

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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