Flesh

soulunique

[scratched]"Get off the mic and get off the coke!"
"On the count of three"
"1...2..."
"one for the cuervo, two for line"
"Get off the mic and get off the coke!"
"Get off the coke!"
[Chorus: Slug]We came here to slit your throat
You came here to sniff some coke
Kid don't fall like all the rest
Cuts through soul and cuts through flesh
[Slug]When they started to scream
I thought I might, geez, singin
"Everything good ain't as good as it seems"
Get ripped like flesh, you got kitten's pride
I'll make a mess on your set and your dress
Handle my business, or handle your princess
When I was younger, was no different
It's all effort, taste the sweat
Screamin at the earth, cause she don't hate me yet
Slug HAS to give a fuck, I know better
MAN, I'm just a rapper on luck
Still stuck in the same mind state I grew up
Still paranoid, still waitin to duck, What
Tryin not to get caught in the plague
Got a lot to say before your dumb ass walks away
Load up one verse, let it boom
Like a gunburst and left your head sun burnt
[I Self Devine]Can I... run up in your settlement
Should I... bring wash like the government
The flow is dangerous as unguarded children
Runnin the streets in a project buildin'
So desensitized, got no feelings
Numb to the world, 6'4, with the 5 foot ceilings
The math is inaccurate, broken dialect, English ambassadors
Henesey fifth to the lips and the blunt of this
Weed call, great food, seutures, we feelin it
I be porno whipped, house looking show ownership
When we know he just a worker
Makin five fifty somethin, barely controlling shit

Keep frontin, I'ma hurt ya
Now your face getting scraped by asphalt
Off a somersault, flesh wound
Bring in a bag of salt
[cut sample][Musab]Surprise y'all, come to bed

My nut stains look like wet Wonderbread
White and thick, I don't ever bite my lip
Give a damn if you like my shit
The box is full of foxes
Standin topless, lickin the splotches
Here kid, want to sniff some coke?
Rhymesayers Entertainment, we ship the dope
Your dick's short and funny like Piscopo
Give it up, man, how you gonna stick the dough
Pay me anyway, and you can have that tramp
I can get another lady any day
They gonna ban my shit like Joe Camel
Come off like a sandal, spittin the flow ammo
Believe it, get a pack of Whitecastle Cheesesticks
And PEEP the remix
[Aesop Rock]Smart for the whips, fiddle frame parchment
March for the clique, Jughead motor like a mineark on the power cables
Chewing through the ?? My slang letter dopeman pretty
No free pony rides, no basket of kittens
No Playdoh fun bags to reep for Christening
Little courts rainbows, Pegasus and Wizards
Just me shoving caine in the gash in your throat with the premise
Middle of New York with a sack full of action
Cash with the school kids toke crack with magnums
Def Jukie, jet black, black lungs, black hoodie
Both crushin with a musket pressed to the musk of the budget
And I'm a must of the crunk shit
YOU GET DOWN
You don't know the meaning of dope anyhow
You probably think I'm a joke by now
But we got more clay and more coke then y'all
[Chorus - repeat 2X][scratch samples]"Good God!"
"Oh my God"
"God, God"
"God Damn!"
"God helped me change" - [Slug of Atmosphere]
"Pray to God that you could be like us" - [Grandmaster Flash]
"God damn...damn" - [Run DMC]
"Oh my"

"Lord!"
"CUT!" - [James Brown]
"God Knows!"
"GOD GOD GOD"
"Oh Lord"
"Dear God" - [Snoop Dogg]
"and damn it"
"God Damn!"
"Good Lord"

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