

Still Here

Slaine

Slaine is dead, the wizard that remains instead
A shell of a hell bound vampire whose fangs is red
Strapped to the detox bed where they chained his legs
And when he talks they wonder what the language says
He bangs his head, shakes like a Vietnam vet
With a gold tooth and no use in either arm yet
Limbs are left in Asia, sands a second nature
Death's a destination, my breath and resuscitation
An excellent explanation, the Genesis of the menace
Exodus of the patient, the rest of the medication is finished
When it's gone he staggers up to his feet
To snatch victory from the agony of defeat
I'm back out on the street with a purpose
Feel it in my spirit, you can hear it my verses
Lyrics and the merciless purge to disperse all the circle and serpents that's
working to murk 'em
I'm still here

You would rather see me locked
You would rather see me hopped up
Pyre in a box but
I'm still here
You would rather see me down
You would rather see me drown
You would rather see me fall
But I'm still here
You seen me burn it down to the ground
But I turned it all around, it's obnoxious
And I'm still here
I done seen and heard it all
Been through drama with my dogs
With my back against the wall
That's why I'm still here

Term is dead, bitches wanna burn his bread
Set fire to his empire, curb his head
Can't put 'em back together what the surgeon said
She got raped by the Devil so the virgin bled
They wanna kill you, and they wanna destroy you
Your friends hanging with your enemies ain't loyal
Your bitch hanging with your homeboys ain't loyal
This is for my real ones, nah this ain't for you
Everybody talking 'bout, "Is you Illuminati?"
Yeah I sold my soul for some Henny and a molly
And even if I did and you would say I did probably
Cause I got this shit poppin', the success made me cocky
The balls and the chemistry, lyrics and the melody
Presence in the hustle but the grind is my specialty
Line 'em all up just to die if they threaten me
And fuck it if I die as long as you die next to me

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A-N-T-I H-E-R-O

Feeling gassed up, fuck whatever makes a car go
The Monte Carlo, the black Tahoe with a cracked throttle
I used to steer with one hand holding a Jack bottle
Ducking five-o, rim cracked on the pothole
The fuck if I know the impact that'll follow
Through the windshield still in back at the bottle [?]
Rinse, wash and repeat and I'm in jack for tomorrow

Do you wanna die?

Do you wanna look in the eyes of the guy committing the homicide
The men in the Maga [?] line, at dinner I had a line
No food just white wine and white lies
Sociopath with a couple of hooks in the bath
I'm on the wrong path I be going loco with cash
I hook soft on the devil, hit him slow with a jab
These crabs in the bucket tryin' to reach up and get smashed

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