SUGAR CONES

Swinging

Debut Album · Killing Field Records · 2023

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Released 2023 by Killing Field Records.
Tracked, mixed, and mastered by Bryan "Cryptic-X" Jenkins.

TRACK 01

BOILED LOBSTER

Sugar Cones

(Jinx playing a lobster)

Hey Guys
I'm a lobster
And this album is fire man
So fire its boiling me alive
And I will be sent to a family of four in no time
Anyway I hope you like the rest of the album
And I won't be catching you later
AHHH OHHHNOO OH IT BURNS OUHAA!

TRACK 02

ARCHANGEL

Sugar Cones

(Populus)

Archangel, create a legend out of fable Burn shit down take the horses from the stable Riot in the street and kill for that maple Fucked yo bitch now we shopping for some lego If I die tonight you know I'm going to pack Vince gon run yo block silly with them two Fucking quacks We the gun bumping dealers known as pop and bag Empty yo shit we gonna eat yo wallets keep the cash (Bagheadddd)

Put acid to cast em a tongue I massacre beats for the fun Im moving metal to abdominals putting lead in a gun Take a lung burning greenish take a sneeze it's fever season Colder than my nipples freezing I will kill don't need a reason Bag and Pop smoking that tonga, PB&J Wrists Pouring out blood running across the trafficked interstate It gets to late eyes on the road when I'm driving my green Missile's going fast The Archangel's driving carelessly (Populus) Run with heat like Jimmy Dirtier than shimmy Park it in the south now she scream my name like Timmy 28 routes to my bank account Fire out the red that shit'll help me out I got my plate stacked with fucking bread and trout File out the room yes I had to clean it out Force feed you acid then eat you like a crab, man Get my networks to leave you in a trashcan Eating jaw breakers and breaking jaws like its bike locks Brothers in arms Gangbang a mermaid fuck a Starbucks Eyes, redder than the squirrels we tend to crush When I'm fucking on the librarian I tell that bitch to shush Not religious don't cross me, You can fear this walking zombie Smoking fags I'm hobby lobby fuck 10 bitches they the dime piece I'm content with this Bag, now bitch pick up the slack I'm doing blow off her back then I blow out her back

TRACK 03

MR. FANCY

Sugar Cones, Cryptic-X

(Bagheadddd)

Luckily my morals are hidden behind a paper bag
Grab a rag wash down my car the missile has no cracks
Blowing up every party nickname is the fucking frag
Not to brag but my Garage the size of Chilliwack
Coke-a-Cola truck the green missile wasn't sufficient
Rob a bank last weekend do it again grab the blueprints
It's a hasty decision to drop mills on fashion shit
Once you see the bag and tux you know it's over with

Call me Mr. Fancy bitch you sleeping on me get a grip
Wear my red tie black suit to a lawsuit bitch I got the fit
I'm a Culprit with a dream of laundering and counterfeit
Feeling soaked and wet tuxedo drowning in this fucking drip

(Populus)

Killing these fucks and I'm killing these bitches
But you don't what I do in my tie
They trying stepping and die
Bloody bodies going up as the fly
Shit my suit red from the bloodshed
Put lead to his and he plead
People hear shit and fled
Pull out the gun and spread
Making sure we hit the fedsFancy ass skin mask
From this fucking Richie
Ate his wife's flesh
And I did it real quickly now I got they money

And I'm doing sum funny
I buy suit burn them dolla bills
Cops in pursuit and I shoot for the thrill
It's one bullet six fuckin kills
I'm exited I mothafuckin squeal
But bitch I'm Mr. Fancy

Call me Mr. Fancy bitch you sleeping on me get a grip
Wear my red tie black suit to a lawsuit bitch I got the fit
I'm a Culprit with a dream of laundering and counterfeit
Feeling soaked and wet tuxedo drowning in this fucking drip

TRACK 04

JOJOPUMP

Sugar Cones

In the air Shooting rockets killing fuckers Jojopump
Big explosions Dead bodies we Pop yo dad Bag it up
In the air Shooting rockets killing fuckers Jojopump
Big explosions Dead bodies we Pop yo dad Bag it up

(Populus)

