

Yeah...Peace to the god, Jus Allah  
Doujah Raze, what up?  
Snowgoons (Peace)  
Boot Camp...what up?  
German Lugers...aiyyo...

The god send you back to the Earth from which you came  
Backsmack Earth, wind, fire and rain  
Elemental, the god get busy to instrumentals  
Yeah you get busy, but that's all in your mental  
I sent you a note sayin', "Son, don't rhyme"  
You ain't listen, in turn he got burnt with the nine  
Here's a gun, there's a gun, just...everywhere's a gun  
I guess everybody pussy, scared to shoot a fair one  
I will Larry Holmes your dome, Shane Mosley your homey  
Felix Trinidad your dad, duke you don't know me  
Riddick Bowe my ho, punch the bitch in the face  
Run up on her like anime, eat this cake  
Eat this eight, slugs inside of your mug  
Got the Eagle from Balegal plus I'm puffin' on drugs  
I'll wrap your dome, no dough, no rap  
Freebies get VD, yo ass get "clap," P!

"We got guns!"  
"Got them German Lugers, with them hollow tips"  
"Guns!"  
"Put a fuckin' bullet in your lips, swallow this!"

Are your parents home? You're not old enough to be left alone  
May I come in? I have to use the telephone  
So, what's to do 'round here for fun?  
I know, show me where dad keeps the guns  
Look inside the barrel, I think it's not loaded  
Pull the trigger back, here, hold it  
Oops, my bad, you're fuckin' dead now, look what you did  
A little soul, arose up out the little kid  
Are you a bad ghost or a good ghost?  
Man I'm bored, I gotta go now, thanks, you've been a good host  
Now time to light the good smoke  
Aww shit, I left the bag of trees in my other cloak  
I'm tryin' to get blazed, what the fuck's on? P and Doujah Raze  
Each second I'm sober is like days  
I need the bright green haze inside my head  
So I can laugh about your silly little child that's dead

Take a toke, this perfect  
When I fill my lungs with the smoke and start workin'  
Leave the mic hurtin', murkin' on you mercenaries  
You ain't got no rhymes duke, searchin' through the dictionary, keep my dict  
ion scary  
Peep the visionary as I creep precision carry through the deep  
I throw shade on your sleep, yeah  
Come one, come all, it's the bumrush  
You can find your face on the floor with your lung dust  
The fuck? These mic skills are no frills  
And I don't need the hype of the blow and no pills  
And I can take a flight 'cross the ocean, no bills

And I can keep my height through the low with no ills  
And I can build overseas with the boom  
Sean P., Doujah Raze, Jus Allah in the room, yeah  
Smokin' boom, gettin' regular  
Tryin' to get some food for the show, madness, et cetera, yeah

Snowgoons...DJ Illegal  
Dat...We up in Germany  
Deutschland, muthafuckas  
"We got guns!"