

Pay Attention

Snowgoons

I'm the one you don't sit on
Even if it's what you gotta do to get on
I be a mic you can't spit on
Before I let a word [?] blowing off dust is
Everything is everything but everything is trust me
I follow old school rules, I don't need tools
Fuck around, I just might grab you by your neck tight
D-E-C-A-Y relate easy
Slick with a scruffy beard and my hair peasy

Yo I step on the scene with Guess on the jeans
And break your team down effortlessly
They be talking a whole lot, that shit ain't impressing to me
A lot of niggas rapping, I do this professionally
Please cease fire so we can reach higher
Fuck all of that fronting shit claiming that you ducking it
I am what I am, that's all that I is
This is the mixtape niggas better handle the biz

A young [?] sick bastard master of ceremonies
I'm blasting off at the cameras, I'm bucking with all my glory
End of story, new beginning
I'm finger far game got the pen upon the choker and I'm spitting ink at a pa
ge
Simply amazed I'm crazed leave rappers emblazoned
[?] thoughts [?]
Rage against the machine, the face of the grand machine
Roll in motherfuckers I welcome them into the team
[Interlude:]
When you hear what I've got to say
I'm sure you won't be able to turn your head away

Yeah yeah I'm back in the spot
Got my name popping up like a jack-in-the-box
Cause one verse will put your man in a box
You amateurs stop [?] hot [?] cannabis drop
But now it's oh wait
No way this shit is getting spins
Probably cause you busy trying to keep up with the trendsetter
I'm here from now until forever
Don't know who I'm behind but I know who I'm ahead of

Yeah I'm a soldier, a monster [?] art of [?]
[?] amongst us
[?] can't fuck with cowards [?]
[?] muscled my way in office
[?] will never harvest the heart of a coming artist
The hardest rapper [?] dropping [?]
I'm walking into the game, y'all fuckers leaving in coffins

Back for the second time but not the second hand
Hope you understand that the cut-off is here fam
Stand up cause man down, run laps around clowns
Who don't rise above under underground
Chi-town representing, we grab the microphone as the three deadly henchmen
With Snowgoons on the offensive
And burn like gas creating stars that you see from afar

With each bar you get scarred, it don't matter who you are
[Outro:]
When you hear what I've got to say
I'm sure you won't be able to turn your head away
Cause what I'm gonna talk about
Nobody nobody wants to be without