

Foreign Language

Snowgoons

This is underground music made from the streets
It's worldwide we communicate over beats
You can't understand us, it's like another language
We speak it fluently, see this is Foreign Language

I be the untamed animal with no owners manual
Contents under pressure, flow extremely flammable
The most slept on but on the low though
A legend like Lochness, Big Foot, Ogo-Pogo
Yes Side Effect the rap dude
Stress The White Boy with all the tattoos
Philly shit like the '86 crack crews
JBM, OK Corral rap over foul tracks
No show tunes, Side Effect, Snowgoons
I don't write rhymes I write flow charts
Silent but deadly that pierce your neck like a blow dart
You on The Source, I'm in camo on the front of Guns & Ammo
Cause what I spit'll take down any breathing mammal
Feel my hunger you can touch my stomach
Whoever want it they can get just like Sparta 300
I ain't even blunted, I don't get high, I'm so sober
But imagine if I did smoke ya life would be over

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Here's another masterful worthy of five mics considered classical
Beats that snap ya clavicle, Rhymes extremely graphical
What I write is timeless you can feel free to quote it
Cause it means more today than back when I first wrote it
Like ten years ago and I'm still rockin tougher
Plus you buy this for ya kids it makes a great stocking stuffer
Knowledge me, do your Hip Hop genealogy
Honorably, I hold mad degrees in Bangology
I'm like a young Cass Clay so you know my title
You're useless as a ashtray on a motorcycle
Blowing in the wind my razor tongue will exfoliate your skin
Like a mud mask, but this a blood bath
I'm a mongrel, a brute inside the booth
A uppity negro that's so crass and uncouth
So gimme a pound now and try dissin me later
But why try, trying is just the first step towards failure

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See I'm a Hip Hop elitist with a view so myopic
Like everything's the weakest, I'm the only hot shit
Conceited on some Rick Rude shit boy please
I'm the man I'm in demand like bilingual employees
Overseas I look forward to rockin, check one-two
My wifey half German so I'm good when I come through
Dog I will son you to the point you wanna retaliate

And getcha Glock and do me like Pac up in Power Play
I can't go for that Hall & Oats rap
One on one you don't wanna play that game tonight, know that
Beef never well-done, I remain raw
When it comes to my rebuttal I'm as subtle as a chainsaw
I spit shit to make cats beg my pardon
And automatically catapult myself to superstardom
That's why y'all can't handle this, free thinking anarchist
I'm done, have your people call my people with the damages

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