

# Night After Night

Slaine

Night after night, the same old story  
Day after day, the same old thing

I came in this game with integrity and a provocative promise  
Stepped in the booth with my youth sipping vodka and orange  
Juice, I sip it, it beat beefs and rocking performance  
Mind in a cloudy haze and my shotgun's enormous  
I'm mopping the floor with you dudes with legs that couldn't run fast  
In the hood where guns blast heroin is king it never meant a thing  
I ain't getting young fast, I'm getting older  
Now I got a colder smile than I ever had  
Doggie I'm a hater, I'm forever mad  
You never never never led and got a head that I could sever fast  
Shout out to I'll Bill, Cypress Hill, and Everlast  
DMS we ride the storm until the weather pass  
My fists forever fast with combinations  
An abomination even when I'm calm and patient  
Sleeping like a trauma patient  
You claim king homie you live in your mama's basement  
I'm a knight at the round table chilling with God and Satan

These are the words of a manifesto and I'm the author of it  
The razor blades spit to leave a slit across your stomach  
The wisdom and change are trapped inside my torture summit  
They fall asleep in the tub and leave the faucet running  
Am I a visionary prophet cause I saw shit coming?  
A reflection in the glass with the crosses hung and  
I'm a young and dumb and full of cum but I could pull a gun  
For no other reason, show you where the bullets from  
I spent many nights getting bent with Henny right  
Writing rhymes staying in my lame that shit is plenty white  
Come on I came up and making it happen  
But I'm taking back, whoever thought I'd make this shit rapping?  
But I'm here

I'm going for the gusto my brothers, I fuck it up for my nukkas  
Throw dice with my right hand just a couple bucks from a hundred  
See him paint the picture vivid like he must have been from it  
I ain't never gave a fuck or adjusted to none  
Holding bottles in the air drinking substances from it  
I been through the dark, I know what it was to become it  
I plummet, fall fall into the madness  
My habits got me on my knees crawling to sadness  
My ladder's got broken steps mad at what matters  
And mad at the mirror, I leave the shit battered and shattered  
I've had it with addicts, I've had it I'm erratic erratic piece of st  
atic  
In every junkie who lives in a shack, peace