

Snowgoons

"No Guts No Glory"

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(feat. O.C., Rasco, Reef the Lost Cauze, Wordsworth)

[O.C.:]

Snowgoons... one two
Hehehahaha, uhh
Yeah? Yeah...

Yo, feast your eyes, two double oh-five
While two double oh-six is here
My energy be for all to accept and hear
I'm not ashamed for the ten years plus in that game,
won't refrain
O.C., speak my mind cause I ain't no lame
Never defendin, creates my own lane
Long live the saga, with a clear slate clear head these
days
Works for hire, possible if I'm prepaid
Welcome me back, give a toast to my libido flow
Similar to sex spurnt from my urethra
Friction, give off heat like a fever
Good lucks for those who wish, I don't need it
Much to my amazement, or should I say that I'm not
surprised
I still reside in the basement
Wits and charm is what bless this tongue
Along with the mindstate for me to write these songs
Uhh

[Chorus: O.C. + Wordsworth]

No pain, no gain, no guts, no glory
This ain't another war story, this is trill
My heart, my brain got the will to survive
In my shoes, you wouldn't make it out alive, no
These young rappers in the game ain't got nuttin for
me
This ain't another war story, this is trill
My heart, my brain got the will to survive
In my shoes, you wouldn't make it out alive, no

[Reef the Lost Cauze:]

Dead in the middle of Germany, puffin herbally

Observe me as I absurdly murder beats verbally to
the third degree
I ain't no nerd or freak, I'm the word, the streak
that works Shareef, peace, nice to meet
I need a, mic to eat, a track to bash
Your shit is whack, it's trash, I just have to ask
You just playin right? You can't be tryin
I'll blow you the fuck away like a dandelion
Be a man c'mon now, you can't be cryin
My next album six figures or I shan't be signin
I'm so independent I'll GO independent
Get dough independent, I SMOKE independents~!
The most mentally ill, so gifted and real, the spit that
can kill
Pick up the mic it's like I lift up the steel
Aim it at your temple, now how that feel?
It hurts like a motherfucker don't it? Now bow down and
kneel

[Chorus]

[Rasco:]

Look, yo
Man I'm back for it, it's the black poet
Sit down spit rhymes just to get the stacks flowin
You cats ain't knowin, man I'm back for revenge
The real shit, never had to pretend
Shatter your shins, nigga go and gather your ends
Call your friends, forgivin you for all your sins
It all begins, right here, makin it quite clear
It's twenty-oh-six, make sure it's the right year
To your right ear, or your left lobe
Still swingin hard, then watch a nigga's chest fold
Get this dress code, I spit the best flows
No cat better than Ras to stack cheddar
You all falsetto with no bass and no taste
Bring it to you live at sunrise at yo' place
I give 'em no space, we on a dough chase
Niggaz can't get it cause they movin at a slow pace

[Chorus]

[Outro:]

Yeah, Dick Swan in the building
Snowgoons, live
/]

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