

# No Guts No Glory

Snowgoons

Snowgoons, one two  
Hehehahaha, uhh  
Yeah? Yeah

Yo, feast your eyes, two double oh-five  
While two double oh-six is here  
My energy be for all to accept and hear  
I'm not ashamed for the ten years plus in that game, won't refrain  
O.C., speak my mind cause I ain't no lame  
Never defendin, creates my own lane  
Long live the saga, with a clear slate clear head these days  
Works for hire, possible if I'm prepaid  
Welcome me back, give a toast to my libido flow  
Similar to sex spurnt from my urethra  
Friction, give off heat like a fever  
Good lucks for those who wish, I don't need it  
Much to my amazement, or should I say that I'm not surprised  
I still reside in the basement  
Wits and charm is what bless this tongue  
Along with the mind state for me to write these songs  
Uhh

No pain, no gain, no guts, no glory  
This ain't another war story, this is trill  
My heart, my brain got the will to survive  
In my shoes, you wouldn't make it out alive, no  
These young rappers in the game ain't got nuttin for me  
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Dead in the middle of Germany, puffin herbally  
Observe me as I absurdably murder beats verbally to the third degree  
I ain't no nerd or freak, I'm the word, the streak  
That works Shareef, peace, nice to meet  
I need a, mic to eat, a track to bash  
Your shit is wack, it's trash, I just have to ask  
You just playin right? You can't be tryin  
I'll blow you the fuck away like a dandelion  
Be a man c'mon now, you can't be cryin  
My next album six figures or I shan't be signin  
I'm so independent I'll GO independent  
Get dough independent, I SMOKE independents  
The most mentally ill, so gifted and real, the spit that can kill  
Pick up the mic it's like I lift up the steel  
Aim it at your temple, now how that feel?  
It hurts like a motherfucker don't it? Now bow down and kneel

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Look, yo  
Man I'm back for it, it's the black poet  
Sit down spit rhymes just to get the stacks flowin  
You cats ain't knowin, man I'm back for revenge  
The real shit, never had to pretend  
Shatter your shins, nigga go and gather your ends  
Call your friends, forgivin you for all your sins  
It all begins, right here, makin it quite clear  
It's twenty-oh-six, make sure it's the right year  
To your right ear, or your left lobe  
Still swingin hard, then watch a nigga's chest fold  
Get this dress code, I spit the best flows  
No cat better than Ras to stack cheddar  
You all falsetto with no bass and no taste  
Bring it to you live at sunrise at yo' place  
I give 'em no space, we on a dough chase  
Niggas can't get it cause they movin at a slow pace

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Yeah, Dick Swan in the building  
Snowgoons, live