

# 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'?