

# 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