

Slaine

"The Deadzone"

Visit "[The Deadzone](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1:]

The return of the boom bap sound so watch a beast
rise
They're watching me now, I got the street's eyes
American rebel, I'm throwing peace signs
Peeling in a tinted-out truck, the seats reclined
Bitches with D sized titties hollering he's fine
Every since my bank account followed with G signs
In this foul country I love I live on the east side
The east coast, specifically reside
In the home of three stripes, land of the Celtic green
You wanna step to get at me I ain't seldom seen
I'm in the Bean daily unless I'm on tour
Unless I'm posted up at Cali banging a blowing whore
Or banging off four-fours if I gotta shoot em
I put a bullet in you, let's see if you're not a human

[Verse 2:]

I'm the freedom fighter ghost writer, Slaine's a religion
Violent criminal with no priors who ain't in a prison
Got my eyes on the prize, it stays in the vision
They switch blue green to hazel, what's in em?
Basel and cinnamon, pizza slices for days in my denim
My hoody tied tight rocking Js in the winter
Steady planning my invasion to enter
The rap game's like a pussy, sprayed my eggs in the
center

And I ain't afraid of doing federal sentences
I'd rather spit paragraphs of venom kid, the most
venomous
Fuck the devil if gods win then send em in
Tell em if hip hop is dead I'm the medicine
Look at the state that my goddamn head is in
It's only a matter of time before they let us in

[Verse 3:]

So the question's do I fall off and throw it away?
Do I go back to having nothing left with nowhere to
stay?
Do I continue to fuck with death and go to the bay?

Or do I make this music until you know what I say?
I'm the voice of the leaving sick dead and depraved
Hopeless and lost, the temptations that led me astray
Will this game I hate so much it led me to stay
I guess I ain't the same motherfucker you said I was
hey
On the corner I was known as a loner
In the industry I'm a broken microphone, a goner
I'm the lost soul at the crossroads
I'm the harsh reality to believe in, you pray I'm not so
Jesus Christ I'm precise repping these three stripes
Even when I'm overseas stepping with these Nikes

Visit [Slaine](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.