

# 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!

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Remember my name