

Insane

GAWNE

I shed a tear today

"Don't you miss the times when things were simpler?" They say
That sadness is a feeling you just can't get out your brain so
Please get out my way, yo, I'm bout to go insane

Shit, woah, what I been through's crazy

They be talking on the daily, won't ever let is phase me

But then I again I probably should have mentioned

That I'm entering the highest of dimensions

We ain't on the same plane

Y'all are plainly, not on my level

I been all in my bag, tou been suck in your mental

Moving quick I hit the pedal

Only petals that you're hitting are the flowers in the meadows move a mounta
in not a pebble when I

Lift the game like a bodybuilder, put the team on my back

Word to Scotty Miller, and no I'm not a killer

But I swear to God I will, if you come in between

My dollars for real I been a sorpion with the sting

What I bring, has some very black wings

No canary in this area will sing

When I enter in the center of the ring

Ding ding

Tell the king that I'm the heir to that thing

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Please get out my way yo, I'm bout to go insane

Yeah, yeah, I'm bout to go insane

Yeah, yeah, I'm bout to go insane

Yeah, yeah, we're bout to go insane

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

My life, it was simpler back then

But that meant rap wasn't paying the damn rent

The advent of GAWNE had to pick up the pad pent

I dreamt one day I'd write a song

That's platinum they never, dreamed I'd be glorified with it

At war with the critics, gimme four or five minute

Everyone ignores when yo boys not winning

But the minute that I hit it

They all swarming to form an opinion

These days seems like everyones mad now

Yeah I could give a fuck if y'all are bitter an act clown

No you ain't on the main screen, you in the background

Go sit your ass down, get off Twitter you fat cow and

About-face I outpace the clout chase

Make the ground shake

When I get to stepping a loud bass

Not I will not allow hate

Down and that counts eight nine ten, you're out cold

Should know I'm the pound for pound great

No ain't nobody badder than me

So I don't wanna hear about the bottom half of the league

Your team is averaging three points, I've had it with these boys

I'll destroy ya when I'm wreaking havoc I'm a savage indeed
So tee-hee, make 'em' aggravated mad and blow steam
Y'all need to chill, smoke a bag of the weed
And take a sabbatical leave
'Fore I pull up on your avenue The Babadook is back
Can hear the panic and screams

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