

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 sindicate 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

Sindicate 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're a fake rapper

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

"It ain't a question that this shit is the bomb"
"Nigga standin' on the verge of, you know the song"
"I give a fuck if you believe it or not"
"Snowgoons"
"Got your whole block sayin' true dat"