Hardcore

Slaine

Okay, let's go, you's can skip the discussion
While I abuse the music, rip the percussion
Y'all motherfuckers wanna come and get a hit what I'm puffing
I'm vicious enough for the fit, I'm full clip in a Russian Roulette game
Come and get slain, same wet brain going on a trip down forget lane
With no memory, hold Hennessey, I'm East Coast
Y'all motherfuckers so Tennessee, can it be that you-
Know I'm an enemy, demon that's deathly
It's all right, I'm seeing scheming [?]
It's all night of being in a sketchy bitch
With a seeing eye dog and a liter of Pepsi
So let's see when the rum come out
If I ain't the only one when the sun come out
To be up and reup, you see us with three sluts
I put a ring around their eye and give 'em a free nut

(So you wanna be hardcore?)
With your hat to the side, I'll take em from the left
I'll take 'em from the passenger side
Drinking Henny with some bottle caps off 'til I'm fucking crashing the ride
(So you wanna be hardcore?)
With your hat to the side, I'll take 'em from the left
I'll take 'em from the passenger side, aim at the flame
That'll have your brain number than 'cane, you little faggot

You know I'ma dumps hot lava on your armour
Lead'll shred your vest and pierce through your bomber
Pray for Ramadan when Jaysaun's upon ya
The drama have you in trauma yelling "mama"
We don't believe you, instead, we leave you
With two tubes, one to feed you, one to breathe through
A thin line between nameless and famous
The stainless, disconnect your neck from your anus
I can't tell if you're even breathing
Your scalp flapped open, hairline receding
Incoherently mumbling like babies teething
Your body heating, heartbeat abruptly leaving
Ignite the cartridge, spark the revolver
Discharge enough gunpowder to dissolve ya
A shrapnel grenade deformed your frame
Jaysaun, Krumb Snatcha, and Slaine, motherfucker

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So you want to be hardcore?
So you want to be hardcore?
I'll fuck around and get hardcore

Split your avocado right there when I bust ya
Got you on your knees, more confessive than Usher

Cut ya, gun butt ya when you test me
I'm giving worse ass-whoopings than the UFC
I'm the king, shamrock, don't jam Glocks
Get your ass duct-taped and hog-tied right while your man watch
Camels don't spit, they let out a loogie
While niggas hit the ground like extra rope on a bunjee
Stop dreaming, I leave your body steaming
Scorch niggas, American or European
Korean or Japenese people, I'm blasting these
Hammers with the speed of some world class athletes
Who's the hardest? (Me) That's being modest
Got more balance than them trapeze artists
So admit it 'fore the bullet hit the logo in your fitted
Jaysaun, KS, and Slaine did it

(So you wanna be hardcore?)
With your hat to the side, I'll take 'em from the left
I'll take 'em from the passenger side
Yeah, yeah, all-black hoodie, fully masked when we ride
(So you wanna be hardcore?)
With your hat to the side, I'll take 'em from the left
I'll take 'em from the passenger side, aim at the flame
That'll have your brain number than 'cane, you little faggot

So you want to be hardcore?
So you want to be hardcore?
I'll fuck around and get hardcore

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