

Snowgoons f/ Celph Titled, Majik Most

"Who What When Where"

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[Celph Titled]

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 fun (hehehe)
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~!

[Chorus: Celph Titled] + (Majik Most)

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)

[Majik Most]

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, everybody knows who I am
German fans, SoundScan puttin money in my hand
I'm the type to host a luncheon in a dungeon, maaan

And torture your grandma while I'm munchin, maaan
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 C4, 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
Wit'cha body in the desert you won't be so fresh
when vultures pick at your neck and have a picnic in
your chest

[Chorus]

[Celph Titled]

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
(ha ha)
When me and Majik Most shoot up and grip tecs
We shoot until your polyester shirt turn to fishnet!

[Majik Most]

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

[Chorus]

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