

A World With No Skies

Slaine

I gotta piss! (Yeah)
Back in the studio - woo!

Yo this is no experiment, the buildin of a pyramid
A revolution for the deadened eyes of the spiritless
I am not a hero with the heroin
I am merely buried in the fearlessness and swimmin in adrenaline
You don't understand where my head has been
I was starin at a television, droolin from my medicine
Fallin in a rock bottom hole that would never end
Now I'm bangin on the fuckin door screamin let us in
Fuck it let's pick up the pace, I got some yay and liquor to taste
And enough guns to stick up the place
He got a rhythm vision in him and a burner that talk to him
Earnin a buck, don't stop, determined as fuck
I hunger for blood, sleep deep in a dungeon of drugs
I'm like a dope fiend who does dirt and runs in the mud
I had an uncle who's a junkie and my cousin's a thug
Violence is like AIDS, it runs in the blood

I live in a world with no sun
Where everybody's high and we all pack guns
'Til the day we die we fucking stack funds
Cause we live in a world with no sky
This is my world! I live in it and die in it
People always used to tell me that the sky's the limit
But I live in a world with no sky
Yeah I live in a world with no sky

Scrapin from the rock bottom turned me to a hustler
Now I got the product that I'm pushin to a customer
Powerful narcotic powder crushed to give a rush to ya
Anger and aggression, I'm a fuckin bag it up for ya
People wanna know where my head is at
I've been beatin on a kick when I was down 'til my head is cracked
Driven by a rage and they never could get rid of that
So I took my motherfuckin spot, try and get it back~!
I'm too on top of my speed, I got a pocket of greed
I never sleep, my eye sockets'll bleed
Before I ever let you creep up on me, that shit's just not gonna be
That'll be a future that you're not gonna see
My team is a squad of derelicts, of Demons and Gods
So when my back's against the wall I can even the odds
We fight for the cause even if the reason is wrong
The winter is freezin, where I live the season is long!

Olde English 40 bottles, brown paper baggin
Stinkin like a fresh bag of weed, pants saggin
Had a vision back then like you can't imagine
No exaggeration, I am what you can't fathom
I'm a phantom, they doubted me and told me that I can't um
All it did was teach me how to fight and now I can't run
Can't walk straight, it ain't even odd
I'm heading back to this Hell, I don't believe in God
At all, at all (at all, at all)