

Global Domination

Snowgoons

You don't want us now we're fucking you up I'm with the clique now
It's T-dot running amok, hit you with sick styles
Coming for your daughters and sons with a crew of henchmen
I'm the father of your style with a gun got ammunition
I could never be stopped, you could never take my spot
But you can get shot, ask about me on the block
This the one realest Lhus never faking the funk
They be like son killed it punch it in the face of a chump
This is murder rap, the rebirth of bomb music
We connected to y'all with A nuisance, spark marijuana everyday
This Lord Lhus South Carolina born and raised

I'm a New York Giant, I tackle your front line
The shotgun clapping have you gagging on blood My clique the morgue'll have
another toe to tag
Chop you up and stuff your head into the bowling bag
Show the flag with for global domination
Control the population, never fold to competition
I'm doper than a bundle if you dare to try
Better know I got the shovel and a bag of lye
My name's Sean, a true product of the creep code
No matter what my heart will forever be cold
Jah through the jungle my people keep lurking
back to the death the fucking street urchin, we keep the heat bursting

They gonna kill us now we gonna kill them
We're not guerrillas, we're just real men
Real killers gripping heaters till your steel bends
Real recognise real but I don't hear them
End of the world, end of the road, disappearing
Hanging from the end of the rope, this is where it ends
My friends were informants warrants
They caught me in a sting like a nest full of hornets
I'm not going to the bing, I'm going to war with
The Canadian government, judges and lawyers
I think God sit back watch and enjoy this
Destroy this hit the button the missile deployed with

Sicknature part of the goons If y'all interrupting we're barging into this g
ame with a marvellous boom
You're better off embarking for doom
I'll fuck your image up like it's a true artist on shrooms
I ain't stopping for less, thinking cause I'm sick I'll be stuck in the bed
You dick faces are fucked in the head
Weekend releases, I'm reaping diseases, eager to eat this
snatching your chain leaving you pieceless
with prominent wishes stuck in the business
Shit is in reverse, you get your eye for the spinach
Got immaculate plans used to chill in Copenhagen
Now I crash through the gates of your cities like a battering ram

Total the damage of broken the planet awoken to panic
the chrome with the cannon
Brought the gun to show, they should've pat me down
Dead bodies on the floor, hope you're happy now
Now the cops on the phone trying to talk me down
Will let the hot shit go, gonna let off a round

Vancouver to I hear you loud
Cop dope when the price is down
Look at your head it got a price on it now
I live the life that you're writing about
See Pockets and the lights went out