

Going Down

Slaine

I don't expect nobody to understand
They never understood when I told 'em where I was tryna go in the first place
So now that I'm here
It's like you understand even less
You get your own conceptions of what I am and what I'm supposed to be

From where you're standing, It looks like I'm on top of the planet
A hundred million dollars sex tours rocking
The pop of the camera
Propaganda they got you thinkin I'm hoppin out fandom
But I'm not, I'm in the lab knocking out anthems
My feet are in the industry and in the street
Of the wodka I'm slamming
Jealous whispers got me cocking the hammer
My hellish instincts are still with me
Same brothers, whether to be killed or kill with me, yeah
We still here, I got values instilled in me
That's the code of the corner
Manifesto of the street
Told through the odour of marijuana
The future that I owe to my son, the life I owe to my mother
My righteous road of dishonour
Isotone with gloves on my palm
Icy cold staring crazy savage
Walking the same streets I grew up in, pushing a baby carriage
And fame stressing me and my Lady's marriage

Where do I go from here
Up's my only option
Cracked the billboard hundred
Dying to make the top ten
Everyone that grew up with us from the hometown
They life's like jets in the Hudson, going down
I can't save 'em when the fight's only one round
Mary J. Blige, cause I see 'em all going down
But I am on the rise, and though I prophesise
This is from the bottom of my heart, I apologise

Okay my album's getting pushed back off sample clearances
And I ain't hiding from nothing, create no appearances
I connect with my fans with no interferences
As long as I understand this, I can't miss
I made a vow to speak for my people, display it proud
If they don't listen to us then I say it loud- er
My brothers locked in the cell couldn't be prouder
All my best friends are dope fiends, hooked on the powder
Sometimes my lyrics of struggle is what they look to for power
Promise to ya, I'll never be shook or cower
No I'm not a coward, I stand for something like a tower
Higher than a eiffeltower
Reign with the rightful shower my word's my bomb, bond's my word, word is bond I said this to you on a curb
I swear to God that my mom said I was absurd
But I'm sippin that bottle calming my nerves

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This is from the bottom of my heart, I apologise to ya