

Who What When Where

Snowgoons

Now I ain't gon' make this easy if you got health complications
Stick chords with my pitchfork, it's Hell's obligation
I'm like Ming the Merciless; when the bullets sting
They'll be hurtin' less than the flames cause they'll be burnin' flesh
Scorchin' the hair off your scalps and faces
Now your crew looks like Onyx as leukemia patients
Too much lighter fluid'll do it, explode your whole chest
Leave you "Black on Both Sides" like we barbecuin' Mos Def!
And I don't hate people by race color or creed
To put it simple, I'm just hatin' every motherfuckin' thing that breathes
And I'm so raw, I make everything in the freezer look well done
Celph Titled is hell son, psychopath with a welding gun
And we ain't holdin' back, we holdin' macs
M-1, 12 gauge and a couple G-36 HK's
And they blaze, every round off; bullets fly
Hit your best man and shoot your bitch's wedding gown off

Who?! - The fuck wanna war with our crew?
What?! - The fuck y'all cats gonna do?
When! - We start to fire the lead
Where! - Your thoughts rest inside of your head
Left fist, right fist, one gun, two gun
You just, fucked up, look what, you've done
Left fist, right fist, one gun, two gun
You just, fucked up, look what, you've done

You're not a dunn, you're a white kid named Dan
Tossed you and your fam through an industrial fan
It's Majik Most, now everybody knows who I am
German fans, SoundScan puttin' money in my hand
I'm the type to host a luncheon in a dungeon, man
And torture your grandma while I'm munchin', man
I'll rip you out the picture like a dolphin Dolph Lundgren
I'll battle you, your crew, your gay-ass cousin
My name buzzin' on the streets? Nah, that's my chainsaw
Wrap your head in C-4, launch it off the seesaw
You never seen raw before, I deattach your skull
Now you look like Skeletor with a positive AIDS test
Stressed out, you get punched in your mouth
Punt heads up North, and they land down South
With your body in the desert you won't be so fresh
When vultures pick at your neck and have a picnic in your chest

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Yeah, yo
Now, let's get it straight nigga the name's Celph Titled
Don't just hold weight, this man right here hold chrome plates
And gun parts, assorted explosives
That take you out of your body, talkin' to Jesus like Joseph

And I'll split up your skull into fragments from the gat pressure
Cause you don't even look evil, you just a bad dresser
When me and Majik Most shoot up and grip tecs
We shoot until your polyester shirt turn to fishnet!

Yo, wanna know the difference? Yo, just check this
I'm a star in a stretch limo, you know my steez
You at the bus terminal with a terminal disease
I crush your egg chest, leave your face faceless
Neck brace and abrasions, your face in the pavement
You'll be pavin' the way, for Teethless Entertainment
You think you're the Rainman? I'm reignin', like Raiden
Raisin' my hands, shootin' lightning bolts at your fam

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