

Wait a Minute

Snowgoons

I punch niggas in the face merely for kicks
I got game plus a team, a couple cheerleader chicks
I enter the center severely equipped
And knock that beer in your lip back to the rear of your whip
You're too scary to flip so compared to a chick
There's a thin line so I think you're really a bitch
You talk tough but you ain't tough, softer than a paintbrush
I got a hammer that you motherfuckers can't touch
I came from? of pops, stayed till the sun up
Made me a son of a gunner with no rubber
That's right, we take shots like them paparazzi
Soldier to the end like I'm Luca Brasi
I'm out for blood best bet recruit your posse
Same cat you run with may shoot you poppy
It's cool to watch me but watch me closely
Done travelled that was over then I'm home and?

Wait a minute, I got a question for y'all
Fucking with me just ain't the answer
I know those tricks
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Fight beefs legally in courtrooms win over easily
Got money but fuck the next man coming up meagerly
I got talent and drive but these labels keep teasing me
Like but we don't know how to sell it to the people
See the Devil want a piece of me, offered me just recently
Instead I sell my records out my trunk to keep my decency
You watering it down, slaughtering the sound
Magazine covers, awards, and imaginary crowns
I ain't a hater, go ahead and make the change
Rather pay your veteran than get spot then cop a Range
I'm as simple as it get but the flow's a bit complex
Shit bangs from basement parties to discotheques
Give you one thing I tell you watch for snakes
Posted up on the corner then you watch for jakes
It's a big-time game with some high-ass stakes
Wrong moves and mistakes, contracts with handshakes

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I'm on the grind again, as long as cheques come in I keep signing them
It's like 9 AM, Germany, hash, and Heinekens
I'm high again rhyming into Pro Tools
Kreators make our own rules, life and death we go through
And I don't know about you but I'm still trying to eat

Locked down in the studio released to the streets
We got a killer team, cut your head with the guillotine
As much as I hate rap I come back cause I'm still a fiend
You're real tough when it's time to drink and puff
I step up, you get crushed and take that bitch you got handcuffed
Don't get caught without it, you might get shot without it
Outside backstage with yourself surrounded
And me and X is like DeNiro and Pesci
Stab your neck with the pen and make the contract messy
On the job 24/7, Boston, Bronx, non-stop
Link up with you bitches, slapping haters, keep watching

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