

# Snake And The Fatman

Slaine

This here's the Snake and the fitta-fitta-Fatman  
Bagging Gs for the bitta-bitta-Batman  
We shoot the bullets to riddle your fitted cap, fam  
We blam then we ghost in the tinted black van

Back at the bar sipping on a black and tan  
You ain't a pusher man, you couldn't move a half a gram  
You never heard of us? Yo you'd better ask your fam  
This is Snake and the Fatman

It's Slaine and Jake, two fucking snakes in the grass  
If dudes are sleeping, you's better wake em up fast  
As a matter of fact I'm tired of being gracious to cats  
You want to hate on me? Here I come hating you back  
Got a cocaine habit and a case of the clap  
Got a crew of maniacs who are wasted on Yak  
With gats waiting to take you in the basement and back  
Duct tape you while you mumbling, cut you while you stumbling  
You know how I got my place on the map  
And it wasn't from being a bitch and having patience for that  
I rep the DMS squad and the Coka power  
This is World War 2 and you are Okinawa  
Fuck that, it's Hiroshima  
Lucifer, no one more ferocious or  
I mean Lucifer, yeah I got the noose for ya  
It's great when they hate but still gotta get used to ya

from Jake the Snake, what they expect?  
Huh? Love and respect, just cut me the cheque  
Whether it's bail money for G or letters to Touch  
It's never enough amongst rebels and thugs  
I'm levels above the below  
My steez and flow, even my clothes where aura gleam and glows  
They just can't compare so they stand and stare  
And it's damn unfair but that's the territory  
Thankful for what's here before me  
A bartender's baby, a drug dealer's son  
Perfect combination, create the realest one  
Burn herbs in conversation with your girl sipping rum  
Stack my funds yo, I was moving dumb dro  
When y'all was just moving peanuts like Dumbo  
So when the push economy gets refunds low  
I'm on my grind like a pimp with one ho