

Yo would you believe in a ghost who's breathing in smoke?  
Weaving divine with the reason with the heathenous soul  
No, you would never believe it even if it was so  
I can't breathe when I rap, wheezing must go  
Spitting backwards with the rap slow  
I'll ruin Christmas bitch, I'm Ebenezer you know  
You little cocaine freak baby your nose  
It's too easy, it shouldn't be a breeze  
When I blow I'm sleazy  
Low down shitty and greasy  
So you can read a book but all these idiots need me  
Imagine trying to see this fucking shit on your TV  
Or the CD showing you Chlamydia VD  
This is hip hop, it never pivot or leave me  
That's why the politicians can't get rid of graffiti  
And why I walk around in parts of city that's seedy  
Stealing from the rich just to give to the needy

This is my dream, this is who I am, what I mean, man  
And this is where I been, what I've seen  
City lights, dime store hookers, crooks and the crack fiends  
You ain't listening, you ain't hear what rap means

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I was not writing rhymes like I'm Kool Moe Dee  
If you could see the future I wouldn't believe what you told me  
When I was sixteen I was pissing to OE  
We grew up fucked up and dawgs turned to dope fiends  
And it sucks when you don't even know what hope means  
closely  
And you thought that your future would just be so free  
It's what they told me, it wasn't the truth but so be it  
Homie, mama why the fuck did you bring me in this world?  
How can I have babies and give a break to my girl  
When I'm out of here speaking with the medicine look  
When everything I am and all I ever been is a crook  
My medicine's took, look doc, that ain't gonna fix me  
Look cop, you ain't gonna frisk me, get me?  
Piss me off like I ain't even a threat  
They know what I'm about but they don't even believe in it yet

So maybe this is just the end of a closed-ass chapter  
And I ain't gonna be nothing but an old-ass rapper  
Who never made it, a has-been who never was  
And fiend to take an aspirin so I can get a buzz  
Cause it really ain't the talent that is making you blow  
That's the reason why I'm violent and I'm breaking your skull  
But no money ain't the reason that I made up the flow  
I just came to change the game and shake up the show  
rake in the dough  
This is the truth and it couldn't be nakeder yo  
My, I would love to have my skills wasted I know  
I came too far, no matter where you go Slaine you are

A man who just followed his dream  
Really achieved something that is impossible  
Some really believed that the negativity was ever killing me, please  
I'm laying back with a Heini and a Philly to breathe