

# No Sucka MC's

GAWNE

Nowadays I don't see any new G.O.A.T's  
Everybody sound like a hoe  
Everybody wanna mumble shit lyrics and flow  
Oh no, hell no, don't talk about that!  
Don't talk about bars, you rapping too fast  
I just hit em' with the rhythm while slamming up on the gas  
What the fuck would I be if not bringing that heat?  
Be a GUCCI GANG, GUCCI GANG, SUCKA MC!  
Whoo!  
Everybody claiming they finna blow...  
"We finesse, we the best, we da goat"  
"Sell a drug, shoot a gun, slap a bitch, kill a hoe"  
Can't believe you mother fuckers thinking that you're lyrical  
You ain't even half my pedigree  
And we got KATO on the beat with the hall of fame melody  
Better be ready for the fucking lyrical machete  
When I be chopping it up and dropping it with a head of steam  
CH-CH-CH  
Chopper gunner cutting like a bone saw  
I don't think they ready for the flow  
OH HELL NO, NAH!  
Bitch I'm so raw  
When I rhyme like a bull-ride  
Yo mind getting thrown off  
Like on Zoloft  
Shit and I been the greatest  
I demonstrated it  
Every time I get up on the mic too innovative  
Luke Gawne coming with a new song, haters  
Been plotting on a beat like Ed Gein right?  
Cause it's premeditated!  
I'm unleashing that freakin' wrath  
Like a sneak attack on the track  
Take a peek at that beat  
When I eat it like a pussy cat  
Never been a quitter but I dropped outta class  
So I could get a degree in the rap  
Carry my team like a piggy back  
P.H.D spitter yeah  
Doctor LG the emerging MC  
Doing emergency surgery  
Urgent so hurry I need to be seen by a priest  
And be treated for all of my demons  
I'm leaving like Andrew Luck I gotta go!  
Exorcist, Emily Rose!  
Haters I keep on their toes like they was seeing ghosts!  
Boo!

All my goddamn life, all my life been waiting to blow  
Y'all ain't know nothing about all the winning  
I handle my business  
Yeah bitch cause I'm grown!  
No no  
You won't ever be this  
Damn!  
You could never be that  
Whoa!

All I know is that I'm calling bullshit  
Tell them Sucka MC's that I'm back!

Y'all ain't never seen one of them like me  
KATO on the beat  
Me and him are like Walter White  
We got too much chemistry  
But no methamphetamine  
Just wrecking the enemy  
Cause ever since I was a little kid  
I got up on the mic like it was fentanyl  
And murdered every song with fucking wordiness  
So now I'm worried sick that I might end it all  
From all the bad and wrong I did the dirtiness  
So do I plead the fifth like I'm a guilty bitch  
Before the jury sits  
And judge's verdict hits me like a ton of brick  
And gotta serve the shit, unh!  
I don't know why they want me to go down this road  
Bitches they better look out below  
I go Geronimo!  
He's going out of control  
Been a student of rap but not making the honor roll-  
Delinquent the truancy but still a true MC  
Bad apples falling like dominos  
Haters I hold em' accountable  
Sucka MC's yeah I keep em' at bay...  
Like Guantanamo!  
Every time I get up on a beat I been a menace  
To the people who was thinking I was never gonna amount  
To someone bigger than the person that you thought I woulda been  
But I put my pen to paper now I'm making it out  
As a teenage boy I was living in a town  
Full of mother fucking haters who was filling me with doubt  
But I overcame pain like Novocain spray  
Now I dream BIG  
W-w-with my HEAD UP IN THE CLOUDS!  
Whoo!  
Yeah I'm in love with the game  
I don't do this for fame  
Me and you are not the same  
All I do is spit flame  
Everything you do is lame  
Greatness is what I chase  
While all you chasing is clout  
Sucka MC you a rodeo clown  
Rapping polio child  
Get cut by me  
Like Belichick did to Antonio Brown...