

Kinfolk

GAWNE

My foes keep me on my toes it's hella disgusting
If they ever catch me slipping
End of discussion
Send a rose to my mother tell her that I love her
But send my guns to my kinfolk
Get 'em brothers
Go get 'em brothers
Go get 'em brothers!
Go get 'em brothers
Go get 'em brothers

These rappers live on the gram
For followers and clicks
They goin' out with chicks
Women post a thousand pics
As they tag your location
Satan is out to snatch your chain
He's waitin' round to blow your brains out
They put out a hit
I don't do camera filters
Don't count on it
It's a roll of dice
When you go loggin' into that account again
Cause y'all don't know the price
When it is real life and you encounter men
Who wanna start a murder scene
Social currency's counterfeit
Rappers tryna get lots of guap
Not gon' stop
'Til they go cop a yacht
Hoppin' from spot to spot
Dodging paparazi
When you in Casablanca
Then they go cock a glock
Ba ba ba
Put 'em on a choppin' block
Y'all gonna get rocked and socked
Cause the block is hot
Bitch I'm not the one you
Wanna play with
Y'all better quit eggin' me
Wait and see
We'll go a to z
Serrated blade'll turn you haters
To grated cheese
Slice and dicing
I'm knifing your life at night like Isis
And wiping the blood
On your frightened wife
She's afraid of me
And if only one of us is leaving it's not you dog
No welcome to the gulag
Run into Luke Gawne
The final boss
This ain't Michael Scott from the office
I go crazy with the beats (beets)
Like I'm Dwight from Shcrutte farms

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They say the money it changed me
I don't do good when I'm cranky
Isn't it funny
I look at these dummies
I look and they talkin' too crazy
Y'all mother fuckers are lazy
Ain't but a couple of babies
Live in a bubble
You looking for trouble
Then come on and get it
I'll slay these bitches
I leave 'em in a grave
And ditches
With eighty stitches
My gun never strays or misses
I'm way too vicious
Like rabies
I eat a ladies liver and gizzards
With a nine month baby in her
Then pay for dinner
So check please
Throw 'em my card
And she texts me come over
As I pull up my car
She wants her neck squeezed
Like Homer did Bart
Don't call me daddy
No my name is not Darth
I'm Skywalker
I was born in the stars
To catch me I'd have to lower the bar
No dumbbells
What I'm lifting is smart
Tony stark
Made of iron
Cause the flow is so hard
Couldn't stop it I'm like a bull when I charge
So tell Noah get to loading the ark
Mozart
When composing the art
I hit the spot
Like I'm throwing a dark
While you went over the mark
So keel over while you're holding heart
My music's
Radioactive
Glow in the dark

My rhymes are like an atomic bomb
When I go drop the fire
Blow your whole metropolis
On it's side
Call me Oppenheimer

It's not a threat
If I ever said you were absent minded
I just don't advise ya
To bet against me
My stock is climbing
Yeah so stop your wining
You pussy and vagina
This shit is easy money
I rap on autopilot
I'm talkin' Elon money
Me and Shaq just bought an island
Call the pilot
Time to fly to beaches
Sunny
Ultraviolet
I got the heart of lions
No time for peace and quiet
Rather riot
Start a world war
Just to see some violence
Belt of Orion I'ma star
Tell my foes they ain't getting very far
Like when fat people try a diet

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