

## Intro

Slaine

- As I was going up the stairs I met a man who wasn't there. He wasn't there again today. I wish, I wish he'd go away.
- Where did you learn that? Where'd you learn that poem?
- I made it up when I was a kid. I made it up.
- What else do you remember from back then?
- Don't beat around the bush, doc. Don't beat around the bush, don't beat around the bush, don't beat around the bush, doc!
- Who am I speaking to what right now? What should I call you?

My name is Slaine and I'm back. I'm back, motherfuckers! I know you heard the word on the street, yeah. I ain't got a buzz for no reason. A lot of chattering and chattering. Keep talking shit. Is he nice? Is he not? You be the judge.

It's been a long time since you might have seen me or heard of me  
Rumours that I OD'd, OG's that murdered me (Oh please)  
My whole steez knocking on death's door  
Respirators, doctors pressing my chest  
George is back from the dead, Slaine is back to reveal it  
Brain is still on those drugs like an egg you cracked in the skillet  
Got a segment that hate me maybe, a faction that feel it  
I'm a keep rational rationally, I'm back to kill it  
Heard the whisperers whisper, heard the snips and the snickers  
The vicious chattering chattering from the mischievous bitches  
And I'm sick of the bickering and the stupid indifference  
If the white man is the devil this is Lucifer's kitchen  
With a ruthless addiction on the cuckoo that's cooking  
Not a ballerina but carry a two-two in Brooklyn  
I'm a crook with a crooked rhyme pattern  
Mind scattering, fuck battling, talking  
I'm leaving the nines chattering  
My squad is DMS, yes, you may need a rest, yes  
They're deceiving in jest, put you in the EMS  
This is no backpacking, I'm back cracking  
It's that cracker whose rap smack of a certain vernacular  
Walking a thin line that flirts with spectacular  
Scratch that, I don't even flirt with disaster  
I harass her like Kobe, fuck her in the ass after  
I'm taking the first snicker and having the last laughter  
The psychopathic bastard slash past the slash rapper  
Slash actor, leave you slashed and hacked up  
Blast master, crash classic spazzing with the flow pattern  
That you couldn't imagine having  
Passing avenues you couldn't travel or fathom  
I have em unraveling, dabbling, babbling  
Stabbing myself in the abdomen  
I'm a ravishing maverick with the clarinet larynx  
That's sturdy and worthy of science experiments  
Demons and spirits are just out of my heritage  
Here I come, cause like my ear is numb every time I hear the drum  
I'm a freak of night, scared of the sun  
Let me remind you one time exactly where I'm from

This is Zero Street