

Slaine

"The Showdown"

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[Verse 1:]

Hip hop is in the blood of the soldier, I told ya
Rip hot tracks till my spit boils over
Next best thing since platinum I wreck
I'm back like the monkey on Michael Jackson's back
In fact lethal dose in your tracks
You can't see me like a cataract, you don't attract a crowd
All my young bucks came to get down
Lose your mind and start a pit right now
Motherfucker get loud, ain't nobody gonna stop us now
They wanna take it but they don't know how
Let me tell you this is my world, my life
My stage, my mic, the southpaw's always ready to fight, a'ight?
Big Left, let's put the bullshit to rest
I'm one of the best loyal to my family crest
Man I swear to God I'll never let em take it
This rap shit is mine and you fuckers can't take it

[Chorus:]

Yo we only come out when the sun goes down
2004 time for the showdown
Pick your mics up and put your flows down
Rack your Krylon and bomb the whole town

Only come out when the sun goes down
2004 time for the showdown
Pick your mics up and put your flows down
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[Verse 2:]

How can I spit? It's so much emotional pain
I'm broken, insane, vomit and I choke in the drain
A tale of a blood trail, [?] insane
Finally you learn to love Hell, I roast in the flame
I'm closer to fame, I'm better than most in the game
Alive and breathing even though I'm supposed to be slain
One day I might snap and put the toast to my brain
I'm ghost, adios, I'm not supposed to be staying

Some more lightly, it's unlikely

There's a million MC's and you ain't never met one like
me

Put me on another realm, tell em how I'm flipping it
Bring me to the mainstream, I wanna piss in it
So here's to peeing in pools and being a fool
Here's to every bartender keeping me in a stool
Here's to all the pretty women now who's leaving the?
And fuck you little faggots saying we isn't cool

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

They never showed me no love so I ain't showing them
shit
Fuck you and the horse you rode in
Posing as if you're hard as?
You're folding under pressure, me and mine stay
winning
We crack fools like cashews
Slap you so hard we rip off your tattoos
Bad news, [?] assassin and good news
We hood dudes keeping the toasters and two-two's
[?] handle that, can't talk shit and run from me
I snatch your Adam's Apple to watch you plummet on
some dumb shit
Made a mistake now learn from it
Ain't no way shit don't stay gravy when the beef coming
I see [?] sporadically, your whole style's faggoty
You're in the shower privately sucking cock in the
county
It hurts, doesn't it? The truth's a mother, isn't it?
You ain't even gotta answer that, I'm convinced you're
a bitch
My existence is this, that of a street soldier
These speculations and miscommunications to catch a
boulder
The power still, now how does it feel?
[?] shower the real, now you a snail, deal
With the cruel and unusual leaving contusions in you
Got the coroner confused like what the fuck did he do

[Chorus]

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