

Road Warriors

Snowgoons

I spit fire when I jump in the booth
Straight arsonist, I'm highly marketed to the underground, it's targeted
Rhymes get better with time, I put my heart in it
Don't swine when I dine but this microphone I'm hogging it
Twenty-two days on the road, lifestyle out of control
Like a baker I'm getting this dough
Another country, another ho, more drama
In the hotel killing that bush like Osama
Punch and the Snowgoons, we keep the crowd moving
The hottest, we not losing, we don't give a bumsen
Choosing to be the Scheiße, we all riding
Your rap career the reason the rap game's dying
Don't knock brothers, we hustle with block huggers
My niggas coming for that head like a cocksucker
All wack ass rappers we straight riding
Go against the Road Warriors and you're dying

Burn the rubber, let no man put us under
Through the lightning and the thunder, the next world wonder
We hotter than the summer and bold enough to smoulder you
We the Road Warriors, the Road Warriors

We burn the rubber, let no man put us under
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Yo Sadat X, me and connect
The Goons and balloons come at your neck most direct
A major problem that your department cannot correct
You're sick as heck, the black David Berkowitz
I roam the set, comb the stretch for known threats
Uphold the rep, the chosen vets compose a sketch for swollen cheques yes
sit inside a folder on my desk
So you best, the pony express It's wordless so each word is curved liked an
S
Get strangled till your last word float off your last breath
You're lower than earthworms come out of dead flesh
At the venue extra fresh on the signing breasts
Every ghetto, every city, every borough, every hood
It's all just unwritten, everybody understood
And think you're sweet if you can like Little Engine That Could
Hit the road and flood the engine Warriors hey yo what's good

Splash fest, splash on her chest, stain up her yes
The cowboy range is the world
Get drunk, see Mom you not safe, One to the nozzle, cash rule everything aro
und me
Dude wanna pound me I drink off the vine man, might stay in the Rhineland
With Ana and Gretta, she touched me, I let her
Many moves, Snowgoons, snobodies, you're all funny moneys
To bills with George face, see the Benz same in the sky
The apple of my mama eye, I get high Of course Atlanta gonna burn, I holla a
nd she don't say a word
Play the odds, how the fuck you gonna play the gods?
Understand the cowboy rides alone
You get hit with the stone, fuck that you gonna bury your own