

The Hatred

Snowgoons

God I think the world is about to collapse! C'mon!
The buildings and walls are are falling
If you don't know, you should by now
It's the motherfucking Snowgoons in the building
And you're rocking with Singapore Kane and Slaine
It's 2008, dummy

All eyes are staring at me, people watching the villain
They see my rising with the rebels to the top of the building
Being stuck down at the bottom is the vilest feeling
Desolate soul for vodka that's swilling, popping the pilling
Jealously swirling in their eyes, they're plotting to kill em
But I been there and believe me, I ain't forgotten the feeling
I lived the dark nights and heard the pain crash from the ceiling
I mean the raindrops hang in 'caine spots with dealers
Now fighting a different war, smoking less, sniffing more
Every week a different chore, every month a different tour
I got a gang of haters everyday I piss em off a little more
Whatchu think I got a fucking pistol for?
Jealousy's a disease that affect my enemies
They're scheming while they're sipping on the Hennessy
Me, I'm overseas making G's like I stick banks
Rocking mics, sniffing foreign coke out of Swiss francs

We bring the devastation, never a moment of hesitation
When we smash your face and leave your blood pasted upon the pavement
The sons of Satan, keeping it rugged, fuck the debating
Whatchu talking about? You weak, our fury is full of hatred

It's no benefits trying to test me and my affiliates
Soon as you consider it we smack dudes illiterate
Sidestep the petty shit, forever it's a militant's mission
To get the cheese and stretch it like mozzarella sticks
Test me, I'm ready, my girl got my machete
And she's ready to cut your throat like Chequeta in Belly
You as hard as a rock, now you sweeter than jelly
No one believes the shit that you spit on the telly
Despite how you live your looks I'll never play by the books
The silent kid in the room is really the biggest crook
Pulling out the biggest jux you'll ever nook
Fight to the death with guns and knives and left hooks
Dudes talk the talk but they don't walk any similar
We'll separate your soul from your body like oil and vinegar
High off the sticky, insane when I'm sober
Spit poison in my verse like killer cobra

The style raw, kick it rugged like it's sting'll crack your face
It's the mind place ditched me in hell what I create
It's the rhyme squad, some of mine is gone with the wind
I'm better than half you rappers who faking it like pretend
To the end I'm a murder this, MC's keep on observing this
I hear you bite my shit and they're gonna find you where the murder was
I kick it I'll sick twisted acapella when I rock a fella
Rolling with dime bitches and cocking?
My rhyme is torture, slowly pulling out your guts
While your whole body soaked in alcohol and paper cuts
Then the knife slides into your right thigh

You think you might die, you right, you see the visions of your life fly
Right past you, my clique'll really bash you
Into your skull then suck your brains out like a vacuum
My backroom is filled with goons and street thugs
Killers hate love, sweeten your and pull?