

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