

## 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 sneaks  
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 chiefer  
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