I heard my bullet and yo brain had a nice discussion
Jojo pump you in the head that's more than a concussion
Now you in the fields it's a perfect place for hunting
I'll kill you daddy, mommy, uncles, sons, fucking cousin
3rd gen fuck up, I'm wasting my youth
Funny tho yo bitch choose me over you
Bag and I get our guns and we spray through yo crew
Dust you off with our brooms then fix you with tools
You mad cause I fucked yo bitch then I cut off her clit
So you could find it Little bitch
You's a rodent with a stick
Triple6 Jojo shit Jump jet shoot you quick
Now yo brain is on cement
I'm getting and getting up Dedene and we sparking up
Mixing green with that arson and
Killing bitches for farcing I'm going la da da dadia
I don't fuck with a lot of ya
Eyes red like I'm Texas Hamburger Helper for breakfast
Bitch want my name on necklace and now
She knows she'll leave neck less
And now I'm getting real reckless
I just stabbed a man shitless

Left his body in open
So his kids will fucking notice
And they'll scream bloody murder Knowing Pop did it (Pop)

In the air Shooting rockets killing fuckers Jojopump
Big explosions Dead bodies we Pop yo dad Bag it up
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Big explosions Dead bodies we Pop yo dad Bag it up
In the air Shooting rockets killing fuckers Jojopump
Big explosions Dead bodies we Pop yo dad Bag it up
In the air Shooting rockets killing fuckers Jojopump
Big explosions Dead bodies we Pop yo dad Bag it up

(Bagheadddd)

Alright
Bones picked with the Listerine it's a misdemeanor
Shallow cough we run from the cops and a dizzy shallow fever
Frolic with the frogs slapping throats fucking up every singer
Catch these hands I'm throwing amputee arm parts up in the theater
Bitch don't touch my sandwich you a cancerous care package
Can't even manage like the stress on Jimmy Fallon's wrist
Wrecked pothole neighborhoods more guns than little kids
Buy more of them watch the rich swim like tuna fish
I make the moves on my own bitch you gotta know
Stars twisted in wonders into the van we Gogh
I borrow my own money myself I get alone
My cells reaching up to space like girl grab a megaphone
I'm shallow and pedantic, the manic how can I manage
The panic of the bleeding wrists it's often brandished
With famished cancer and canned baking soda its arm and hammer
Take a gun put a cap in your head let God answer

In the air Shooting rockets killing fuckers Jojopump
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TRACK 05

25 CENTS / CRANBERRY SAUCE

Sugar Cones, Jinx

(Split track, Bagheadddd solo track feat jinx is first followed by Populus solo track)

(Bagheadddd)

4321
Bitch get out the way
I'm holding round 25 cents
You pull up to me wild screaming and shouting
I can not pay you no rent
Working so hard as a I go
I thank myself for the most
I'm holding round 25 cents
I'm holding round 25 cents
I'm holding round 25 cents
I'm holding round 25 cents

I'm holding around 25 cents
The bitches all on my Benz
Family problems plus addiction that shit never ends
Added my six sense shit
Now I'm stacking 31
Got my paycheck and dipped
Spent it all on the drugs
Spent it all on the music
Spent it all on the fun
I'm holding a mf quarter
I'm holding a mf quarter
Smoking hash that's older
My wrist can't get any Colder

Choppa I spin I'm aiming for heads
25 bodies we bury dem dead
Fucked on a bitch pumped her with lead
Big ass bong like I'm chillin with Ted
Needed a mix so I called up the X
Choppa I spin I'm aiming for heads
Choppa I spin it got 25 pennies
10 more years and I'm winning a Grammy
Punched a def kid he saw the word wammy
I'm to perfect I make you feel clammy
Bagheadddd fell but came back like Kenny
Bags not the same when he mix shit with Henny
You want the hype but not what is really
I spend to much on drugs I'm holding a quarter
We get the choppas spinning while I finish packs like murder

Bitch get outta the way
I'm holding round 25 cents
You pull up to me wild screaming and shouting
I can not pay you no rent
Working so hard as a I go
I thank myself for the most
I'm holding round 25 cents
I'm holding round 25 cents
I'm holding round 25 cents
I'm holding round 25 cents

(Jinx)

How the fuck I'm gonna pay your rent I ain't got no pot to piss
I get a bill making some change but you can't take two cents
I can't get what I need but I still smoke and I drink
I got no shame I sold that shit for some game
So that I could wreck it for the record I put that curse on my name

You wanted beef I got me a steak on plate
You can't be face to face you wanted smoke
come to my home shit i got you waiting like twenty or more
You on the phone I'm good to go pick you off with the glint in the scope
You want control of my life knowing I'll never be clean in your eyes
Knowledge was missed so you hid it with lies now I'm screaming die motherfucker die
Long as y'all keep talking long as y'all keep walking
I'ma be on my steps (posted up) posted up barking
Ain't no use gotta bite ain't no use gotta fight
This shit my home in the land where the buffalos roam
You can't bitch about it (Get it got it) Get it got it you gold

