

Addicted

GAWNE

You could try to rap, but you couldn't act the part
This shit was God given I'm not holding back a bar
I want it all bitch, big house and fancy cars
If I could fit the whole world in my shopping cart
Then I would buy it
I will get rich or die trying
I shoot for the stars, the belt of orion
I'm eyin the top, and hot like a cayenne
Won't stop 'till the day that I drop, I'm not lyin'
'Cause I've been
Just playing for fun, but I won
So last call on the board is done
My brass balls shining brighter than the ray of the sun
So bar none, no one got the same enunciation
A proclamation I'm saying these puns
But what the fuck you think would happen when you playing with
guns
Shooting to kill, super I'll
Lyrical nuisance for real
Been through it all loop-de-looping behind the wheel
Of a real automobile

All my people from the front to the back stand up
LG is in the building let me see them hands up
Hands down we the best, we stay winning so what
Never giving no fucks, where's my threes throw'em up
And my money's going up
'Cause my crew's been on the come up
We been grinding every day, getting paid and elated
Must've made it, waited, just faded
Trying to evade a one hit wonder
So it's back to the basics
Serrated blade up in your stomach uhh
Wooh!
So I figured that I'm cold
Pop them pill bottles, it's rock bottom 2.0
But you don't know what you been told
We don't stop, it's time to get a move on yo
You think I'm Luke Gawne?
I think I'm Edgar Allen Poe
Back with a new wand
Some motherfuckin new God flow in this
Phony rappers take them back to school
This games a bitch but I keep on crawling back to-