

# Hey Young World

Snowgoons

It's I'll Bill the abominable, I'm sicker than vomit in food  
Osama Bin Laden of goons, you're all mine to abuse  
You don't overstand me, homie, you not in my shoes  
You not built for these weapons I use  
The most focused, La Coka Nostra overthrow culture  
Murder monarchs, overdosage of my murder mosh parts  
Hard like hitting cars with bazookas  
Been the future, crucial manoeuvres confusing to the usual consumers  
Who you fooling? The people are restless  
You're like a Judas Priest molester being castrated screaming for vengeance  
At the cathedral bleeding appendages rendered offensive  
Medical attention denied, you bled and you died  
Nowadays kids pose on the front page of the newspaper  
Holding automatic assault rifles  
We'll send you to God, we're all lifers  
Contradictory at times we all devils and we all righteous

Hey young world, streets are cold  
They're washed in blood, not paved in gold  
Once they get a grip can't break your hold  
A walk with the devil can't save your soul

We be everywhere like air  
Every year you should see me  
Industry in the streets, anywhere but your TV  
This little attempted murder case couldn't keep me  
I still be overseas like Blood graffiti  
Put a Decept to death, don't get it twisted  
cause I look so good in it, go get your biscuit, bitches  
If you don't like it or love it, ain't gotta like it, I love it  
We can fight, I like punching you niggas' lights out in public  
The sight of a lot of your blood's like a stop sign  
And when I'm done I'm like, "Ugh, fucked up my Nike Ones."  
It's Mr. Monster, Mad Rocco, pop toast  
Pop ex and finger pop hoes at the same time, homes  
Worldwide boot camp your champion  
in charge of them cannons  
animals with the flammables  
While y'all niggas all romantical bitches

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In the cauldron of chaos and violence I'm conditioned with this vicious habit  
Broken dishes, liquor bottles in my kitchen cabinet  
Empty baggies, pill residue, prescription plastic  
You're witnessing the withdrawal of a twitching addict  
These streets is like a twisted labyrinth  
I'm dripping liquid in the glass, pour it from the bottom of a fifth of Havo  
c  
In the midst of madness I switched it and spat it  
Quick paper dripping and lyrics scrawled cryptic and scattered  
I write, I'm alright, it's just savage, hustling and switching rackets  
So I can stay a step ahead of all you snitching maggots

Of course I'm shooting to live rich and lavish  
But your outfit ain't about shit, we're cut from a different fabric  
The sin is addict, it's cinematic, I been erratic  
Since I heard the corner call and went and had a glimpse  
I hopped the fence and hit the ground running when I fell  
Now I dwell in purgatory just a block away from Hell

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I keep fighting war, I keep writing raw  
Classic shit updated, Street Fighter 4  
You a sucker for love that keep wife and whores  
Drive an Acura Integra, so '94  
I'm so shiny boy you can look at your watch  
Don't look too long duke, you might get shot  
Gun blast, bullets rubbing your bones  
Shoot a guy in a suit and tie, nigga, I am Brother Mouzone P!  
Ain't nobody fucking with mine  
David Patterson can't see so you know we rob the government blind  
Stuck in the grind, niggas still hustling dimes  
Hustling dimes, duke I get you stuck for your shine  
Rugged is prime, you are a thing of the past  
Leader of the new school, I did my thing in the class, P