Bitch get outta the way
I'm holding round 25 cents
You pull up to me wild screaming and shouting
I can not pay you no rent
Working so hard as a I go
I thank myself for the most
I'm holding round 25 cents
I'm holding round 25 cents
I'm holding round 25 cents
I'm holding round 25 cents

Cranberry sauce

(Populus)

Moses we set trees to fire when we able
See my life flash before my eyes no cable
I wanna leave my house before some evicts me
Makes it real hard when i'm the one doing the evicting
Staring at the glow from my hands
Gorilla glued and fucked this shit was too strong for mans
They panic attacking get some water check the fans

May 25th got buzzed for a band
Ok check the dandelions
Guns creep through itrs you and the fam they eying
You use ethos to fill egos, no aristotle
No teeter toddle, no toddle here gon steal my bottle
Snap, kill you just like that
Its basic shit but i'd kill for a rack
I'm in the bathroom having a panic attack
When I lost my bro is time I'll never get back
Old snow regimes come back in the form of cash
Looking back at it I'd do the same and dash
Momma said I'm smoking too much ash
Shi i be high as fuck but I made it to class

No Anthony but I am blacking out
Singing along with ween, get that gold and we balling out
Drop a track like a nuke ain't no falling out
My ex prolly mad cause they see that I'm ballin now
Basic fool proof I'm jamming out to the bars I writ
My psych is pretty brutal it turns fairy dust to baby shit
The cynical cyninist mad his cynicism got him hit
It wasn't even his bro
He was sitting in his home, home alone with empty roads
Got bullet to the dome he ate the chrome
Hearts on the box, left in the street
Left for the little ones to see and to feast
No boris but I'm droning to the beat
Stand by me we left the body in the creek
Ay, better look through the doorknob
Left my mind to rest now it's worn off
Lucky it ain't blown off
Sick like a sore cough
Kill it super sawed off
Shot and gunning like I'm zoned off

Not good enough to rap but I'm too good to quit
I'm zoning to the smell of the match that i lit
Back to my line about the bars that rit
Wonder how my dad feels knowing his kid is the shit
Lungs gonna rot but shit I'm gonna go hard
Horses in the stable they got left in the boneyard
More stoned than an Easter island head
Let the beat play out while I fantasize
About the dead

TRACK 06

KILLING FIELD

Sugar Cones, theyAreGhost, enemyX, Cryptic-X, Jinx

(theyAreGhost)

Let me talk my shit.
I been looking at the game for a life time
I aint seen a rapper in the main who could write rhymes
Doper than the ghost and I suppose its due to my mind
Generating millions like I'm Regis, fuck a life line
Ya'll can ask the audience, but you already know
Steady when I flow But kinda Freddy on the low
Sneak into your dreams and plant a seed I need to grow
So I can lurk inside your brain like I'm a yeti in the snow
Pop up! When I'm least expected
Y'all get knocked up when I bust a set list
Everybody's top 5 who I'm neck and neck with
Not a rapper alive the ghost can't contend with
Won't bend my rules but I bend the spoon.
Shoot I learned to rap how Neo learned kung Fu
I downloaded the game, then weeded out the lames
I just watched and trained, and now I'm here to rule
Yuh

(Bagheadddd)

Red tint in my eyes here to flow
Got a couple mili bags and a stack of dough
Got a red Mazda and Lamborghini
Throw on the gas when the coppers see me
Had a bad bad dream I lost my success
I know it was fake I hear "bags the best"

Moving 100 Gs through the system on the daily

Hit and run a bust "oh bags gone crazy"

I'm hasty got 151 in my Pokédex

You see a couple globe trotters in the B-ball vests

You see a a gingerbread man running from Populus

You know what you see

KF no one can ever surpass

KF when you hear the name you better dash

KF we hold the system in our hands and pants

KF we got green like Arugula plant

(Populus)

Rolling on the beat like a motherfuckin hollow

I'm am a leader and all you bitches follow

Stab you till I you hear you scream and hollo

Music so god you can call me Apollo

Imma make ya head bob like Dylan

Then imma put holes in it like Krillian

Laughing like a silly fuckin villain

Toy story cause I'm always winning

Mac like black magic killing tragic

Head in traffic SC classic

Dodecahedron Mind fleeting

Your shrieking And bleeding

Bitch

Killing Field my home, that's were I belong

I feel like I'm trapped but I'm headstrong

We all rejects but we still move along

(Cryptic-X)

I'm a mad man with a trashcan and a Tascam

Outside your house at night with a gas can

Can you sit back an think where it began I can

end your whole motherfucking life in a flash man

Call me the revenant i be hella malevolent i be
Killing these mothafuckas because they irrelevant
Into feeling my element yall forgot we intelligent
We be killing the field so we always stay relevant

