

Lost

Snowgoons

I see you lost why you try look in your eyes I see you lost
Callin' the source droppin' dimes if you talk it don't walk it
Get stuck in a trunk team is mean and I'm a fiend bitch I gotta be walk

I see them lost like Pac in a trap I can't stack on all*
Stones to walk beat this chalk with a chump
I pencil a lime around your spine and coke a dime
Calling my fam for a 'lil shine nigga get off
My dick like tricks up in my face want a taste
Disgrace to the game so I restrain
It's quite simple man, we take stabs at these corns
And leave them leaking where they stand wishing they wasn't born
And I'm gone Loonie unleashed take a peek I need a son
To pass this shit on I tell you before I'm the one
You done heard about dreamed about
So forth ja gave me these jewels
Before i see em get full course I'm lost
No loyalty government got em scared
No heart running around they just afeared
That's why I'm here the voice of
Millions is still clear to god would
Be allah wit his lit up in the air

Yo Respect, you're right fam I can't deny I'm a lost soul
World is a mess so I set up camp at the cross roads
To wage war on the skulls and crossbones
I'm drawing these lines and they're gonna be
Harder to pass than gall stones
America's laws disorientated by Bush's lies on
Foreign relations this ain't war we invaded and stole
Oil and rations, destroyer of nations, it's poisonous
Snakes in the Bush organization and we, the people
Sit back spit raps we dumb, blinded by the bling
And the finest blood diamond and while you watching TV
Big brother watching and see me holding my cock in three D (haha!)
You got health issues 'cause they spreading diseases
Drinking top shelf booze won't be getting you Yeezys
So for me it's better to be lost and wage war in the underground
Than be found down in the grave as a slave whore

Tha God is ill, all I need is a classic
I paint brush the chaos my hooks is drastic
The fiends is eating, the crooks is blasted
My cream's increasing, my books is plastic
And I'mma spend this money like it's my last chance
To feed workers on point, like it's my last dance
I'm from Philly we don't lean with it/rock with it
We cook, cut, bag, straight to the block with it (money)
Yup, it ain't my fault this crack sells
That's the biggest scapegoat just to keep blacks jailed
And we still make bills that's out our pocket
Quarter mill big faces, and it's out of pocket
Gangsters don't rap they low key
When it's time to go beef they clap your whole street
OG's that don't drink or smoke trees
But fucking with this game got me lost in my own streets