

Death To Mumble Rap

GAWNE

This a warnin' shot to every motherfuckin'
Little one-hit-wonder, rap mumble brother
Crypt and I figured it'd pay the bundle
So we teamed up top five dead or alive
We're bringin' the rain and thunder goin' insane
I'll be choppin', like a helicopter blade
Man the wolf's begun to hunt the jungle
Stomach rumbles, lookin' for somethin', damn
Where the fuck's Lil Pump at? I'm kinda hungry
These kitties better never come to my city
Come to the Windy you gon' get nothin' but animosity
Midwest monopolies, monstrosities
Rap god, I'ma leave the beat in poverty!
Hostility, drop a bomb on the enemy
Artillery, blowin' up your auxiliary
Hit 'em with the intercontinental capabilities
Leavin' no stability
In the Middle East, Benghazi, Hillary, yeah
Will I be a kamikaze and kill a beat?
Nobody really wanted this smoke
So I'm hittin' 'em with the Juul pod
Nicotine, smokin' 'em like a chicken in the rotisserie
Finger on the frickin' detonator, incinerating
And straight eviscerator, I consider eliminating
Every hater in the visible vicinity like Arnold Schwarzenegger
Terminator, fuckin' mumble rap exterminator
Then again I spit it, wicked, demented and venomous
'Cause I'm sick of the bitter freakin' diggin' and reapin' the benefits
When I'm rappin' it like a missile disintegrated in remnants
I'm beginnin' to be the reaper, so I load the MAC attack!
(Doo-doo!) Everybody dies when I nuke you
Screws loose, losin' my mind, I'm goin' cuckoo
Who knew I would be the rap Babe Ruth?
Jesus in suede shoes, I hit 'em and straight shoot
The skeletons walk through the elements
Wordsmith, the Letterman, way too competitive
Rap with the best of 'em, the veterans
And I've just entered the seventh level
I held the devil, mama, made it out the ghetto
So how the fuck can I not be the illest when I feel like a villain
Killin' anybody at will, I'm villainous, still a gorilla
I'm pillagin' villages and buildin's, pavilions
King Kong, I'm prolly makin' a song for Kim Jon
So ching-chong, kiddies sing-along
As I'm rippin' about the quickest
Yeah, when I'm pickin' apart the rap
And I put the pen the pad
And Peter Piper pickin' a pickled pepper
Peter, I picked it next
I figure that I'm doin' this straight, just shittin' tracks at mumble rap
Gucci gang, Gucci gang, Gucci gang (Brrt!)
Shooting range, too much rage, who to slay?
Grippin', I weaponize all the rhymes, they demise
To the mumble gods when we hit 'em like it's MMA
Gucci-Gucci-Gucci-Gucci-Gucci gang
Murder everybody like a shooting rampage
Yeah, kill 'em all, Fentanyl, blow 'em up

Molotov, mazel tov, death to mumble, I rule the game

(Sheesh! Yo')

Yo, I'm not a hater, but I'll call a nigga out on his shit
I see a lot of people makin' money off of the kids
They poppin' pills, tryna hide they real feels
See somebody OD, then be surprised when it happens to them
I'm counter-culture, y'all some vultures, fuck that!
Prayin' on they downfalls and bump that!
Use this music, dudes is foolish?
Ignorant niggas flashin' they cash, blowin' money they don't have
Flow infinite, I let 'em all rent it, and I laugh
Futuristic the illest with the pen and the pad
Since a young lad, been out as the gun blast
I was writin' raps while you was still watchin' Rugrats
Ante, I'ma up that (Uh)
Put your money where your mouth is, you don't want smoke, your lung's black
Took a year off to sing on a bunch of songs
I was tired of rap, but now I'm joinin' with a comeback (Sheesh!)
I'm tired of verses without a purpose (Yeah)
I'm tired of guns in the videos (Uh huh)
I'm sick of faking it until you make it
That shit don't make sense when you really broke
I'm sick of that mumbling BS
That music that regress, I just wanna see less
I'm tired of seein' the homies on shirts
With the R.I.P letters right off of they heat press! (Damn)
Get yo' mind right
When the time right, I know that they'll reflect
You don't gotta listen to my music, it's cool
But you do gotta show the young man respect
Or my hand up on yo' neck 'til I stretch the cords
Mumble rap: zero, us: four, check the score (Woo!)
There's somebody to come at me, I'm the best with wars
I move in silence, comin' up like Tesla doors! Uh

(Unh! Yeah! Hunh!)

