

Back With A Vengeance

GAWNE

It was all black...
And I was off track
18 years I shed tears
I'm in post traumatic
From the fear of my peers
Who would go and talk smack
But I done broke my back
To make some cold hard raps

And it's too late for an apology, hey
I'm just a product of hate
And inequality
I been made a mockery of
And it's an atrocity
So I've come to spew this venom up into the menaces
Who had an envious rage with my pen to the page
So I'm back and I'm back with a VENGEANCE

So father
Please grant me the strength
Cause I'ma do whatever it takes
To have my enemies slain
If I falter then I'm digging two graves
And you could bet your bottom dollar
They'll remember my name

Now I don't wanna get you startled
But I'm gonna get this shit started
Whether or not you like it or not
Cause ha
I'm coming with 24 bars of the hardest shit
And I might just go full retarded with
This syllable bustin' rap art I spit so
The hip-hop schizo
Is back with a vengeance
I've come to attack like a pit-bull
What you know about lockjaws?
I'm a rapper?
I should have been a rock star
Making hot songs
Cause I'm not gonna stop till I'm rocking and knocking your socks off
In other words I'm a king
So you gon' need more than a cop car
To stop all of this
Cause I'm at the top of hip-hop
And just stop it
I'm not falling

When I was young I wanted to be godly
I wanted to so badly
What's a human body I said?
I said illuminati
Three time while tapping my sneaker bottoms to the studio lobby
Went in the booth and started spewing rhymes like a superhuman zombie
With a music hobby
Other MC's weren't too fondly
Of the fact that I rapped better than 90% of the pack

When I snap so cuckoo oddly
How the fuck?
I'm the new G.O.A.T of the OP rap scene
There will never be another rapper like me
Whiter than a white-t
Light speed
Spitting like a B-Bugatti
I do what I do so proudly
Haters can s-suck on these nuts
Cause I don't give a fuck what y'all think
If I ever did I'd fucking call it quits
Cause I'm never gonna fall in shit
All in this rap game with a ballpoint tipped...
Pen
And ever single last one of my futures poker chips
Oh. LG. Kill em'
Who would have knew?
I spit so much venom
My flow is so smooth like a punch top can
I got one shot
Why would I not go get em'?
When I'ma "go getter"
Dough getter, whole cheddar when I fucking...
Flip flows better
Oh you beg to differ?
Let me show these spitters' who's saliva's better
When I'm ripping and grilling it
Flipping and spilling it
Giving and feeling it
This is the illest shit
Ever that's killing it
Villainous killers of militants
Filling in villages pillaging woman and children and buildings
While I'm working so diligently on my raps and I'm rhyming a million
Words in second, fuck I'm an infinite
Being, my physical body's misleading
Cause I see things that other people just don't see
Why you think I wear shades in the evening?
Cause it's always sunny on "planet cool"
So I eat lame MC's like a cannibool
Or is it a cannibal?
Cause I'm an-animal
With a mechanic flow
Give me a drop of gas and I go
Like a ba-banana boat
When I peel off on this track
Get it, peel off? Nah
Cause y'all ain't that dope
Ain't that dope?
Bitch I'm so sick that I need an antidote
With a Xanax bar and a damn flannel coat!
So somebody get me a can of coke

Cause I'm making pop music
The shit that I'm making will pop pupils
Y'all pop mollies
I pop Ollies
Y'all paparazzi gon' feel stupid
When you're popping a shot of a rap nuisance
Wanna see my ass doofus?
I'll show you the back of my pants, losers
But I ain't looking back cause I'm past loosing
I'm spitting a particle, molecule, syllable

Finna go in with subliminal message a follicle
Left at the scene of the crime is a minimal evidence
Evident, I'm at the pinnacle
I'm gonna spit a flow better than heaven
Cause heaven is God and I'm God when I spit a flow
So how could I not be a God when I'm biblical?
Not gonna stop till my rapping gets difficult
Cocking a Glock cause I'm back, I'm a criminal
You don't really know
Why I really go so hard
When I'm in a zone
Filling homes with the silicone
Of sound, ever minute goes loud
When I'm pounding the drums in your ears like a symbol
When I'm so-so down for the count
That I'm moe-fucking frowning
Cause I'm pitiful!

So father
Please grant me the strength
Cause I'ma do whatever it takes
To have my enemies slain
If I falter then I'm digging two graves
And you could bet your bottom dollar
They'll remember my name

And you could bet your bottom dollar
They'll remember my name
Remember my name