

Head Buss

Snow Tha Product

You gon' need a helmet when you hear me and you'll probably need a neck-brace
Life's a bitch, men are jerks, and rap's a chess game
This game's mine, I just started, checkmate
I been telling you that I'm the best, fuck what the next say
And if you wanna try me here I am, let's play
You 22, spitters coming, watch a TEC spray
I'm out in New York straight up out the west bay
Showing them that Mexicans are so much more than Ese's

And you ain't got to check the stove because I'm what's poppin
I'm in the lab, every single thing that I cook's hot
I'm spitting fire, so of course I'm getting booked off
And I keep coming up in conversation like good gossip
I'm Snowwhite, miss pale skin, black hair
Look no further, best female sittin' right here
I got 'em wondering 'cause my advantage is unfair
Pretty and I got more verses than a book-fair
And if you hear my name, I bet you're asking "What, where"
Hi hater, I got a secret I must share
You talk a lot but it's 'cause you will never compare
Hate me 'cause I'm flying and you crawling and you're stuck there
Yeah, this talent is done where
But fuck with it if that's how you end up slump dare
You male rappers talking mess but you gon run scared
Cause men can get murdered by a chick ask mr -