

## Rats Maze

Slaine

If it's one thing I hate in this world homie it's rat mazes  
Can't stop, won't stop damn

Up in front the dollar store stood the whore  
She's up to no good before  
Walk into your crib high heels hitting no wooden floor  
Sky across her abdomen, brown eyes shitty face  
Cold so cold amongst the projects, city scapes  
A fat man is fucking her his pop belly hangs  
He reeks when he breathes  
Jesus she got fangs  
She's stranger than a stranger, she's dangerous  
She played atari while old man smoked angel dust  
Back as kids hanging on the bench of cracking bearing  
Her boyfriend so crack he's back to rack and tearing  
She dropped out in the 10th grade but the sack is smack  
And after that got kicked around like a hockey sack  
Shit is a cold world for a girl  
She never had a conscious she only had abortions  
Beggars can't be choosers,  
You eat shit in rationed portions  
This is a story about a bitch back in Boston

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Can't stop, won't stop damn  
Force me to look places to look for bad people  
I can't even explain that  
The dangerous, the ruggedness  
The pressing, tell 'em  
Can't stop, won't stop damn  
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Little man's broke, plus his mom struggle with cold pops  
An OG that Oded last screams made his veins freeze  
On the southern smoked over chilling in his shoulder  
Screwing in his lap he cooked his smack, gave us all a slap  
From the greatest crap he died from a fatal zap  
Besides that, his nesses is smoking rest  
Far from blast, rising questions  
For the one's who'll die next  
Starring at the pie racks  
Up in the projects watching his mom scrip the lighter  
The pipe even tighter, she took a toke  
Filled her lungs with smoke  
Held until she chocked, and blew a cloud from her throat and spoke  
Like this is the cope reason to cope and pour a C note  
I purchase 5 20's with the money rip the plastic bag  
Placed a rock on the glass, and yelled the second glass is strong  
Drag the churk and rob the ash  
Cough like an old hag like little man paces the bad  
Praying for paces with the paces in Boston mass

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Ayo, purp smoke blowing in her hair now she going hard  
Door knockers on the air swimming slobbin oggs  
Live on her knees but worship ain't the purpose  
She giving hat service, slurping niggas for purses  
Open the closed curtains, she fucking everyday y'all  
Clubbing every night different players on the radar  
Smuther around the way y'all day long no stopping  
Mels in and out the box she the post office  
No dark physiqués bitch pop and burnin  
Fry a nigga wig Malcom X with his permin  
Vermin, all in the apartment squirming  
Dirty laundry, pow dishes no detergent  
Words she done play a few, snooze and she 'll take your dough  
Canari type for a wife can't mistake the hoe  
Got a couple nigga hit, round she don't give a shit  
Nothing new same old script just a different beat

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