

Pissed It All Away

Slaine

Yeah, yeah I don't want to be famous
I just want to be rich
Just forget what my name is

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
My nose got me numb from sniffing
I had enough and I had enough of rapping
I used to have it rough
I was mad at f*cking life
Thinking I was back at luck
I had a f*cking wife
I was always up at night
In the hallways I would write with the vengeance in the engine
The depression they would reven
Go to sleep at 7
Wake up at whenever
It's my little slice of heaven
This is who I dreamed to be ever since 11
Pills rattle away my script bottles and I love the sound
Momma ima go and get high and never coming down
Momma im a rockstart
Momma im a fool
On TV but I never took no drama into school
See me when I walk around really your the last snap
Pictures of my fat face
Want my autograph
I should watch what I'm saying cause it's reaching to kids
But I'm drunk all the time and I speak what I live

I just want to be rich bitch
I don't want to be famous
I don't believe in my own hype
But I?
I just know what the game is
So when they lay me 6 feet deep
Trust me this is all to say
How he came from the bottom and rose to the top
And he pissed it all away

Is is he dead
Is he drunk
Is is he dizzy
Is he really
As he says
Is he really getting busy

All around the world with the stizzy from the city that he reps
Yeah he's still their get shitty on the steps
Juke you with the right then he hit you with the left hit you with a pistol
Get you splitting through the your It's habitual
It's Assisting you with death
I'm positioning in the christian
And the baby with rabies
It's a vicious thing it's crazy
Cruze my life away on the lazy
Sunday afternoon with a dime on the patriot
A hood rich junkie with a mind of a atheist

So what's the make in the model of the pot that you piss in
When your cadillac is repoed
Your job position is dropping low enough to cause a f*cking heart condition
Your a middle aged over weight rock musician
Narcissism is doc it's a harsh condition
Once the glory and people kissing your ass is missing
Their blood is in the water and the shots are fishing
Public tearing you apart with the stock precision
See once upon a time you had a claim to the fame
And became another faker with a name
Used to be a?
When you?
Now you struggling to stay up
So I wouldn't be the first and I'd hardly be the last
Hiding out in hollywood on molly
I'd probably be he's trash
Party with the rich
With Bacardi in my glass
With the audience that left for a party in the past