

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...