

Platoon Goons

Snowgoons

So now you know everything about me, right?
Okay, what turns me on?
We do

"It ain't a question that this shit is the bomb" - Pacewon
"Nigga standin' on the verge of, you know the song"
"I give a fuck if you believe it or not" - Celph Titled 'Don't You Even Go T
here'
"Snowgoons"
"Got your whole block sayin' true dat" - Lauren Hill 'How Many Mics'

We South Carolina sickest
No chrome beef for you silly bastards
My click as sick as like Philly rappers
You a shitty actress, portraying MCs you backwards
We slay MC's outta 360 degrees access
Smash this, leave 180 MCs backless
With a 90 degree turn away from a fat bitch
Rhymes they drastic, all you bringing is whack shit
Hit you with a classic as soon we hit a track hit
Diseased and I lost my calm, MCs shiver
I see more shit in the Congaree River
Far from being whack, these new rappers similac
Baby fed taste my shit
I smash that mic from ya, don't fight hunger
Cause you can catch more samples and beats than 9th Wonder
When I, call out my syndicate of sin hitters
I'm fucking up more rappers careers than squeeze triggers

I got an itchy finger
Yeah, the trigger scratches that
If it's beef best believe some nigga catchin' that
They suggested that, I am the best in rap
Respect this fact before your fuckin' breath gets snatched
Stretch your ass like an elastic cast
Quick as a fat boy crackin' crab
Back on the ave
We used to go bag for bag
The first to know, always the last to ask
Cool breeze with a toothpick
I, haak tu, spit
You a common cold, not too sick
I got you gripped by the collar dawg
They want the real deal feel, then tell 'em all to holla "Cauze"
You got dogs, woof woof, better call 'em off
Mike Vic will kill your pits and rottweiler dogs
Just known by 'the dog' call me 'The Savage Beast'
Savage murder
Make burgers from dead maggot meat

I spit a 16, and watch the masses plead
casualtie
I'm in the spot with the
No love for the other side I'm about family
Syndicate of dog that's my cavalry
Platoon Doonstwo pounds a piece
2,2,3 cocked

tricks on my sleeve
Concrete jungle on the block we rumble
Never, talk to police never knockin' the hustle
Get yours cause I'mma get mine, every time, line for line
Crime on my mind
You do dirt, you get dirt, eye on the price
You'se a fake rapper

Slash cats backwards, blackening they eyes
This one's for my people just trying to get by

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"I give a fuck if you believe it or not"
"Snowgoons"
"Got your whole block sayin' true dat"