

One Thing I Know

Snowgoons

Uh oh
Somebody left the gate open
It's Planetary baby
AOTP in the building, Q Demented in the building
This for the family y'all. Let's get it

I feel like today is new years eve
We got noise makers that are making your ears bleed
Planetary back, crack getting cooked in the kitchen
Got the lab hot, hot enough to burn the existence
My sixteens; are fires that you couldn't extinguish
Your sixteens; are tired and were forced to relinquish
But me dawg, i'm more like to type to replenish
Reinvent the wheel and spin it like it's nobody's business
Me with the quickness, vulture to diseases and sickness
Every night it's like a fight but see my demons have lifted
I ain't worship the satan now, but far from a holy roller
I asked "Who the best alive?" and most of them told me Hova
Now I've got to study but it's gully to pass in
I ain't talking 'bout the money or the fame, but with that pen-
The message is clear though, I'm ready for the big leagues
I paid my dues more than most niggas this week

I see these rap niggas feeling the pain now
I don't know why the f*ck they thought it's a game now
But I can tell you one thing I know
It's that most rap cats strictly out for my dough
I call them ho-niggas

I ain't leaving til I'm hitting the Guinness
Book for being the illest emcee to handling my business
Digital fitness, rap niggas, lyrical exercise
Sparing with your squadron, got your niggas all terrified

Unholy Terror lying under the concrete
Fun to make you wonder how intense can a song be
The Army we palm heat long LeBron do
And stomp rappers down like Iverson did Tyronn Lue
To remind you I'm better than most rappers
Cocky rap-boy I leave you shook like them ghost trackers
The flow better, yet every letter ain't tight at all
Ghost writer, them lines you hearing I write'em all
They put my pen in the penitentiary
Locked it up next to my enemy
And conquered by my memory
So mother f*cker, sit and act like there is ten of me
Shut your mouth and pour a mother f*cking shot of Hennessy nigga

I'm on some Wyclef shit spitting three sixteens
Man I do what I want nigga. Does this shit mean-
You bored nigga? I introduce your ass to the lord quicker
More sicker than Sicknature letting the force hit ya
Yo Illegal what the f*ck was you thinking?
You must be buggin' if you think a nigga stuck the 'position
This beat could make me rhyme for a week straight
If I ain't have to sleep I swear I wouldn't give this beat a break
The Carl Luis of raw music

Hold an Olympic medal to shred you and behead you man that's all to it
You can't run now, got three sons now
When I die you'll have more problems that come around
I gotta gun'em down, now watch I decapitate
I gravitate to the grind, now my mind graduates
To the next level, living like the last day
Mind of a hustler, I'm the modern day Mac Dre