

# Lose Control

GAWNE

They gon' talk a lot  
Let 'em stir the pot until it blows  
Bitch I been prepared  
When them tempers flare I lose control  
Man I swear to god  
And I swear to god I ain't no hoe  
We don't play no games  
Bitch I play for keeps I'm taking souls  
Split your shish kabob  
Load the Glock go bang and leave a hole  
In your fucking dome  
I don't fucking know I crack your skull  
Keep it on the low  
I be making bread I'm making dough  
My accountant knows  
We be counting M's  
I'm counting O's

O's

The life I chose  
I been in my bag been in my zone  
So tell them hoes  
It's time to go that case is closed  
Baby adios  
Let shorty know my heart is cold now  
Leave the bitch so quick her head was spinning Merry-go-round  
I got to slow down  
But don't know how  
I'm so wild  
My-My trigger finger itchin'  
Like a bitch I put a full round  
Into your dome you're six below down  
In the cold ground  
Father please forgive me  
'Fore I knew not what I know now  
This is America  
2nd amendment'll bury ya  
Barrett fifty cal  
Or Derringer  
Causing hysteria  
In a whole lot of areas  
There ain't a whole lot of variance  
When it comes to my arrogance  
Don't got a care in the world  
Man so long as I'm fucking a beautiful girl  
Then I'm very gregarious  
Turn on the news it's hilarious  
Give a fuck about your problem dog  
Dem pussy bitches need some Tylenol  
Not when I'm involved  
My music's spreading like a violent cough  
No I don't give a fuck if you ain't like this  
Regret to say I'm here to stay so it's a crisis

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I'm bad to the bone  
Bow to the king  
Back on my throne  
Countin' them chips  
Stacking' up dough  
Lil bitch  
I'm always gon' be at your throat  
Lil bitch  
Never was supposed to count  
The poster child of rap  
As I hold the crown  
You motherfuckers ain't close  
Better close your mouth  
And mosey out  
Before I gotta hose you down  
With the holy water  
Aughta  
Get slaughtered and go to father  
Obi-Wan  
It's only gonna grow me stronger  
Full Nirvana  
Told the Shaman  
That all life is cheap  
Like a bowl of ramen  
Falsify I talk in lies  
You're never cuttin' off the line of raw supply  
I always been an awful guy  
I cross the line  
A hypocrite  
Often times the loss of lives  
Is imminent  
But then again  
It's really doesn't matter in the end  
I give a fuck how many people  
Go and rallying up your men  
I'll get to shatterin' and batterin'  
And splatterin' cause ain't nobody fucking  
With our level  
And this caliber of pen

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