

Buried

Snowgoons

Black hoodies, black gloves, black shirt
Put you under the dirt, putting devils to work
Black jeans, black boots, hat low
Fuck with the Savage Bros, get buried in black snow

Burning on trees, ganja [?], no sticks, no seeds
Chief that green leaf, mind stay at peace, contraband in my sne
aks
Forever free, riding till the wheels fall off
Or I cease to breathe, waiting patiently
With a nine placed in the waist of my jeans
I conquer demons, homicide chalk at the scene
One love, one life, one sun, one king
One shot, one kill, one scope, one beam
Warfare, another loss, another tragedy
Another victim to the streets, another causality
Big shot, get your wig rocked
Full block on gridlock, hit spots until we get it all
Out for the raw, bitch your face to the floor
For la familia, that's what I'm doing this for
Go through Hell to reach the heavenly doors
I'm in it to win it, gotta get it, better get yours

Meteor bright shower the block, watch for the landmines
Jaws drop, feeble religions follow the anti's plan like
Burning the leaf, giving me slant eyes
[?] duck through debris, go to my campsite
Space wars battling comets and star patterns
Kneel to the pharaohs, surrounded by rings, call me Saturn
[?] putting shards up on the boulevards
So act hard, seen to Heaven to ask God
Meet your maker, soul controller, supreme holder
I move the paper, hit up the block like young Sosa
Okee-doke, a multiple blunt smoker, the chieffer
Allah reefer, [?] Bob Villa
Your all-seeing scope, your dope correcting your lingo
I ain't no hero, holding the dice hoping for zero
To [?] my ego you'd need at least a thousand more people
Ghengis Khan concur your land, wait for the sequel