

Casualties Of War

Snowgoons

Rap style Russell Crowe, get trapped, hustle flow
Pitch haze, puffing dro, switchblade cut your clothes
Bitch-made switched to a fucking ghost
Spit rage page, big gauge blowing off
Insane quart of Henny to the brain
Alcohol ease the pain in the rain purple rain
Verbal game downright murder man
Verbally murdering everything you ever heard me in
Or heard me on, word is born
Every song molotov, drop bombs, big shots going off
Haul em off, all my dogs bark and bite kid, call em off
Call me your General, lead the charge over raw
We the squad, bootcamp entourage
Kevlars, camouflage, Smith and Wesson on the chron
Timb chucker, friend been gutter, been thugging, been bout bucks
Been gun-bucking

Bullets flying through the sky, gun shots everywhere
Duck down, duck down
You a'ight? The coast clear
Shells shatter your chest, just a casualty of war
We salute and stand firm ready to get it on

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Smoke, early bird from LaGuardia
If I got to go any further than Miami I'm charging you
Be on deck and ready when I land, no cowboy shit, stick to the plan
I want cash in the bag, just hundreds of doves
I know what it weighs like when I pick it up
I'm a duffel bag boy, that's coordinated
coupe back and upgrade her
I get dough (get dough) with Black Snow (Black Snow)
When I start to run low then I get more
I'm no nigga so that means I'm loyal
Don't fuck with them Alphabet boys at all
It's not in my tradition to be snitching
I watch from the sky box when I ain't pitching
I'm something like a boss and a worker
I give the order then to come murk you