

Who Are You

Snowgoons

Who are you? (Lord Lhus motherfuckers) It's a mystery (Yeah, not for long though)

Who are you? (Savage Brothers) Who can answer me?

I'm the seventh sinner, I'm why you feel heat in December

I'm a lyric vendor, I'm your dead family members

Not a five percenter, just created my own foundation

I'm a deep conversation in between God and Satan

I'm your nerves when you shaking forewarning you of the pain

I'm the dark clouds in the distance that you see before the rain

I'm your father when he beat you as a child wilding out

I'm the preacher in the cathedral with his dick in a nun's mouth

I'm the evil that's inside you like blood swimming through your heart

I'm death, torture, and greed, disease and demonic thoughts

Ironic marks leaver, reminder of stigmata

Your palms, head, and feet will bleed to reach the father

I'm bad karma that always comes around like a baby momma

I'm what you facing, drama, I murder the Dalai Lama

I'm the lonely walker, the South Carolina stalker

I'm a demon beast snatching the innocence from your daughter, Lhus

Chorus: Who are you? (Qualm) Where do you come from? (Captol City streets)

Who are you? You could be the one

I'm the inner conflict brought on by a change of conscience

A lack of confidence showing true colours that are pompous

Sometimes I'm monstrous, other times I'm often calmed quick

Don't be alarmed kid cause you stepping up with your conference

I'm back to raw shit, watch the dirt swallow your coffin

Where my bomb sit is right under your fortress

Enemy quarters, in my hand along with a sword is

The way they taught us, street teachers that up-brought us

I stay lawless unless it's physics and natural course

Inhibiting passing the corners at exact coordinates

In the path I trek in search for the math

I quest the earth on a quest for questions birth

Nothing less than a lesson learned

I'm the breath of curse, seven sins and seven worse

The sediment in the dirt ingesting the blood from murder

The sound of cracking bones, heartbeats from the facts are shown

The sound of blasting chrome to the back of your own dome, Qualm

Who are you? (Knowledge) Where do you come from? (Parts unknown)

Who are you? You could be the one

I step in the spot blazing the wood

I walk through the hood up to no good

Seen the struggle through my mother's eyes, did what I could

To survive the circumstances sometimes turned to a crook

And didn't learn my craft and trade in no schoolbook

Burning the math the way we grew up

Slinging the lab, hustle a few bucks

Lick off, sting with the jab, right hook from the Ruger

Southern? brew in the cooler

? get fogged out holding the hookah

Don't manoeuvre, slap intruders and foolers

Yeah we fighting on the school bus

Talk about your momma, who what?

It was all slap boxing till somebody got their lip bust

We was kids then, now we grown up

Watch the time of our life flash before our eyes, Knowledge

Who are you? Where do you come from?
Who are you? You could be the one