I don't really know what to do, be comin' and spit fast
Flow so immaculate, give me a pat on the back
Like I'm Brady and Belichick, I got these haters in check, I leave a mess if
They thinkin' of steppin' up to the best, then give 'em whiplash
Whether if you noddin' up and down from the beat or the track
I'm givin' 'em uppercuts 'til their feet is up in their ass
I'ma kill a mumblin' motherfucker before he kill somebody else
With the message that he's tryna make on the past
Hello, motherfucker, you heard me right?
Guess it's hard to listen when your head is filled with purpose right?
Get murked tonight, 'cause bitches like you deserve to die
Get hurt inside with rhymes and it's absurd that I
Have to come back and reiterate this shit
I'ma charge you a fee for extending my hit list
Play stupid games, win stupid prizes
They'll have you forever lookin' at the back of your eyelids
And yeah, we just got back from a funeral
Luke, Mac, Crypt and Futuristic, it was beautiful
We had to say goodbye to some of the ignorants in the game
But that's what happens when they ruin the image that we portray
We don't play around, the audience should know it now
Now I'm not sayin' we played a part in the death
But to be honest if ever the blame goes around
We take responsibility 'fore we dig 'em up and kill 'em again! (Woo!)

Oh, y'all sell tickets like Marvel Movies?
Well I still hate it like Scorsese
Y'all are just food from McDonald's
And I am a gourmet filet that's more tasty
I'm more crazy than a short lady
Tryna' give birth to 84 babies
In the very back of a Porsche Cayman
I bury rappers then pour pavement
Just because you're rapping fast, doesn't mean that you're sayin' something
Y'all muhfuckers rap so damn slow that somehow you're literally sayin' nothin'
Just because you can rap fast, doesn't mean that you can rap good
Well, just because you can rap at all, doesn't mean that your motherfuckin' ass should
Should'a, could'a, would'a hit a hood up with a psycho
Analytical, metaphysical mastermind, I'm makin' a fuckin' mockery
Of anybody makin' an attempt at taking the fuckin' top from me
I brutalize the beat and get the broccoli
(Bru-bru!) Build a Tommy gun and then the bodies come
(Du-du-du-du-du-du!) Here the choppers come
Everybody gotta win, you gotta get aboard
There's blood up in the ocean water, and it's washing to the shore, aye
I'm rotten to the core, catch a body, maybe four
I'm gonna drop you to the floor, like this is Gatti versus Ward
I got a shotty and a sword, in fact, I'm already at war
You know I got a perfect score, but I'ma stomp on you some more
You'll be dead, body in the morgue, talking to the lord
You ain't got an audience no more, all of 'em are bored
You don't party anymore, nobody watches when you perform
Now you gotta go and get a job at the Gucci store
Gucci gang, Gucci gang, Gucci gang
Song is two years old, gee whiz, who would think?
Pull your motherfuckin' pants up, your coochie stank
Fuck the dumbass tats on your stupid face
I'd rather listen to Wu-Tang
I'd rather listen to Luke and Crypt
I'd rather listen to Futuristic
And you'd rather listen to this
I'm about to really go insane if the game
Gives even a half a lil' bit of fame
To another motherfucker that got lil' in his name
Fuck Gucci, you should join the literacy gang
Kids used to want to be astronauts in space
Now kids wanna put tats up on they face
All we tryna be is the best MCs
This the death of mumble rap, rest in peace