

# Make Way

## Snowgoons

Snowgoons, wax work, word up  
My dude Illegal, yeah, dead  
Iight, yeah, it's gon' down  
Reef the Lost Cauze  
Chief Kamachi  
Uh-huh, yo

Look, make way for the number one independent  
Buck said Duck hold it down and I meant it  
2009 the year that I invented  
I'd done gotten a label then maybe yo all end it  
Pretend it, you had them street sales locked  
Sending www dot dropping and that stopped  
Flop out the flock, had the forces shot  
No props, see the net is unorthodox  
Ain't nobody at the top like nah you can't rock or roll  
That's where it gets outta control  
Oh, everybody gotta site  
Everybody gotta fight for a product  
But now that's old, not if it's told  
You ain't gotta ask me no more  
Next time we meet, just say, "Buck, hello?"  
Yo know, cuz there's too much info available  
Nowadays you gotta taper, mail it to  
Wait; there don't even do that now  
Go to my site and upload ya MP3 file, iiight?  
Next time you wanna learn more why I'm so independent?  
First of all, brother I earn more!

I suggest, I respect, you give us, and give up  
Like how I suggest, okay, okay  
So next time you wanna learn about this rap game  
Ask me, hey!

Can I put you on? Son you put 'em on  
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Cuz them other dudes is talking that shit that's gon'

It's the killer slang crack shows, smoking a cashtro  
Frosty the Flow Man, made from Black Snow  
With no carrot, nose blood from a terror froze  
Reef the Lost cauze is the name, who cares to know?  
Padre, flow is Sierra Madre  
Make crime mates migrate to different climates  
Inhabit ya habitat, I am a battle axe  
Dibbed in green bean, feel the seeds of your cabbage crack  
Make you do the 'Running Man', yeah the Cabbage Patch  
Where that cabbage at? Never babbitt sacks  
Gimme bubba kush, mothafucka look  
It's Buckshot, kamach, mothafucka hook  
I ain't the one for the dumb shit, no fucking crook  
Put down the gun, son, read a fucking book  
I recommend you start simple like Dr. Seuss  
You say you better than Cauze is just not the truth

Yo, international, Hip-Hop is my interpreter

Galaxies beyond my sound blast from a Merkaba  
I'm the dot in the center of a symbol that's circular  
Too deep religion of the streets still converting ya  
Slaves y'all worship the cell  
Too much for family to visit plus they restricting our mail  
Besides our own freedom, they take our children as well  
Medicine and mind games ain't no healing in hell  
Temporary thing, our people will still prevail  
Look at our history, please acknowledge the crook and flail  
Last time you've seen a book, you was booked up in jail  
Don't read too much, life is story to tell  
Remind you thru musical how our great dynasty fell  
Mystery schools, laugh at the Romans from Yale  
Back on the Ivory Coast where our great merchants will sell  
Now the corner stores, the temple where we purchase our L's