

Slaine

"Slaine Iz Like"

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Yo, lots of impossible things happened to him
Who hasn't forgotten his dreams
Even though he hangs with the rottenest fiends
Who keep heaters on the waistline
Right behind the pockets of jeans and vodka to drink
And I am not obscene just to be obscene
What I say is what I mean, I mean I am just being me
And you gotta live with that cause that is all I can be
Man I wish on every star I see
Till I'm adios, ghost gone and laid down, the RIP
With any sick track and sold song on my CD
I gotta look back, it's so long as far I see
Seen mommas covered in love, later mobbed with grief
Seen times smothered in drugs I could hardly eat
My later teen years I fell down in part of the streets
In my 20's I became something that's harder to beat
Man this lifestyle's taking sanity out of me
My friends are dead or locked up, strung out and
hopped up
Hopping out of trucks jammed watching for cops' cuffs
This is not plush living, this is living from adrenaline
rush
Definitions of a feeling that you never can trust
Love, lust, crush, pain with the heroin flush
If the lust is what the devil is peddling us isn't heavy
enough
I'm unemployed, can't drive, and my Chevy is fucked
Yo, I guess you live, you learn, you play the game
You change from your struggle, never stay the same
Man I spit fire with halos, Heaven and Hell
S-l-a-i-n-e is the letters that spell Slaine

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