

# The Real and the Raw

Snowgoons

It's clear to me these dudes ain't breathing the same air as me  
Apparently my clarity is bringing fans near to me  
Show to show severity, don't you know it's wearing me  
But I keep grinding on my hopes inherently  
Coldest flow in Seven Seas, wrote this soul of seventies  
Go for broke, I'm bending knees  
Hold the hope of friends in need  
The hardest working inserting no burden  
Will burden the verdict, diverted the vermin and murdered the circuit  
Biting emcees talk a lot of shit  
Bottle split, hollow tips, model chicks love to swallow dick  
Me? I don't bother with, barely acknowledge it  
Only thing I ever bit? My bottom lip

Literally I am the epitome homes  
Acclaimed critically downloaded digitally  
Known from London to Italy  
I slaughter these lamb ass niggas lyrically hypothetically realistically  
The trees glistening, the cocaine crystally  
And I am viciously controlling Boston officially  
They say you Jaysaun? I am I am  
Two truths: I don't take the stand, to bare love's hand  
I'm no rat and I don't wear no wires  
I rain fire, bitch niggas gotta call me sire  
You okay with them punchlines  
But I would devour your whole career in a lunch line at crunchtime  
You just nibble on your rappers, I munch mine  
You chew em too long, I eat a bunch at one time  
I'm Walter Payton Ricky Williams combined  
Blowing weed at the NFL come by to unwind  
You the type to be unsigned with hype  
For so long you could've blown but never really quite  
Doing it ten years and that shit ain't right  
So I'm cutting off the light, goodnight, it's all over

It's an automatic slaughter, caught em walking, talking louder  
Nah I caught em, pop n' locked and rocked the noggin out of order, listen  
Been dope since the thin rope tied my tummy  
Write music for my fans not the pride money  
Building the career until the ceiling interfere  
I breathe out knowledge, put the healing in the air  
Appealing with the snare, noticed internationally  
Dealing with the fear, haters focusing on passing me  
Talk a lot of this and that, acting like their pistol claps  
Acting like aristocrats, fact is that they're missing facts  
I pen my soul, they spend their dough  
My flow's frozen like ten below  
The best in the game, best invest in the name  
Yes I'm destined for fame, rest get left in the rain  
Best believe the hype, I'll lead riots till the hopeless can see the light