

# Snow, Still Too Much (Remix)

(Snow)

If you Never hear The Sound  
Watch The Way its Goin Down

(Chorus)

Too much for money  
Too much for cars  
Too much for hoes  
Too much for clothes  
Too much for bar  
Too much for clubs  
Too much for thugs  
Too much for drugs  
Too much for much  
Too much for love  
Too much for haters  
Too much for players  
Too much for gators  
Too much for paper  
Too much for favors  
Too much for saws  
Too much for laws  
Too much for raws  
Too much for brawls  
Too much for y'all

(Kwajo)

Breakdown niggas, run through niggas  
Stay comin' through with my 7 Bills niggas  
Make mad figures, my thugs pull triggers  
Leave 'em with the cash and the stash, quick niggas  
All day everyday  
We do or die, serious  
Pass up in the cut, these haters keep get in touch  
Zig-Zag to Dutch, livin' it up  
G.C., 7 Bills what?  
Sharpen the cut

(Chorus)

(Dolo)

My nigga pump all night  
Do the goonin' all night  
Bag a trick that blow dick  
And twist that bitch all night  
Got my ring, chain-swings  
We got the drop word-life  
Hamela, Hannibal cop  
Put that in your pipe  
The tough diaras mazara rap don't concern me  
We cut your Beef Jerkey, Cold Turkey  
Presidential, Oyster Iceberg jersey  
Whatchu got ain't worthy  
Four 50's, need a shift  
Swallow your derby nigga  
We...

(Chorus)

(Kwajo)

Yo the 7 Too Much were just too dangerous  
We Off-The-Hook, we balterbus, all murderous  
Outta the blue, get swept like Typhoon  
Top 'coons, killin' these fools with brand new tunes

Ladies shake the middle (What?)  
Fellas throw your guns up  
Strictly thumbs up, when we come you get duffed up  
Cuffed up, roughed up, 7 Bills, nigga what?  
9-9, tucci, we erupt, just too much

(Chorus)

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To all my Porto Rocks and Ice Cubans who lick shots  
My Dominicans, makin' them ends and don't stop  
To my stone-cold niggas who controllin' the blocks  
And all my stone-cold bitches never blowin' up spots  
I put it down for y'all  
Let off a rhyme for y'all  
Knowin', too much for much, but I'ma pound for y'all  
Never see me at the Bar, got that Crown Royal  
How that sound?  
Mow y'all, everybody get ball, c'mon

(Chorus)

(Snow)

To Much For De Dem  
To Much For lie  
to much de eyes  
and i see lord god tell them why to much why  
i thinkin to much why

tell them a ready i fi tell them again  
tell them a ready i fi tell them again  
we are allstars {x2}

tell them a ready i fi tell them again  
tell them a ready i fi tell them again