

Three Bullets

Snowgoons

I'm automatically erratically radical
Ratify my strategy when I'm attacking the capital
Funny rappers are laughable, you ain't rhyming you vaginal
I'm the mass mastermind of mass murder you So past best my prime I'm international
I fly casual you with the sick three
I'm magical, heavy blast, machete slash
Esoteric serve rappers like Steffi Graf
You'd rather tongue kiss Rosie O'Donnell
Than face me as your arch rival like BK to McDonald's
Follow, peace to my man Illegal
I got an I'll ego that's illegal in the States, his beat decapitates
Don Cheadle War Machine great
I hit the studio at 7: 30, leave at 8
I walked out peace like this, I don't need a plate
German engineering steering my own fate

I paint vividly vicious equate misery
That make history like the bullet that slayed Kennedy
Take viciously, rape, pillage, and make enemies
Create imagery the second we make energy

Paint vividly vicious equate misery
That make history like the bullet that slayed Kennedy
Take viciously, rape, pillage, and make enemies
Create imagery the second we make energy

Ladies and gentlemen, you have never witnessed a
Rhyme minster whose raps style is so sinister
Kinda like a surgeon's incision when I get into ya
Trying to injure ya, fuck that trying to get rid of ya
I'm inhospitable, put you in a hospital
When I spit a few hot riddles trying to kill you though
Give you a lyrical attack, spit it like a MAC
Eleven, send you to Heaven with seven in your back
The Randy Couture of this rap culture
When I'm done nothing left but I wrote yours
Oh sure everybody say they got flows
But they don't wanna test cause they know I start wars
A lot of y'all is wack as fuck
Have you hooked up to machines that sound like trucks backing up
Disaster their ass with no sign of FEMA
Killed everybody in one shot, Hiroshima

Hey yo my whole clique get it in, call us grind liners
You will always be a waterboy for the sideliners
Fashion designers ask me to do the honours
Got groupies in pajamas yelling this is your vagina
Royal fam catalogue where's the co-signers?
Grown man doing shows in front of all minors
Sixteen and seventeen call me their favourite
You know me, Morpheus, I starred in the Matrix
Modern day ancient racing in spaceships
You can see Oasis mouthpiece spitting lasers
High rollers, dice shooters, no it's not Vegas
Interviewing famous, how much for them gauges?
I love it when them haters second guess, underrate us

Metal Fingers, Rhymesayers, those are my neighbours
The rabbit in a hat is a chick who Hef made
It's Beach Boys surfs up until the next wave