

## One Shot

Snowgoons

Darkness there and nothing more. Deep into that darkness peerin  
g long, I stood there wondering. Peering, doubting, dreaming dr  
eams no mortal ever dared to dream before. And the silence was  
unbroken, the stillness gave no token and the only word there s  
poken was the whispered word...

Hey yo the name is unchangeable, brain storm the universal  
Chain gang slinging my veins, painting my verses  
Strange stain paint on the page blazing the purple  
Main dames holding my thang-thangs in their purses  
Handcuffs to holding tanks, cages in Kirkland  
Faces stay straight but inside they're hurting  
I rhyme for John J and the Crooked Line for certain  
It's been built from the ground up since a youngster with curfe  
w

You rooftop hustlers scrambles to get the gamble  
From dice rolls to blackjack to credit scandal  
The knifepoint stuck to your chest, I run with the handle  
If I'm damaged, I spit with a humpback like a camel  
The pathological rhymesayer but I'm the greatest  
The hidden message, unspoken word behind the pages  
And many words are crazy, blessing to see the pesos  
I'm a king cause I say so, wear a crown for my halo

Blades slice skin, this shit is a breeze like the nights wind  
Never fight sin, spit out the horror to fright men  
The lightning hits the rooftop, we don't stop  
Gun's cocked, return me to Satan with one shot

A drugging motherfucker, destroy a goon's beef  
From the dirty south, thieves stomp your face into the streets  
A living abortion, my riddle with vivid cultures of death  
And destruction, fucking belittle bitches with horse dicks  
I've lost it, exhausted, the Devil's darkened my forces  
Blood is gorgeous, especially yours but on the porches  
And doors of all who worship the light  
I bring the [? ] of torture at night  
My evil forces hold my sources of glorious fright  
My brain's sick, heart's dead, eyes red  
Putting you weak motherfuckers to bed  
Big sleep where the pigs eat, get chewed up like Wrigley  
Roll to Philly, fog up the lab with Dr. Illby  
We smash you, you think you nuts homie? They call me cashew  
I blast you, rigor mortis stiff, froze like a statue  
The last dude you ever wanna fuck with, I run this  
Kills abundant, Lucifer's wrath is felt among us