

Sick Life

Snowgoons

One fallen angel make over mankind and fuck with a mass mind
The cross breeders rap, I'm a psychopath landmine
The unstable, unbreakable, strike fatal
The sick stick together like NATO
One-eight-oh degrees, he's now state-owned
Lost in the city of angels with no halo
It's Hades on the surface, best to just stay low
I'm like Hell on Earth while I'm under snake scales
The sick-minded aligned with cliques drowned with
Shots round with, brown fellows click Brownings
Cops sounding sirens to get loud and
Watch your back cause it could happen to you
From the cradle to the grave with a shoe
The psyche of the street remains in the brain of the LA zoo
Crooked cops and the government set the blueprint
For the gunmen, the black in the SA Coupe

It's the life of the trife, cross and get your wig spliced
Meet Christ when you crap dice
Drag my angel dust fights so my mind don't think twice
A journey in a mental street life

They've been predicting the end of time for thousands of years now
Chaos is all they sponsor, the monster serving their God
Abominations of God, monster on the versus the occupation [?]
We wanna bring change but can't really change ourselves
In Hell we live no matter how much wealth you got
Hope, that's been forgot
The big plot is taking place in our face, we all robots
My thoughts I've been given in the streets, my gun
That's my religion, it protects and provides me vision
It inspires and preach, keep it all at peace
Meanwhile they all make loot for the beast
There's got to be a better way, a better day ahead
Not a horrible death to men
We have an army of soldiers and generals sin
By the great mystery to protect what's left

It's a race against time in these days we living
Trying to keep my mind right, trying to stay out the prison
They got us digging our own hole, sacrificing our own soul
When 99.9 don't know how it all goes
I'm in that .1 percent fighting back control
Thief planet, fist up ready to roll
No, I won't fold, bend, and break
I know the shifts shape, they really snakes when the doors is closed
Keep my head on a swivel, always watch for foes
Homies say I'm p-noid cause I'm always ready
For situations that cause me to react deadly
What I spit to these melodies is written in stone
Far from a clone, I'm in a frequency of my own
Where few men have travelled is where I call home
In my whole different zone where niggas stay drunk off rum and get blown