

The Goat

DJ Kay Slay

Polish track, Cory Gunz
Produced by The Goat

My father said If I ever caught a body don't tell him
Cause the call it conspiracy, they probably go jail him
Niggas get disrespect for you shoot him in they place
I got niggas who would attack you with rugers to they face (dam)
Only you in your own shit, bail out in the morning
A lawyer go free 'em like they want they jail out in the walls
I spit in your mom's face, run down pops
Scared your kids with a bunch a guns down your block
Make you hide up in your bitch, in her ass
I could flip in a flash, dip in your stash, ripping pass
Leave 'em motherfuckers stiffing the past
Am living the mass, cause personal
Merking you and twisting you ass (Street Sweepers)
Make me a grammy and enough to slide your rizon
And not even a tele, front a bunch a Jez
A dental, I don't give a fuck, am tell him what I had bad temper
No tolerance for none a you trash rap niggas
I could see the pussy, I could hear it while I was smell it
What am tryna say is that I could tell that you teling
I'm a young money hitter, out for nothing to get yuh
Anything you do my account is for the Militia
My niggas head of horns, many horn bought
Before I was Indian, I was a war lord
What am tryna tell you, is am all for it
We could do it with the sword, all for ford
Am a cidal maniac, that's what am going towards
Niggas tryna win me back, but am rolling forward
Used to sell pines now down the small court
I used to poick types now am found with all sorts
On the stoop I sit nights, thinking how to go porch
I use to switch bikes now am down to go Porsh
Connect like reconnis, still you choosing
I told 'em give me something when niggas think it's finish you still shootin
g
I need something that just whistling and spitting missiles
Make families get tissues for late issues, paying for their niggas
That wrap, a grip pistols, hand full a niggas, that stack the stick with you
Grands on my bitches and sex is dismissals
Hands on my niggas get clap with cris nickels
All kinds of cows customize like cars
Leave a nigga with a C-section style like scar
If you spitting and kicking, imma find that smart

Hungry niggas, they kill you for them klondike bars
My mind is hard looking for my mom like mars
Times got hard, twisted as side like jars
My nine not fall that nigga can test it if he want
Get his blood and his oxygen, and exit it if he want
Tell him to tell his partner, he can catch it if he want
Ain't nobody could stop us, so we stretching it if we WANT
Hands down, am old for this globes, cause am over disposed
Took a brush with death, open this nose
Rather die for a token, am old, but gone broke and expose
You'll find a motherfucker broke and expose

Took an rib cage off those clothes
I ain't with the bullshit, That's why I got a smoke to they nose
Shorty wanna be my drag queen, it's a grind thing
Only ring we ever go share is a crime ring
Niggas fabricating how they witness a rhyme rhing
How you put in work if he ain't letting his time ring
I don't mean to bitch when I bring up the side thing
Fish in his shoes don't think it's a fly thing
Humble but am remnant at the same time
I dis a nigga and make him feel like a frelic the same time
On my second spray with the same line
Am nice with the cage nuns and I hate whites and K nuns
Never in my life was I gayshun, I do my slave time
That's why I hold my titles with brave mind
Shooting bad before am Trayvon, fuck with the brave one
Bring it to your mother like Avon, anything I palm is nevon
Arms of string palms, let it syncro pause like Akon

Anywhere I go get my shake on, honey buns on their heaters
I go get my bake on, go get my cake on
Keep it quite low but I stay on
Earn a pair a wings when you your cape gone
Cause you ain't Cam nigga, you could die
You ain't fam nigga, traffic in the mattic
But the tool ain't jam nigga, I got a mental block
Am not really your socialite, shut a party down for star
Get the promotor tight, gimme your lamine upfront
Clean the dirty you, I'll give you all the mind upfront
With the neat 30th set, imma stretch you and your pearly assets
Ain't nothing special niggas waking up to early effects
They rap tough and got the barbiest chest
My philosophy is one shot a change, anybody that test
Nigga find me in the lobby assets, niggas probably should jet
Cause the vet's after IV the pest, and they smart for you, had drown me a be
st
Crack a niggas heads and that's the obvious bet