

Snowgoons ft/Slaine,Singapore Kane and Lord Lhus

"The Hatred"

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[Intro] God I think the world is about to collapse!
C'mon! The buildings and walls are are falling If you
don't know, you should by now It's the motherfucking
Snowgoons in the building And you're rocking with
Singapore Kane and Slaine It's 2008, dummy [Verse 1:
Slaine] All eyes are staring at me, people watching the
villain They see my rising with the rebels to the top of
the building Being stuck down at the bottom is the
vilest feeling Desolate soul for vodka that's swilling,
popping the pilling Jealously swirling in their eyes,
they're plotting to kill em But I been there and believe
me, I ain't forgotten the feeling I lived the dark nights
and heard the pain crash from the ceiling I mean the
raindrops hang in 'caine spots with dealers Now
fighting a different war, smoking less, sniffing more
Every week a different chore, every month a different
tour I got a gang of haters everyday I piss em off a
little more Whatchu think I got a fucking pistol for?
Jealousy's a disease that affect my enemies They're
scheming while they're sipping on the Hennessy Me,
I'm overseas making G's like I stick banks Rocking
mics, sniffing foreign coke out of Swiss francs [Chorus
x 2] We bring the devastation, never a moment of
hesitation When we smash your face and leave your
blood pasted upon the pavement The sons of Satan,
keeping it rugged, fuck the debating Whatchu talking
about? You weak, our fury is full of hatred [Verse 2] It's
no benefits trying to test me and my affiliates Soon as
you consider it we smack dudes illiterate Sidestep the
petty shit, forever it's a militant's mission To get the
cheese and stretch it like mozzarella sticks Test me,
I'm ready, my girl got my machete And she's ready to
cut your throat like Chequeta in Belly You as hard as a
rock, now you sweeter than jelly No one believes the
shit that you spit on the telly Despite how you live your
looks I'll never play by the books The silent kid in the
room is really the biggest crook Pulling out the biggest
jux you'll ever ? nook Fight to the death with guns and
knives and left hooks Dudes talk the talk but they don't
walk any similar We'll separate your soul from your
body like oil and vinegar High off the sticky, insane

when I'm sober Spit poison in my verse like killer cobra
[Verse 3] The style raw, kick it rugged like its sting'll
crack your face It's the mind place ditched me in hell
what I create It's the rhyme squad, some of mine is
gone with the wind I'm better than half you rappers who
faking it like pretend To the end I'mma murder this,
MC's keep on observing this I hear you bite my shit and
they're gonna find you where the murder was I kick it ill
sick twisted acapella when I rock a fella Rolling with
dime bitches and cocking ? My rhyme is torture, slowly
pulling out your guts While your whole body soaked in
alcohol and paper cuts Then the knife slides into your
right thigh You think you might die, you right, you see
the visions of your life fly Right past you, my clique'll
really bash you Into your skull then suck your brains out
like a vacuum My backroom is filled with goons and
street thugs Killers hate love, sweeten your ? and pull ?
[Chorus x 2]

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