(Jinx)

I been in the Fields ever since I was born
Peaks of the green with the valleys fulla gold
Where the good is bad and the young die old
Least that's what I was told man
Walking through the rows
Leave the murder scene
Man ain't nobody know
Walk into the station
Finna make it blow
Fire to your nation
Wanna watch it glow
Finale on the news man
Sit and watch the show
Eating, pots and pans my dishes
Singing, taught there's no witness
Fiending, leave that nose to yo business
Murder murder my setlist
All of y'all gon rep this
All of y'all gon get this
Giving fucks so feckless
Fair-weather fucks you get clapped with the steel
We kill in the field so we killas for real

TRACK 07

GREEN MISSILE

Sugar Cones, Cryptic-X

(Populus)

Hop up in the Green Missile
Fast as fuck as a pistol
shit is shiny as a crystal
fire it up, make it sizzle
Whee! Thats the sound it makes
stop it fast like the brakes
lean back eat some grapesFuck 12 give em shakes
Bullet holes, don't give a fuck
I swerve right past a red truck
Cops stop from going amuck
Fuck it up, Hit and run
I hit my head into a street light
It's fine I'm not bright
So get up and I'm all right
Everybody shocked at the sight
Eyes hanging out, skull shattered
Arm off, bones battered limping away, I staggered
Green Missile move with ease like Jagger

(Bagheadddd)

Yea my life is to smooth for this shit to be cryptic
If my parents kicked me out it be a real nit-pick
But I would still skate around town doing kick flips
And on my cheek is a mark of red lipstickIn the Green Missile riding around the water body
The lipstick stain on my cheek is from my shawty
Uh, got some eyes on me from a blond hottie

Now I'm driving around cruising it sort of my hobbyI'm livid in imagination call it what you wannabe
Pretty lucky out in the wild, I'm the lion king
I like to call myself lucky winning up the lottery
Hitting up my EXs to tell them I got that luxury
You seen a casino I'm feeling sober like Gambino
Trick or treat my candy sweet tho got honey from the bee shows
I'm rolling around hillsides I got the green on my car gage
Green Missile hits the interstates 90 mph

Vroom Vroom Vroom
Get it now
Vroom Vroom Vroom
90 mph
Vroom Vroom Vroom
In the Green Missile
Vroom Vroom Vroom Bitch

TRACK 08

RUNNING INTO ONCOMING TRAFFIC

Sugar Cones, Cryptic-X

(Bagheadddd)

Run, I make bitches bleed
Run, force em into ketamine
Run, put em on the guillotine
RUN, I love to hear them scream
RUN into the oncoming traffic I'm feeling amazing I'm feeling the magic
You dissing on pop so you dissing on bagheadddd I'll rip you right open and feast on your cartilage
We begin popping shit we being marksmen I don't do it for money I do it for pleasure
You bitches be weathered like clouds after hours
Pop playing like mustard you splatter like ketchup
Skiing on skylines Ticking time bombs
And I'm ticking the time lines Bitches be crossed
I grow my own green and I smoke every puff
Get fucked at the function I lose beer pong
Making a move and I'm moving a drug
Taking a drag and I'm losing a lung
Bend a bitch backwards I'm making a muck
Running in traffic is so fucking fun

I'm one in a million a super villain who's winning I'm going round killing and killing these heroes not swinging or swimming they
sleep in the road and traffic
Watching them scatter while panicked
laughing and laughing splatter I get to see it happen

(Populus)

I look like the opposite of slenderman but I still make a bitch kill her friend

She said talk to the hand

So I cut it off and ate it real fast

Bagheadddd needs a new mattress

It just so happens I'm the hat man

Crawl in his bed now he sleeping a fat man

Eating spaghetios out a can with Steely Dan

Back to back is Royal Scam

And she said don't take me alive

So I look her in her eyes

Threw her in a Iron Maiden

Eddie and I watch her cry

watch her meet the sky

Yeah we killers

Send a bitch to purgatory

I'm a drifter

Steal yo shit we getting gory

Pull out the Mac

No all he got is them motherfucking dreams

Yo death symbolic

Wake up see 1000 eyes

TRACK 09

AMERICA'S REJECTS

Sugar Cones, Captain VIII

(Captain VIII)

Oh my goodness
What are those boys doing?
Prolly acting stupid
Prolly acting foolish
We are America's failures that they locked inside a box
Now enough is enough and it’s time for us to pop out!
Oh my goodness
What are those boys doing?
Prolly acting stupid
Prolly acting foolish
We are America's failures that they locked inside a box
Now enough is enough and it’s time for us to pop out!

