

Dirt On The Name Of Steven

Zheani

Aaron

I can't forgive him or myself
"Na zdrowie!" Pour it out for health
Just a mutt bitch that grew up in hell
And fuck, I got stories to tell

They called my dad a creeper when they stripped me away from him
On sad days I believed them, dirt on the name of Steven
Teenage cuts, cuts that ain't stopped bleeding
To feel is fuckin' freedom, I got my Eastern Dreamin
Swimmin', he's a fiend, chances are he'll make a scene
There he goes again, rude cunt, real cunt
(Yah) Mongrel blood is deeper, drownin' with no culture
Some boys think they're predators when they're really vultures
Hell is bubblin' over, tell me can you smell the sulfur?
Take another toke and melt into the sofa
You need a bad man to keep the bad men at the door
Only God is keeping score, I'm Madonna and the whore
And they keep on wanting more and I keep on letting blood
Even though I gave it all, mind's racing back and forth
Shoulda fuckin' took that call, reaper man was at his door
And when he died his heart was sore

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These country kids are spittin' as they're calling me a freak
But I'm on a winning spree, despite of my pedigree
Always thought I was better, my momma calls me judgemental
That's why I'm not sentimental
And the past I have left it behind
But the guilt it is still on my mind
At the funeral I couldn't cry
I rap this shit with tears in my eyes (Yah)
I find it hard to sleep, cunt
I'm thinking of some whack shit
The demons of the past are always fuckin' in the back seat
Sugar cane and bad heat
Mosquito bites and dank weed
The kids that once harassed me
Will never fucking pass me
Red dust in the rear view, I can't fucking see you
I got a bad man, he keeps the bad man at the door
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, mother fuck the law
Bubba grew up poor, that's why I want it all

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