

Dark Knight

GAWNE

What's poppin'?
I been comin' up like I'm Bobby
Under pressure like Logic
Rap is all that I got, I do not have other options
One direction I follow
I ain't speaking 'bout a boy band
Talking 'bout makin' it outta
Hopelessness, when I was broke as shit without a dollar
Cold winters in Chicago
This the city of Gotham
Without Batman and Robin
No one's saving you but God, this
Life's a bitch so I pipe the chick and unfollow
Off the grid so quit calling
Me, no signal, so don't copy
They compare me to Marshall
Once again, I don't copy
How much more of a martian
Shoot for stars, I go Apollo
Houston, we have a problem
Momma's workin' too many hours, think it's time she retire
I'm about to hit the lotto, get it poppin' like a tire
Kill the mic, word to Myers
Music's hot, I perspire
Lil bitch, I'm on fire
Hella nice when I'm rhymin'
Lines are tight like some flyers
Flow deeper than a fryer
Think I need to call a diver
Words delivered like a pizza box with a driver
This single's 'bout to Kris Kringle my bank account when it breaks out like
MacGyver
Stranger things 'bout to happen, situation's so dire
Will motherfuckin' Byers, comin' down to the wire
Not a man, I'm a giant
Buildin' my whole empire
Haters try to get excited
Plus she was made outta iron
They throw shade, I'm still shining
I'ma take 'em to the bayou
Catch a fade like you Caillou
Lord forgive me for what I do
Your bitch getting super smashed, like she was Zelda on Hyrule
What's poppin'
I been
Chillin' up in my cockpit
More fly than a pilot
Other words, I'm on top, the flight attendants wanna try it
Suck my dick in the sky till, like the bird, they gon' swallow
Think I'm in the Mile-High club
Call 'em Mary when the fuckin' cherry gets to poppin'
Umbrella with the stockings
I make cheese, I make dollars, mozzarella and cottage
Enemies get demolished, like Khabib did to Connors
So strong with my headlock, someone needs to get a locksmith
Referee, call the stoppage
Bitch, I ball like I'm Giannis

Fling the rock like I'm Rogers
When dropping back in the pocket
I'ma pass around the knowledge
Lyrically, I'm a scholar
You would think you was in college
Listenin' to me outspoken like Joe Rogan on his podcast
Hulk Hogan, I'm a monster
Opposition I conquer like Eminem killing Ja Rule
Over Hailey, no comment
Body bag and no comment
We have nothin' in common
I don't snitch, I don't comment
You like 6ix9ine in bondage
We have nothin' in common
Like Israelis and Saudis, we have nothin' in common
Like Obama and Donald, we have nothin' in common
Chick-fil-A to McDonald's, raw dog to a condom
We have nothin' in common
Just me, it's not you too, and no Bono
Still I started from the bottom, word to Drizzy in Toronto
Used to work for the sopranos
Pizza box and gelato
I was really blue collar
Had the heart of a lion
Sang, "Hakuna Matata"
This for mama and papa
Sarabi and Mufasa

Huh, what's poppin'?