

Angel Dust

Slaine

When I was a young man - scratch that, I am a young man. When I was a young Boy I wanted to alter my mind with a substance. I tried every little thing That I could smoke or sniff and every pill that I could chew or swallow. It Made me high but inside I still felt hollow like there was no tomorrow so I Resorted to sniffing this dust and drinking this bottle.

Why do I do what I do and have what I have?
I make myself into what I have pictured myself as
Picture myself bad with a pad erratically
Vicious, I felt mad at a world that had it for me
Watching them scatter, scurry sideways and laterally
In a hurry, judgment is bad, vision is blurry
I got the ugliest attitude in this rhythmic flurry
Shivery misery, look at this smile, isn't it ugly?
Chipped-tooth grin, heroin sin
Evil wordplay spray ever since I've been ten
Have I forgot to mention my name is Slaine?
I am famous, the shameless, heinous, aimless
Reign to strange on some deranged shit
While my ego's even bigger than Ving Rhames' lips, amigo
It's like in Spanish, you don't understand the language
That I came with, let's take a purple rain hit

Every fight that I get into, lose a little bit of blood
A little booze, a little drugs, litter crews in little slugs
Bitter news to get a buzz, spit it, you's a little bug
My girl thinks I am the worst mama, considered thugs
Me and all of my friends cause karma had shit on us
We switched to yey instead of dust, dismissed what they said of us
I took my time, never rushed dust, my lust must be
Choppers and screwdriver point plus a trustee
My guts are bigger than my nuts, trust me
I puffed enough els and huffed enough paint to cover a Huffy
I lie all the time, it's getting harder for my mother to trust me
I'm hungry motherfucker, my cupboard is dusty

So here I am as an older man and the world has only gotten colder, man. I Don't know the plan. A lone soldier. Damn. Look what's happened to me: When I was a boy looking to that substance I never thought it would come to This.

For each different crew, I slipped into
The gutterish hunger and sicker addiction grew
It crawled in my veins, it's a ball and a chain
It's a demon on my shoulder that keeps calling my name (Slaine!)
I weep with the willows, sleep with the pillows
Creep with the silhouettes deep in the middle
Secrets and riddles, anger and smooth steel
Pulling the trigger cause I don't know who's real
Know who's who or either what's what
How can I believe? I'm so deceived and fucked up
My poetry bleeds on these rosary beads
And I'm looking in the mirror at what's supposedly me
Look how you've grown into this ghostly MC
Look what I've known, I see how must of them be
Society's streets, I'm another casualty
Fogging up the window looking through the glass at reality