Hold Up

Snowgoons

There is a price to pay for everything you gain.

Deutschland Deutschland, raise your hand
I'm the poor 'casian, man tan more land
White man steal your land, Harry Callahan
Calibre cannon in my hand, shatter your man
Ran, splatter your man, damn, this right hand land
I'm Chuck Zito, Van Damme, do a full split
No bullshit once you get hit
Death by strangulation with Rosary Beads if you strict catholic
You're Arabic, King of Nazareth
I'm John Huston, listen to the maverick
Hip hop historian and an analyst
Y'all could just have a list, I'm Paul Kersey in this
Death written, hungry and thirsty, no mercy in this
Rugged Man, I'm the man and the myth
In the Hall of Fame like Antonio Hardy and James Smith
DJ illegal, leave you in the position that's fetal
Crawling back in your mom's womb like, "Bitch make room! "

Hey yo hold up, click clack we make you fold up
Savage, Rugged leave you worn with a swollen mug
Now peep game, you hate, you get no love
So put your drink in the air and toast up

Reservoir Dog, switch cannons when I lick off
Toe tag, stiff in the morgue, even the score
Blow weed, chief out the bong ready for war
Weapons are drawn, leave the scent of death on your lawn
One false step and you're gone, the shit that I'm on
Ring the alarm, pistol whip, pump in my palm
You trapped in a storm, travelled to depths and beyond
Back to the essence, Pharaoh live long
Squeezed till the barrel blew screaming fuck them all
Murder massacre disaster, piece to your dome
Hoodied up, black mask and I'm cruising your home
But a die alone in these streets I roam
Vocabulary in it's deadliest form
We'll attack you walking the street, speak on the phone
I walk the block with a , real to the bone
Till the sun burned out or my flesh is gone, motherfuckers

Ain't no one out here abut to stop my shine
I got more eyes in the hood than the crime watch eyes
Keep me aware of the snakes and their sideways grind
Run their mouth, they go south before it's migrate time
No matter your religion you can't run up on the god
Brain hit your skull while you stumble with your squad
Treat my music like life, you can't front if it's hard
When I heard life's a bitch I was done with the broad
And I'm down to pimp a dick bitch, 100 abroad
You're my bottom bitch, swallow dick, cum for a yard
I stay on the block like twenty-one dots, homes
Ahk think he hot but he's rocking a costume
He say he's from the hood but his pops got a My life on the beat, put my sou
l in the song too
The sickest on the mic since AIDS outreach night

Seen more deaths in the night than a light from pipebomb

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