

The Code

Snowgoons

As I sit around with more blow than Bill Bixby
See the change, the two-thirteen Range; see the kick speed
Gun on my waist, movin' with base
Runnin' from Berettas; yo, my mule's name Bruschetta from the States
You wrong, she blowin' kief up in the bong
Rockin' knee-high Fendi boots, she just got bagged out in Milan
I said to my nigga, "let's kill her, we got big shit to lose"
Beside livin' like Carlos Slim, I hold the Uzi
Looked at me, "yeah?"; sinister grin, let's win
A strong British accent, yo, we jumped in the on the tint
Highway's hot; we loaded, heavy bag full of hundreds
If we get stopped, kid for real, yo, we murder by numbers
Tastin' cheeba, sippin' tea in a coupe
Lay you under cars; eat your fruit
Will more stripes than Adidas set
watchin', baguettes; black hard-bottoms, my ho in some sweats
The wrong way's the long way home way; tell me 'bout it
We don't do jails, cause if we get rocked, my niggas got me
Smooth sails; eatin' steaks, bringin' frozen lobsters in
Control the space; we mafia, out

scratching

"I live and die by the code and that's as good as it gets"
"Check-check-check-check, I'm the last of a dying breed"
"I live and die by the code and that's as good as it gets"
"Check, I'm-I'm the last-I'm the last of a dying breed"

I'm the last of this dying breed; I'm from the nineties
When boom-bap was shining and Pac was dissin' B.I.G
I'm a product of these grimy streets
I was known upon the locals, now my name is growing overseas
I sense the jealousy, my mind's forever golden
I'll redefine explosion with this microphone I'm holdin'
I'll use designer poison when they step inside this foam
And, they claim that I'm the chosen, but the industry is clonin'
Huh; so check the status, hoes, I'm hot like the equator
On some childish behavior, wasn't Tyler the creator

It's like crying in a cradle; neglected since the date of birth
Respect the turf, like we're veterans replacin' dirt
I burn tracks like in NASCAR collisions
These rap stars are pigeons with they're glass-jar incisions
I'll bring back the vision, like an act of religion
With Deck, Chef, and 'Goons, another classic to listen to
Yeah..

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I got crazy visions, for the art
I living missile, I tear space apart, spittin'
Won't miss you, but this verse is showin' darts
Wu-Tang symbol is a living heart
My hand shake cold, like a Saint Bernard

We in the French Alps beaming down giant slopes for the mankind
Droppin' quotes in cement lines; I passport-stamp mines
Independent label air-
miles; peepin' dudes in standby, braggin' bout hotel size
The city's mine; it's bubblin' like grease for them French fries when I shine
You snappin' pictures; my energy lives on through moans of crazy kitties
In homes of fancy credos; keep 'em fetal, overnight it
They say, "yes, sir", like I'm knighted
Hit mics ultraviolet; pick apart rogue values on auto-pilot
The words ignite, it's fire
Bite it, higher standard, Harvard
Here's some simple math, to fail or pass
You ain't a G, you a dollar less
Peace to Ugli and Chef
I'm runnin' wild like Dali, except my canvass is the rhymin' pad
Give me dap, like Johnny, put twenty-three on the tribal map

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