

Once Upon A Time

GAWNE

Once upon a time
I's a lil kid on my grind
Used to count nickels and dimes
Tryna save up for the studio
I'll fuck around now, hit the booth
Burn that mu-fuckin' bitch to the ground!
We the shit now
Hit em' with the DOO DOO
Brrrrr
Bust the shottie out
Hit em' with a round
What's the body count?
Nother man down
Y'all forgot about me?
Well, hands down, I'm the man now, yeah
Superpowers I attained!
Spit like choppers, spin them blades
Me and you are not the same, no
I might pop up in the game
Yelling Allahu Akbar with grenades
Shit!
Killers from the burbs
We murdering every tune
Whatchu know about a dude
Since twenty-oh-one-two
Who done bodied every single lil rapper at his school
I be shittin' on opponents
Like monkeys I flung poo
My money has now grew
I fund my whole crew
Yeah, all we do is win
So fuck it, I won't lose
Till chickens up in the coop
Are coming home to roost
I'm the winner winner chicken dinner DUCK DUCK GOOSE!
We got A.K.T
On the beat
Coming with the straight heat
So I had to chop it up without a turn a kit
Murder is imminent
Entering the level of limitless
I spit it quick
So gotta be dropping da hottest on Internet!

Been so long, man it's been so long
Yeah!
Whole life waiting for da call
Damn!
Lot of people told me I was never gon' make it well
You can tell them haters they wrong!
Shyeah!
Little boy grew up so tall
Woo!
Mama lil boy finna ball
Whoa!
Used to pray to God that I'd make it to the top
Now I pray to God, that I don't fall

Pray-pray-pray-pray
Pray to God I don't fall!
Once upon a time
I was living like a dog
On the bottom of the pile
Where the people did me wrong
My whole life
I done spent it waiting for da call-
That we popped off!
We gon' get the money, fuck a knockoff!
Gunnin' like I'm runnin' from a cop car
Whoa!
Gotta slow
I been heading for heaven like I'm a ghost
I be rapping like my life is depending on what I flow
So I make that money that dough!
I'm telling every one of you suckers-
You was never gon' blow
See da door?
I would head for the exit and go home-
Boo hoo
No no
Rap. Ain't. No. Joke
At a minimal I'm finna go
Killing beats like a criminal
At maximum
I'm finna be climbing up all the way to the pinnacle
I figured I'd have to fight
So picking a scrap an attacking at your life
When I'm striking back as fast as lightning flashes at you in the night!

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