

# Snap

## Grave Plott

[Tech N9ne]

And I'm back to the drama, yes that karma  
Double back and slap me without armour  
Troubled cats ...

And a loveable act extractin at y'all  
Give me a reason why this season is ceasin a sin season of grievin  
I grim greed and the speeds of our fans feelin us  
Everybody around me downs me and it astounds me profoundly  
Whether they hound me or clown me tryna keep my mind calm  
I keep six soundly around me all through my town and your county  
But i hit that ground cause i found i'm a walkin time bomb  
I feel like a fuckin maniac, in public when a flip the zaniac  
They love it nigga this ain't actin  
When i'm full of money nigga this ain't happenin  
When your dream boat sails away you just sob did a regular job and start to rob  
Went crazy when losin your lady your heart harden so,  
I'ma keep it insane with my 30 thousand dollar chain  
And use it as bait for niggas who hate and wanna resurrect samhein  
Out of a sick nigga, with a short end of a stick i'ma stick niggas  
Cap peela, you don't want me to be that when I snap, nigga

[Chorus]

One, two, GP's comin for you  
Three, four, Tecca's at your door  
Five, six, got guns and clips  
Seven, eight, they seld your faith  
One, two, GP's comin for you  
Three, four, Tecca's at your door  
Five, six, got guns and clips  
Seven, eight, they seld your faith[Liquid Assassin]  
Fuck you i hate you, you fake think you way cool  
Mistakes you gon make you gon pay with your face too  
In case spray you lay you on pavement and shake you  
From bullets that break you and take you to angels  
You know i'm gon get cash, i know that you spit trash  
Collide with you quick crash, i box with you fist fast  
I'm not what you think that, i won't get the clips back  
I don't hesitate to grab the gun and pow  
Like Tecca Nina my guns go (chyoy)  
GP comin through, nigga what you gon do  
When i come into the room, gun aimin at you  
Click boom, you don't wanna see right to the tomb  
When i come in with a crew, let's play with them too

Liquid Assassin, i'ma ride for mine  
Bitch ass nigga, i'ma die for mine  
I'ma grab the heat and i'ma pack the iron  
One two to your chest and one to your mind  
Ain't nobody get best of me  
I put you through more pain than pregnancy  
I don't really give a damn, what sexy beast  
Can't catch you (???)  
You don't want me to even cut the clip bro  
Like a toilet vault i'ma drop the shit load  
Slide to your pad and i'm creepin tip-toe  
(???) let the clip go!  
[Chorus][Killa C]  
These boys are sick, these boys are foul  
On a lay face down, just ask me how  
If you piss me off homie, then it's straight fuckin over  
Cause my trigger finger switchin and i'm far from sober  
I ain't gon stop, it just ain't in me  
Even if the prison is right where they'll send me  
I'll slide right in, hollow tips in my clip  
I'm let them ride out, unless you give me my shit  
Stressin with my Wesson, i'm gon teach you a lesson  
When I come through and ride, you consider it a blessing  
Suck my dick, bitch, cause I hate you like a motherfucker  
At your front door, 'bout to make your mother suffer  
Phone cords and ropes, pistols and gauges  
The world wants us dead like the way in them cages  
We came in, we conquered, we got what we wanted  
Years from now they'll say that your house is haunted[Chorus]  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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