

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