

# 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 page  
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