

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

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