

Cousin of Death

La Coka Nostra

Glory fades and glory days ain't always what they seem
Give all I got and make my salaah and dream my broken dreams
I crawl inside, ball up and hide, tuck my pain away
And hope to God I fall into a sleep where I can stay

We all got bills to settle, we all got a price to pay
And if I make it through the night I can fight another day
They say it's better to burn out than it is to fade away
I just hope to God I can fall into a sleep where I can stay

[Verse 1: Slaine]

It was a couple of years ago that I started becoming numb
No one could understand where all my words were coming from
Having visions of a nine-to-five, a wife, a blunt, a son
Of a life of hustle getting by with some of the running gun
Is it best to be a crumb? My ex says he's a bum
Lashing out in violence whenever my destiny it hung
In the balance, rum, I'm drinking gallons, some think that my flows
Are more poetic than the poems of Edgar Allen Poe
But I know that I'm at a challenge though
I can hold an old Calico to my dome and let my talents go
Shit, I spent my whole life around the violence so
I planted seeds of hate oh I let my habits grow
I slept with the homeless, I copped with the fiends
Lost the love inside my heart, I even forgot what it means
Seen the ripest nights turn into the rottenest schemes
But through it all I have never forgotten my dreams

[Chorus]

When the gutters fill with blood that's spilled from friends that pass away
And memories of eulogies while standing by their graves
Just trying to survive we wind up living lives like slaves
I hope to God I can fall into a sleep where I can stay

We all got beef to settle, we all got demons to slay
And if I pray all through the night I can fight another day
They say it's better to burn out than it is to fade away

I just hope to God I can fall into a sleep where I can stay

[Verse 2: Ill Bill]

Rest in peace to my homie Sob
I stand before an altar of open sepultures and coffins
I heard Javier got killed, it didn't seem real
With an army of goons drinking straight vodka to deal
We live and die by the gun, wear our hearts on our sleeves
Even though our compassion's destined to die on the streets
What's left over a cold hollow murder machine
With an appetite for malevolence, perversion, and greed
When one of us dies we don't really learn anything
Outside the funeral doing bumps, burning trees
Plotting revenge, crying over fallen angels
Sometimes your friends die the most awkward strangers
I can't lie, sometimes this life makes me a stranger to myself
But I'm pulling myself together, it's bigger than just me
As I spit this bear witness to truth
My unborn seed listens while I spit in the booth

[Chorus]

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Lyrics submitted by Aristotle.

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