

Everything Once

Slaine

I guess I'm anti-social, anti-trolling and ass-kissing
I'm too official for brash dissin' for fast listens
My pedigrees different that of a tactician
An assassin to mash you with fists in then leave your stash missing
In the tradition of dishing out ass-whippings
I'm itching to smash - you get the gift of a [*cracked*] vision
I got a new vendetta
My shoulders are that chipped in
When you never been better
Your flow is just back-shifting and changing
They say that you changed
Like you lost your hunger when you made it through pain
The same people that hated you, degraded you, threw shade at your name
Full of bitter lies to criticize the way that you came
I'm too creative to claim, I should be fading away
This life I built outta the rubble wasn't made in a day
I had to fight harder tougher even suffer for it
Fuck awards
Every inch I struggled for made me love it more
That struck a chord, fuck it, something to recover for
Buckle down and hustle even on the days I wasn't sure
Give it everything I got, nothing less nothing more
All's fair in love and war
As if God said it you can only be what you earn
But I'm hard-headed I guess you gotta bleed and you learn
I been waiting for the fuel needed for me to return
As if fire ever needed a new reason to burn

I got a lot of life to lose
And I know what it's like to lose
Everything once
Oh when I came back
I broke the rules

So here we go again back into this madness here
I guess I'm addicted to playing with this fate
It's like the beat of a drum is all I have to hear
For me to be numb from everything I hate
It's been too many years down this rabbit hole here
I just can't find no other way to escape
I know the world is insane so I keep swirling the drain
But fuck it maybe that's what drives me to create
I been an outsider outta the gate colliding with hate
My pride and mistakes smacked me in the side of my face
But I didn't fold cause I wouldn't break
I didn't have a dollar to borrow or a tomorrow to waste
I know I know pride yeah it's such a horrible taste
To have to swallow mine and find another bottom to scrape
Maybe I'm outta time or luck and stuck brawling with faith
But I guess this is how it feels when you're falling from grace
To be a king once, King Kong in his kingdom
Bells I would ring them, hell I would bring some
I rode it till the wheels fell off, a shell with no engine
Take a look around and you been done
Nah but I'm still alive
If I could properly describe the way that I feel inside
In unstoppable fire when the black sun fell

In a world with no skies now I'm back from hell

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