God I think the world is about to collapse! C'mon! The buildings and walls are are falling
If you don't know, you should by now
It's the motherfucking Snowgoons in the building
And you're rocking with Singapore Kane and Slaine
It's 2008, dummy

All eyes are staring at me, people watching the villain They see my rising with the rebels to the top of the building Being stuck down at the bottom is the vilest feeling Desolate soul for vodka that's swilling, popping the pilling Jealously swirling in their eyes, they're plotting to kill em But I been there and believe me, I ain't forgotten the feeling I lived the dark nights and heard the pain crash from the ceiling I mean the raindrops hang in 'caine spots with dealers Now fighting a different war, smoking less, sniffing more Every week a different chore, every month a different tour I got a gang of haters everyday I piss em off a little more Whatchu think I got a fucking pistol for? Jealousy's a disease that affect my enemies They're scheming while they're sipping on the Hennessy Me, I'm overseas making G's like I stick banks Rocking mics, sniffing foreign coke out of Swiss francs

We bring the devastation, never a moment of hesitation When we smash your face and leave your blood pasted upon the pavement The sons of Satan, keeping it rugged, fuck the debating Whatchu talking about? You weak, our fury is full of hatred

It's no benefits trying to test me and my affiliates Soon as you consider it we smack dudes illiterate Sidestep the petty shit, forever it's a militant's mission To get the cheese and stretch it like mozzarella sticks Test me, I'm ready, my girl got my machete And she's ready to cut your throat like Chequeta in Belly You as hard as a rock, now you sweeter than jelly No one believes the shit that you spit on the telly Despite how you live your looks I'll never play by the books The silent kid in the room is really the biggest crook Pulling out the biggest jux you'll ever nook Fight to the death with guns and knives and left hooks Dudes talk the talk but they don't walk any similar We'll separate your soul from your body like oil and vinegar High off the sticky, insane when I'm sober Spit poison in my verse like killer cobra

The style raw, kick it rugged like it's sting'll crack your face It's the mind place ditched me in hell what I create It's the rhyme squad, some of mine is gone with the wind I'm better than half you rappers who faking it like pretend To the end I'm a murder this, MC's keep on observing this I hear you bite my shit and they're gonna find you where the murder was I kick it I'll sick twisted acapella when I rock a fella Rolling with dime bitches and cocking?

My rhyme is torture, slowly pulling out your guts
While your whole body soaked in alcohol and paper cuts
Then the knife slides into your right thigh

You think you might die, you right, you see the visions of your life fly Right past you, my clique'll really bash you
Into your skull then suck your brains out like a vacuum
My backroom is filled with goons and street thugs
Killers hate love, sweeten your and pull?