

Slaine**"Something To Believe In"**

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(Verse 1)

Er'day I wake up to the same shit

I've been caking, G

But nowadays the more niggas hating

They in the cut sitting patient

Waiting for me to meet God or Satan

I'm in the streets where the killers roam

The villains know if you fake like silicones

You talk about it but inside the kid will grow

And under pressure he'll fall man I should've known

Shit I deal with tryin' to make a mil quick

Still sit in front of a real chick to chill with

I know about a dollar neck froze upon a collar

O's and the cameras goons, holding on a llama's tec

Blowing for the drama got a choking for your mama

Why she blowin' on his gamma getting low in the

Bahamas

Slaine salute, get on some lyrical shit

It's a miracle I ain't spiritual the shit that I live

That real street shit

Real niggas that I eat with

Let the heat spit, getting caught on sea shit

Running with killers so the greediest can't

It's Lou Armstrong AKA the city is mine

(Verse 2)

3 things I hate girls, women and bitches

Spit venom I hack spit vivel collect it

Cynical feet a lyrical dick I'm hot

I'm tip a stick the miracle whip I'm not

To be fucked with period lips

With them pyramids I'm beverage with spiritual ficks
next to me

Your whole crew is a terrible mix

I'm a don you're a pawn America's bitch

And you're quick to verticle flip

Which means you snitch and heard of a tip bitch

Nigga skin you and turn you to mix

Magic similar to an urban who's sick

Tragic, that's where to a turban that ticks

Flowin up memorial , satorial showing it's fixed
You're an orphan and me I done fathered you
And often I'm awesome, the chips I done off with you
It's big deal , but the deal might cost you

(Verse 3)

Moroney, I'm the best bar one
These lame ass rappers got bars none
I shit bars it's a bar stool
High off the lips and the jenicks looks like a cartoon
Spark tools, harpoons are harm dudes
Wet 'em up while they went away that's a carpool
Your girlfriend is a bitch and you are too
She's down for the D too so don't argue
Fly talker sky walker high offer
That sour patch holla back if you let the dollar stack
Cash try to hate but take pics and ask for autograph
Copy cats hang 'em out the dry like a towel rag
I told y'all I ain't the runner up
I'm so high I'm literally running up
Bllunted up , with 2 L's that's a double dutch
I'm on the bottom she's on the top I'm coming up

(Verse 4)

The beam heavy only got 'em dropping like right now
Them things heavy on me get 'em poppin' like right now
Y'all better back down quiet or hide down
Or have some niggas right now lying your ass down
'Cause when the beef come these niggas never there
We gonna bring it to your man so whoever there
I got them dudes on the streets and they rubber band
Bullets crushing bones you can see we ain't never scared
You can see that we everywhere
Old town beam town, BX the beam on
Still on the block trying to see checks and seamore
We ain't gonna stop till the whole team eat more
We hit makers, we get paper
Get chicks to taste us, better said we're the best
And we ain't gonna stop never put it to rest
Same chum motherfucker we the best of the best

(Verse 5)

Look we all need something to believe in
And this world living inside of you it's fief
You can pray to Jesus Christ for your fucking life if you like
You can be the white picket fence type with the wife
You can knock her up twice ain't the fucking lights
From the pipes you know that bitches thrife

When you come home from work and you find her
getting pipped
By some jerk , do you kill her with the knife?
'Cause the world crushed all that you believed in
And she's living with the mailman in your crib
And your kid's call him daddy while their mama drive a
caddy
That those cocksuckers paid for with your bread
I would rather sip goose from a plastic cup
Get sucked by my broad till I crush the truck
I would rather quit a job where they treat me like a slob
Turn the motherfucking mall to a massacre
Swear to God I ain't living like a dog
I'm taking what I want till I'm living in the prison or a
morgue
Talking to myself the television isn't on
Smoking chrome on the lawn writing rhytims to a song
That's who I been man, who I'll always be
I'm stil the same kid back from them hallways G
So fuck you if the world's against me
I change the story all around on my MC

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