

# Get off the Ground

## Snowgoons

Termanology, so uh, aye yo I  
Send my condolences to any rapper holding a crown  
I'm a blow his wig off his body and roast it  
Rocking with my dudes flicker  
Move when I'm with the goons  
It's a fool run any rapper that wanna diss the crew  
I'm with the Switzerland wolves we bout to spit some jewels  
For the [?] caring flaring with the tools  
I'm the hardest spitter and I got the heart to kill you  
I put your squad up in the grave then I party with you  
You not soldiers you stock brokers, the Glock's smoking  
I'm Pac over Nas I'm a start rock and rolling  
I'm Michelangelo eating you like a cannibal  
Greeting you with my hammer-lo  
Deepest flow I'm mechanical  
Mandible like Canibus  
Render these rappers like amateurs  
Panicking what she should be my uzi weighing a ton or two  
I got determination, that's right the term is waiting  
To turn your safe into my personal bank and burn your paper  
The MC slaughterer, pardon us we make horror flicks  
We chopping bodies like calamari, you pounds of fish  
On a scale lucky lefty  
Sonnie turn your vussy messy  
It's Termanology rock with me  
I be repping SC  
If you don't want to get buried alive or get tossed in the grave  
You better get off the ground, get off the ground  
And from New York, we do it our way  
You better get off the ground, get off the ground  
Yo you can't rap, understand fam you can't rap  
Overhand blam, you got slapped  
Now get off the ground, pull my dick off a ral  
Click and hiccup the pound  
Pop a few bars, who eat and devour the bars  
Nice rip you a bitch, still a coward in cars  
Off the marijuana, I will Sarah Conner your squad  
On the scene clean, we are the champions Pa  
Rap Gouda, it's a rap the gat shoot you  
Dough fight the dyke, [?]  
Provoke Mic ice pick, your bitch shoot coolers  
P, good night Pa you're a loser

Listen I rap better than most dudes  
Most dudes can't rap and tap on your boat shoes  
P, bust my nine  
Sean Price thinking Justin Tyme, let's do it  
Machine gun skunk I blow dolo  
That's why your bitch jocked me like Polo  
I ain't gotta go get it cause I got it on me  
I smell like palm trees, nothing but exotic on me  
Hoes get erotic on me, I put the pipe down  
Stick the pipe in her mouth tell her pipe down  
Now lick a shot for niggas doing life inside  
Grabbing you by the neck, sticking the knife inside  
It's B-R-double-O-K, double A-K brining trouble your way  
Knock niggas out, they can't get off the ground  
Shell cases found, the cops get off the ground  
So put a muzzle on that bi-suiter rap shit  
Nigga knuckle up, cock rugers back bitch  
Ruste Juxx bullets blow out your brain  
Think it's a game, listen to Lil' Fame  
Foul lyrical assassins, patented the truth  
We gonna carry the torch son when we get in the booth  
Looking for proof, ask [?]  
Everybody follow is watching, yeah you better salute  
Nobody move until we say so, we murder [?] to BK  
You better lay low ho  
It's a takeover, the game's over, we stay sober  
It ain't over, who told you dawg we can't honor  
It's the 2K11 and we still push figures  
Got mad haters, but they still don't get us  
It's the Clash of the Titans, you want beef start biting  
Like Iron Mike Tyson in his prime make you fighting  
We got the tracks make, Mr. Who gon smash  
Legendary friend, got the hook on smash  
Yeah, we make all these cool girls gone mad  
It's a no-brainer, bout to steal game  
Move motherfucker, what part you ain't understand  
I'll murder something with the steel in my hand  
Blaow, blaow, blaow  
Knock something off quick  
Can't dance with the wolves I walk with, we'll talk shit  
We holla at the moon, let you feel that boom  
Sookie, run or you are doomed  
Send your punk-ass to the upper room  
We do this, AMs, PMs, evenings and afternoons  
Mornings it's on, a new day is dawning  
Popping off over here, international warning  
From New York to Switzerland, we gets it in  
Competition, don't want none  
We send them things whistling

Vision that, holla back it's beast mode  
Unleash [?]  
Who gotta problem with that, hey yo Slap  
These clowns get slapped, word to G-ma

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>