If you wanna find me I’m at the park
With my shirt off tripping balls looking at stars
If I went too far I’m beating up cars
With a baseball bat that I got from moms
Setting off every alarm
with my legs spread out six feet apart
Telling pedestrians that I’m calm
I'm just a futures king securing my position
Devoted to opening minds is my only mission
Showing people the doors so they can leave their mental prison
My work is never done a God is never finished

Oh my goodness

What are those boys doing?
Prolly acting stupid
Prolly acting foolish
We are America's failures that they locked inside a box
Now enough is enough and it’s time for us to pop out!
Oh my goodness
What are those boys doing?
Prolly acting stupid
Prolly acting foolish
We are America's failures that they locked inside a box
Now enough is enough and it’s time for us to pop out!

(Populus and Bagheadddd going back and forth every 4 bars)
America's rejects, tripping off codeine and Percocets
We here to crash the mold and break the game just like we Dipset
I Drew down my lines and I knew that shit was Golden
Americans reject, we put in a mental hold in
Missing mansions and messing the menace done mess up im mixing
Drugs upon drugs we be sizzlin
Listen and pay me attention
Kids be kicking rocks and breaking bike locks as missions
Efficiently we down our heads like it's a crazy decision it isn't
Simple plan, is this gun in my hand
Do I aim it at me or do I shoot my friend
Bitch I'm fucking fuming, I don't know what I'm doing
America's rejects, that's what that shit do to me

Stop, signs we be ignoring and cruising
Bitch I'm going insane bitch I'm going plain stupid
Leave a girl in distress Oops I gave that bitch lupus
Now I'm lucrative like condoms poke a hole in your future like Oops

Oh my goodness
What are those boys doing?

Prolly acting stupid

Prolly acting foolish

We are America's failures that they locked inside a box

Now enough is enough and it’s time for us to pop out!

Oh my goodness

What are those boys doing?

Prolly acting stupid

Prolly acting foolish

We are America's failures that they locked inside a box

Now enough is enough and it’s time for us to pop out!

TRACK 10

GUILLOTINE

Sugar Cones, Cryptic-X

[Intro]

I fucking love the Mcchicken

[Verse Populus]

Kings upon they broken thrones

Shattered crowns and throwing stones

Crowds falling down into broken bones

Sitting high since I'm a cone

Chopping heads I'm a guillotine

They coming off quick and clean

Clean it off make it glean

Making sure I'm the last one seen

Shooting bitches Artemis

Their arteries ain't hard to miss

Leave your boy with holes like swiss

And pale as fuck just like Ritz

Laughing as your head spin

Man I just don't give a shit

I kiss your dog and pet your bitch

Knock you out with one punch in the pit

Get in and throw a fit

I'm flourishing I'm killing dreams

With a tub of chlorine

Wild on this beat

Like a feral beast

Pushing teeth

Pop my name popping poppers penguins with the 99

Fuck your lime

Be sour like a warhead crime

Cut you off right on time

Made my blade to end your life

Pop's the king now treat me right

Treat me right treat me right bitch

Treat me right treat me right fuck

[Chorus Populus and Bagheadddd]

In a guillotine

Making a fucking scene

Hit it and Pop shit

The moment you fuckers see

Gonna make you bleed

Dripping like many funds

Bag it up and run

That's how you end up

In a guillotine

Making a fucking scene

Hit it and Pop shit

The moment you fuckers see

Gonna make you bleed

Dripping like many funds

Bag it up and run

That's how you end up

[Verse BagHeadddd]

Accommodate me

I don't give a fuck about your silly news

I take your silly nudes then hang you dry in the fucking woods

Bag bags broken bleeding nosed brats with a bat

Feeling like a heart attack when I split your ribs in half

Actually I'm the shit

Don't break down

Imma flow on this bitch

Don't stutter

It's a build I won't miss

Okay now

It's a build I won't miss

Okay now

Slice the heads slice the heads clean off

Slice the head slice the heads clean off

Slice the heads slice the heads clean off

Guillotine blood dripping all over the fucking floor

Slice the head before the ceremony bitch I'm feeling gory

Hit 'em with a story Jack and Jill this time they feeling horny

Mark 'em with our logo

Sc knife strikes on the fucking face

Watch your drink before you get that shit laced

[Chorus]

In a guillotine

I’m making a fucking scene

Hit it and Pop shit

The moment you fuckers see

Gonna make you bleed

Dripping like many funds

Bag it up and run

That's how you end up