flippin' out, what's he really mean?
I can't hear him, he's incoherent mmmmmmm
Between the swearing and the staring, Sharon a cokey-eyed spooky chick
Kinda crackhead-ish
Bitch got middle-aged hips and a black fetish
Tapping a Newpie ash
I caught a buzz with her, starin' at her groupie ass
Doin' drugs with her, she spoke of a kindergartener
Sipping whiskey, telling me that he'll get into Harvard
I been a part of it to benefit demented hardship
The streets that I grew on ruined by the scent of garbage
What am I doin' here? I can't escape this place
I'm trapped staring in the mirror, standing face-to-face
I don't really need the things I do not have
Where I'm from, when they shoot at you, you shot back
Everybody knows I rose and it's not bad
But now I'm back in a bar room on Dot Ave

[Hook: Rite Hook]

Oh! Here I am
Back in the same place again
Do you wanna know
Where I been?
Or where I'm gonna go?
And when I find my way
Tell me where to follow

[Verse 2: Slaine]

Dorchester, where they pack burners in the whore's fest
More or less, I store four fours up in my drawers
Filled with pills, yayo, bullets, warm cans of Coors
Yesterday's wars, burnt bridges of festering thoughts
In the honor of excellence
Commit seven sins, I live next to hell where heaven ends
I murder stories from purgatory and prisoners
Dead cultures are twisted in this frigid religiousness
Scriptures in the hood, wooden shovels to dig a ditch
Figaro, they treat me like a negro who's getting rich
I take a swig 'n swish whiskey, I'm a bit intense
So maybe I'm a product of this ignorance
It sticks with me, my church is full of serpents
I jerk the curtains closed, this time I'm certain
The police is lurking, I'm out of work again
My best friend just OD'd, I sold some percs to him

[Hook x2]