

Slaine

"You"

Visit "[You](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Slaine]

Ladies and gentlemen
There's a lot of people have to thank
For gettin me where I am today
But most of all... I wanna thank you

[Chorus: Slaine]

You sick of my fat face? Sick of my fat basslines
And unapologetic rhymes that I spit cause I'm sick of
(YOU)
In this rat race, I'm stuck at a fast pace
So everybody back up and fall in line, yeah I'm talkin to
(YOU)
With this anger, that's fuelin my engine
When I'm back with a vengeance, to aim every
sentence towards (YOU)
I'm breakin in windows, and hoppin the fences
I'm here lookin for (YOU, YOU, YOU, YOU-YOU, YOU-
YOU, YOU~!)

[Slaine:]

Yeah; the game is full of crabs, the world is my oyster
right
The snakes in the grass with a poison bite got a voice
tonight
My pen screams anger you ain't got the voice to write
The choice to like, I hoist the mic, it's a heist
Jesus Christ, my forehead's covered in thorn cuts
Head full of robbery visions, powder and porn sluts
I was born nuts, grew to be more crazy
Raised by Scorsese and St. Ide's 40's, I'm all hazy
Slanty-eyed shorties look at me crookedly
In high school I cracked fortune cookies
Bet with the bookie and played hookey
Puffed Crazy Eddie and leaky-leaky until it took me
To a state of grace, I processed it in my database

I realized that you haters ain't shit to me
My future's my destiny, my present's my gift, I'm makin
history
My past was catchin up to me but damn it I outran it

I used your hatred for motivation and ran it across the planet

[Chorus]

[Slaine:]

Who told me I had rules to follow there wasn't no way around
And was faced with a chance to stand up and dance but was layin down
Who was talkin while someone else was doin and layin ground
When it was time to speak up, who didn't even make a sound?
Who had certain thoughts they always tried to keep from me, fellas
Like I couldn't see it, tell me who was secretly jealous
Who said they woulda, coulda and shoulda
Never understood or put a foot in the game
Splashin the mud outta the gutter
Do it stitter-stitter-stutter, who's the idiot that muttered
The cocksucker who hated on me, every word I uttered
Who had the balls and the ego to be called an amigo
Like they down for the cause, but we saw shit and we know
You a faker, a phony, a fraud, guess they don't know me at all
Can't even look in my eyes, you ain't my homey or dawg
You just a bitch and a snitch, you just a fag with no balls
I'll throw my fist in your face, watchin you stagger and fall

[Chorus]

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