

# This Is Goons Shit

## Snowgoons

"From the bottom we built this, no hand-outs nigga we had to go for self  
Killin' every record we touch, all this shit have to hurt  
Goon Music, elite goons runnin' the streets  
Goons comin' from everywhere, suckers cannot compete  
It's a takeover, mind of a great soldier  
8th holder that spit, rip your cavity and break shoulders  
Was known for sellin' work on the park bench to earn my keep  
Mixin' wild coke with flour, to some, work for cheap  
Feelin' like the best in the business, you other rappers weak  
Snowgoons Infantry nigga, who make the hotter beats?  
Black Snow, you cowards get clapped slow  
Facts though, ain't another movement like us lettin' their GATS blow  
Verbally, you rap commercially, and we don't feel that  
Personally, \_\_\_ it hurts for free if not for real rap  
Natural Born Spitters are back, guns loaded and packed  
Shots explode in your back, verbal attack nigga."

V. Knuckles

"I step foot in the Black Snow, spit a 16  
That'll make the ground crack slow  
Shit we spit is dismissin' all your whack flow  
It's written with precision, niggas thought I let the MAC go  
It's the vets, better ask around  
First black man in the fam with the cap and gown  
I did it for my mom, but I'm stackin' now  
Middle finger to the government, they a pack o' clowns  
We've been in the streets tryin' to traffic pounds  
Now we on beats by Snowgoons with a platinum sound  
Had the best clients, they just kept buyin'  
'round the clock, makin' plays like I'm Dez Bryant  
Who wanna test violence, I'll press iron  
Leave your chest fryin', the tube spit  
Now your set's dyin', all our lives had to grind on some Goon shit  
My wolves hungry, and tonight the full moon's lit."

Planet Asia

"Yo, never tempt a stomach that's growlin'  
Four more mouth formin', wolfgang howlin'  
Too late to throw the towel in, shots from the rusty hammer  
Texas .38, my gun got a country grammar  
Nanna showed me my first gun, it had a country grammar  
So all that stupid shit you on is just a bunch o' Fanta  
A bunch o' fake jewelry with a bunch of cameras  
You and your nerd squad can be the next victim on World Star  
Ridiculously rap back and pistol whip  
Thought you was with the shit, I see you just a bird pa  
I keep the heat near to heat up your faggot ass streetwear  
Your funny lookin' clothes and footwear  
Homie I've been the truth, vance my nigga  
Bitch dance, but I don't need a bitch trippin'  
I just need the loot, what's life without a taste of wealth  
It's a stick up, now everybody break yourself."