

## The Curse

Snowgoons

The say the mind is a terrible thing to waste  
So my every rhyme is designed from a spiritual place  
Get the time, I'm some kind of a lyrical great  
I drink wine from the vines of superior grapes  
How you think I carry the weight? They got me very irate  
I make a classic, it's a habit how I bury these fakes  
You can't compare me to snakes? I never bite, I never crawl  
On the mic I'm somethin' that you never saw, this is raw  
Y'all can't be serious? These jams is hilarious  
I leave you bloody like the first man to have a period  
Period, I ain't gotta write no more  
But since the beat kinda nice I'mma write some more  
Fight your war for what? Little cash, little checks?  
So when I die you can put a little flag on my chest?  
You a fag with a rep, I got shotties for your men  
If Obama don't get the spot it's probably not for him  
Enough black men do good to only get shot  
That's why I'm good in the hood, I don't need to get the props  
I only need to get these thoughts off my brain  
Chopped in and slain, let JuJu Mob in the game!

Write another verse and send another curse

Here comes the storm, get your talking on, Sicknature's  
Back from the dead like motherfuckers been reading the Necronomicon  
When the sick person is talking I murder the market  
I'm a monster, kids trying to see me searching the closets  
If incompetent knuckleheads are being slumberers  
I'm sick, I kick in the fucking door and slap 'em out of pajamases  
Y'all fakers believe that I've been racing on cheetahs  
My face is the thesis to standing tall in my laces Adidas  
From unlucky to fuckin' up, now sucka, buckle up  
I'm sick motherfucka, plague wouldn't touch me with rubber gloves  
Half-steppers stay beneath me, the rap shit'll never leave me  
I bring thunder like Thor and swinging this hammer to AC/DC  
Fuck you if you think this shit is improper  
While I'm lying rappers be pushin' keys thinkin' they're hustlers  
I'll show and prove, never do it for paper  
Leave the cake you want to your maker  
Or move for Snowgoons and The Nature, motherfucka!

The Mob remains, we was just in the shadows  
King of kings, Kamachi and Cauze, brother of pharaohs  
Cousins of killers, fathers of felons  
Don't no light no weed around us, we'll abolish your section  
You got juice? You will get bashed to a pulp  
Real talk, years since the status was caught  
Hundred and eighty-seven songs, that ain't half of my vault  
Hell froze, paved my way out on a path made of salt  
Me and 'Mach made of fire, ain't no passin' the torch  
You pass, I'll be passin' the pork, I'll splatter your thoughts  
West Philly where I rep, where my passage was taught  
Wildin' up the block while granddaddy sat on the porch  
Watchin' the news with his back to the room  
I grew up with kids who swam with crack in the womb  
Now they're sellin' the same shit, pops died on the same strip  
Shower your rhymes, powerful as the gauge kick

Or with a tangled web, I leave you maimed and dead  
Without a microphone I make you fuckin' bang your head  
My anger's fed when I get some heat from Waxwork  
The gat burst, would have been a hitman just learned to rap first  
Used to be a fat jerk, now I'm a skinny one  
One man, one gun; I go to war with anyone  
You fuck with JuJu Mob? That's asinine  
We don't have to rhyme, nigga, we'll settle this by blasting nines