

Back Down

GAWNE

I don't run from nothing
I ain't bluffing
I don't back down
I been gone a minute
I admit it
But I'm back now
I remember pill prescription bottles in that trap house
Used to pop them pillies 'til I's really bout to pass out
I don't run from nothing
I ain't bluffing
I don't back down
I been gone a minute
I admit it
But I'm back now
I remember pill prescription bottles in that trap house
Used to pop them pillies 'til I's really bout to pass out

I am on the precipice
My presence is a present to you peasants
Y'all are pessimists
I ain't givin' no fuck about opinions
Never gon' second guess
Never miss
But it's evident
That it's effortless
Already been the best in the biz
So tell the kids I'm heaven sent
Rough and tough when they gettin' busted up
Hit em' with an uppercut
Duckin' and then I'ma sucker punch
What the fuck was they gonna muster-up?
Dumb enough to get jumped like it's double dutch
When you tussle with another nut
Your concussed and now
Seeing stars like the Hubble does
I hate to burst your bubble but buttercup
If you fuckin' with a gunna
You gonna come to the rumble
Just to get runamok
Number one never been a runner up
Rub-a-dub in the tub
I got you squeaking like rubber duck
Big Bad Wolf's bout to huff and puff
As I blow your house down
Straw, brick and wood it ain't enough
Start the countdown
5, 4, 3, 2, 1
My dick is out now
As I whip it out
It's in her mouth
I'll dick your spouse down

I don't run from nothing
I ain't bluffing
I don't back down
I been gone a minute
I admit it

But I'm back now
I remember pill prescription bottles in that trap house
Used to pop them pillies 'til I's really bout to pass out
I don't run from nothing
I ain't bluffing
I don't back down
I been gone a minute
I admit it
But I'm back now
I remember pill prescription bottles in that trap house
Used to pop them pillies 'til I's really bout to pass out

Hi world
It's me again
Ya miss me?
BRB it's been a minute
I was gone and had to reinvent
The reason that I even wanna breath again
Cause death's been at my door
Since a boy when I let the reaper in
Demons in my head and mind
Screaming that I'm dead inside
Homicidal thoughts they sedate me to the bed I'm tied
Hospital rooms with the oxygen tubes
Where the doctors assumed I was probably immune
To their lobotomy spewing bodily fluids
Out of my bottom like sewage
All over the lobby like an out-of-body buffoon
While I wobble on screws
Hobbled and bruised
Purple and blue
Certain to lose my mind
Put a straight jacket on me
I'm too snobby and rude
Bout to lose my shit in a bit
Flip my lid finna go sktizo
Grip pistols and then I'ma abyssal-whip
You with a stick of the liquorish
Think of me as the wicked witch
Going lickety-split
I'm an incubus
Come to think of it
When the liquor hits
And I drink a fifth
I sink in an abyss

I don't run from nothing
I ain't bluffing
I don't back down
I been gone a minute
I admit it
But I'm back now
I remember pill prescription bottles in that trap house
Used to pop them pillies 'til I's really bout to pass out
I don't run from nothing
I ain't bluffing
I don't back down
I been gone a minute
I admit it
But I'm back now
I remember pill prescription bottles in that trap house
Used to pop them pillies 'til I's really bout to pass out