

Goons

Hanumankind

Now this one's for my goons, yeah, the ones in the room
You assume are a problem, when we just trying to live
Vibing to a tune of our own, you don't know
Never knew how we function, so baby, what's the deal?
Hit them with the Boomshakalaka, have them running to the chopper
Get the tools out the locker if you will
Got you breathing fumes that'll take you to the moon
Got you and the whole platoon proper buzzing, how you feel?

How you feel about it, baby?
All the shit that we calling common, that's the shit you calling crazy
Ooh, got them shook
That's the shit we deal with daily
Pay the price of how we living, it don't matter what they pay me
War time ready, it get heavy
And it's with a heavy heart that we pull up with machetes
Had to cut some fools off when they talking like they get it
How we get it, you don't get it, fuck aesthetics to a real life menace

See, I come from the land where the rich and the poor
Got the largest abyss that's between themselves
So we learn to go hard even if we don't got nothing on us
Or the world gone to shit, give them hell

Now this one's for my goons, yeah, the ones in the room
You assume are a problem, when we just trying to live
Vibing to a tune of our own, you don't know
Never knew how we function, so baby, what's the deal?
Hit them with the Boomshakalaka, have them running to the chopper
Get the tools out the locker if you will
Got you breathing fumes that'll take you to the moon
Maxo, Maxo, Maxo, Maxo
Got you and the whole platoon proper buzzing, how you feel?

Trigger Maxo Wacka Flacka, Chrome Heart Junky
Busdown cuban, lick that chunky
Dirty clip dropped out like flunkys
I'm big bossin', we done got some, only discussion is money
We press Xanax, X and Percocets and serve them to a dummy
Lambo' truck is bulletproof, shoot choppers through the roof
VVS is diamond necklace Johnny Danh bust down my tooth
We go to jail and tell him lies, you drop a dime and tell the truth
Big persona, new Death Row, we bang it out like Suge and Snoop
We put pigeons in defenders, Maybach Benz a pigeon coop
Niggas signing million-dollar deals they labels can't recoup
Wish you first on every shoot back, always got the ups on you
And if it's up there, then it's stuck there like a dildo in prostitutes

Now this one's for my goons, yeah, the ones in the room
You assume are a problem, when we just trying to live
Vibing to a tune of our own, you don't know
Never knew how we function, so baby, what's the deal?
Hit them with the Boomshakalaka, have them running to the chopper
Get the tools out the locker if you will
Got you breathing fumes that'll take you to the moon
Got you and the whole platoon proper buzzing, how you feel?

This that super fly, this that get them hype
Watch them bodies drop, still, we on the rise
This that fuck them up, this that battle cry
My shit super ill, your shit ill advised
Yeah, that's fucking right, wild out through the night
Wild out through the day, what's the difference? I
Do not give a damn, you just give me time
We gon' let them know, start a fucking riot