

Hell To Pay

GAWNE

I swore to the G.O.D...
I was finna get mine...
Cause mama you done made it out Chicago's Westside!
HO HO mama let's ride...
We roll
Bonnie and Clyde
I ain't goin' out quiet...
Got time on my left wrist
God to my right
But I'm outta my right mind
So be quiet...
And don't ask what I'm rapping for
This shit is personal...
My mama gon' live in the Hollywood Hills fore she gets to the nursing home..
.

Cause name five MC's in the game right now who can take me down...
I'll wait...
Crooked!
We might just have to give em' the rhythm that they came for now-
When I hit em' with the potent-
Profane flow-
Till the propane flame goes out...

Until then
I'm the Rap Godzilla
Miraculous
I'm coming to take the president down

Cause I came for the most hateful
Cave troll
In White House
Who went AWOL
On his wife, what an a-hole
Woman say no
But he won't stop grabbing the pussy by the handful
Cause the man knows
That he can't lose
With a few scandals
When Vladimir Putin is handing him
Wikileaks used to advantage
Disparaging Hillary
Putting that nail through her casket in...

And it's so frickin' apparent
This country is reaching a point of combustion
Where faith in humanity's practically vanishing...

Conservative values have died
They're inanimate

And liberals are panicking...

Turning to pussies
They're packing their bags up and moving to Canada...
Canada...?!?
You mother fuckers ain't really man enough

I don't give a fuck
I'm never running from nothing
Even if Donald's got the nukes
And he's coming for everybody in the opposition
I'ma be there opening up a can of the whoopy-
I'm whooping the man
Cause I'm not a man, I'm a legend
And I reckon my records
Are breaking every single record
Known to man in a second
The world ain't ready for the return of the mic
Murdering menace
I hurt em', and burn em'
Invented
The word of demented
So call em' a medic
With anesthetic
Before they turn into someone you never heard of
Pathetic
At first I was heading for heaven
But the devil said I'd be better never repenting
For my pen again
When the venom is venerable
I'm too fucking incredible
Un-bitable flow
It isn't edible
Nor legible
My decibels and trebles
Are impeccable
When flipping a rap
I'm kicking it back
To the momentum
I first had when I was entering my ZONEEE
WHOA...
Look at the show!

Luke Gawne
Crooked I
And Craig O...

You probably thought
I wasn't gon' slaughter ever syllable
But I'm ripping em' to bits
With the wickedest spit
And bitch
I'm limitless
YOOO!

Walking round with thoughts of redemption
Plotting through my head, voices said speak of division
Oh, whoa, oh whoa, there'll be hell to pay
Oh, whoa, oh whoa, there'll be hell to pay
Picture perfect fantasy is it?
Rotting till we're dead, voices spread, nobody listen!
Oh, whoa, oh whoa, there'll be hell to pay
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Everybody worried bout they guns and the second amendment, end it-
My nigga I'ma tell you in advance
You want America to ban every weapon invented
Just put a gun in a real nigga hands

'Cause me holdin' steel wasn't built in the plans
Elephant in the room, I'ma poacher (Shot!)
Deliver the wound, I'ma smoke ya
Veteran in a mood, I'ma choke ya
Even if you're I'll with your hands
You still getting killed it don't matter
When the shooter go bananas in Nevada shooting outta the window of the Manda
lay Bay like he had a McCain
He sprayin' the crowd shatter
And the data
Don't add up, more than 58 dead...
Conspiracy theorists sayin' they really ain't dead
But tell that to the motherfucker laying on the ground
With his brain matter splattered, head shattered on a platter
From the automatic ratata-tata-
That'll make you change everything in your mind frame when the time came
Dylann Roof, let his nine aim
Walked into the church, turned that shit into a fire range
Squeezin' on the D'Eagle til' his mind hangs sideways
Nine slain, cries, pain, eyes drain, lies blame-
How do I explain hatred to an underage kid
Who's parents got their lives claimed-
By a killer-
That the coppers bought a whopper for, at the Burger King
After the murder scene-
They don't give a fuck if we all die!
Doin' a copper like an Eazy-E walk-by
Slaughterhouse, local pig gettin' hogtied
Fall guy, cause all I'm seein' is you devils being greedy for dinero
But you fuckin' with a pharaoh, I'm the builder of the pyramid, monument
My eye's on top of it
I'm all eyes seein', like Horus
All I ever needed was a chorus
The shit'll get 'em hooked from Philly to Middlebrook
These killers shook, you're lookin' at Crooked you're lookin' at a book
Crook is a thesaurus, "godlike being"
This industry is full of shady-ism, they be into favoritism, take a listen
Lyric disciple, I wrote the lyrical bible
Whoever said they did it, I'ma call it plagiarism, they was into Atheism
Paganism, Satanism - wait a minute
Pay the menace, great attention, haters dissin', they be trippin'
They be listin', crazy spittin', daily rhythms, eighty spitta's-
Ate em' like a plate of chicken
Flavor sticker for the blatant haterism-
Say the mission, ain't a mission if the lyricism-
Isn't a main event when I'm paintin' pictures...
You fuckin' with a verbal gun clapper, I hunt rappers
My gun smoke blunt rappers
Quicker than your blaze a swisha!

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