

Yeah...Peace to the god, Jus Allah
Doujah Raze, what up?
Snowgoons (Peace)
Boot Camp...what up?
German Lugers...aiyyo...

The god send you back to the Earth from which you came
Backsmack Earth, wind, fire and rain
Elemental, the god get busy to instrumentals
Yeah you get busy, but that's all in your mental
I sent you a note sayin', "Son, don't rhyme"
You ain't listen, in turn he got burnt with the nine
Here's a gun, there's a gun, just...everywhere's a gun
I guess everybody pussy, scared to shoot a fair one
I will Larry Holmes your dome, Shane Mosley your homey
Felix Trinidad your dad, duke you don't know me
Riddick Bowe my ho, punch the bitch in the face
Run up on her like anime, eat this cake
Eat this eight, slugs inside of your mug
Got the Eagle from Balegal plus I'm puffin' on drugs
I'll wrap your dome, no dough, no rap
Freebies get VD, yo ass get "clap," P!

"We got guns!"
"Got them German Lugers, with them hollow tips"
"Guns!"
"Put a fuckin' bullet in your lips, swallow this!"

Are your parents home? You're not old enough to be left alone
May I come in? I have to use the telephone
So, what's to do 'round here for fun?
I know, show me where dad keeps the guns
Look inside the barrel, I think it's not loaded
Pull the trigger back, here, hold it
Oops, my bad, you're fuckin' dead now, look what you did
A little soul, arose up out the little kid
Are you a bad ghost or a good ghost?
Man I'm bored, I gotta go now, thanks, you've been a good host
Now time to light the good smoke
Aww shit, I left the bag of trees in my other cloak
I'm tryin' to get blazed, what the fuck's on? P and Doujah Raze
Each second I'm sober is like days
I need the bright green haze inside my head
So I can laugh about your silly little child that's dead

Take a toke, this perfect
When I fill my lungs with the smoke and start workin'
Leave the mic hurtin', murkin' on you mercenaries
You ain't got no rhymes duke, searchin' through the dictionary, keep my dict
ion scary
Peep the visionary as I creep precision carry through the deep
I throw shade on your sleep, yeah
Come one, come all, it's the bumrush
You can find your face on the floor with your lung dust
The fuck? These mic skills are no frills
And I don't need the hype of the blow and no pills
And I can take a flight 'cross the ocean, no bills

And I can keep my height through the low with no ills
And I can build overseas with the boom
Sean P., Doujah Raze, Jus Allah in the room, yeah
Smokin' boom, gettin' regular
Tryin' to get some food for the show, madness, et cetera, yeah

Snowgoons...DJ Illegal
Dat...We up in Germany
Deutschland, muthafuckas
"We got guns!"