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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Can I put 'em on? Son you put 'em on
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

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