

I been down the road of hard luck and heartache with hard eightballs
I've seen the men rise and how they fall
I shared broke dreams with coke fiends and now they're gone
While the self-righteous speak easy on how we're wrong
From all angles they're pissed off cause now we're on
It's like I went to bed dead and I woke up born
It's too many floors and couches that I woke up on
I could never count em all but I get choked up
When I think of all my dead friends who roped up on heroin
Shit I probably shoulda been the doped up con
I'm on some spit I rose from the bottom of the pit
Beat the shit out of these beats and beat a problem with the shit
They were saying I'm a beast when my dollars was at zip
Now I got myself a grip and they holler I should quit
Dudes are cocksucking bitches and they're swallowing my dick
Kicking dirt up on my name while they're following my clique
They root for you as an underdog, haunt you as a champion
Wishing they could be him but they're torn up cause they can't be him
That's why they try to smear me when I'm walking with the slanted grin
Every time they hear him rhyme a bunch is what their panties in
So go and pull your hands out the crack of your ass
Term and Slaine is the future, you's are back in the past
It's undeniable we carry Macs in the back of our back
It don't matter if you latins or crackers and blacks, motherfucker

Jealousy and envy are dumb ones too
So Slaine he says nothing, he keeps his cool
I feel this jealousy and envy is dumb ones tools
So Term he says nothing, he keeps his cool

Cause jealousy and envy are dumb ones too
So Slaine he says nothing, he keeps his cool
I feel this jealousy and envy is dumb ones tools
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I got punchlines like banks, frontline like Hanks
Me and Slaine are gonna remain the most hated
Cats rocking them B hats to make it
And I ain't trying to make this erase
Cause every colour got haters, everybody that hate us
For? rush all got exactly what they paid for
So tell me what you gotta hate for
If you don't like us don't front like you do, just say so
So what a life, my gutter life is nothing nice
My mother might pray to Christ I don't take your life
But I dream hella green and permit the scene
Amphetamines, hookers spitting, Martin Luther's dream
I'm on some music shit, please don't make me shoot the shit
My ludicrous lyrics delivered up some ruthless
Easy with assignment, diesel want to find me sleeping in the parties
Probably wanna creep and leave me as a carcass
I've been honest I'm an artist, I was hated on since (when?)
Since I wrote the hardest novels in Lawrence
I can roll up on your squadron with the tool
But Term he says nothing, Term he keeps cool