

Rock Bottom

GAWNE

No! Go! You can't tell me nothing!

Pains bottled
Empty pill bottles
I walk around so hollow you can barley see my shadow
Please don't follow I can fight my own battles
Rock Bottom is a tough pill for swallowing
My mama used to tell me it would all be ok, just pray
And then there wasn't no pain
No, go
You can't tell me nothing
I got no fucking problems
I got no fucking problem

My friends, they ain't show me no love
It hurts like I'm pulling molars
So lately I been a loner and turning into a stoner
Pop pills like I got Ebola
And then I done float up-
Up into the clouds and I never come down
I would have to get picked off by Kyle Fuller
See Xanax is from the doctor
Panic then turns to coma
I babble on like a toddler
The baby's gotten out of the stroller
I'm crazy call me bipolar
But I gotta get a hold of myself
Before I implode cause I'm bout to get crushed like a Coca-Cola can!
So fuck man I must get sober
I done had enough of these frickin' episodes
When I am on the cusp of this hip-hop exposure
To combat the weight that is on my shoulders!
And hey!
It's a little bit too late to state that I'm not the chosen one
Mother fucking Joseph's son
I'm Obi Wan Kenobi
I meant can no one be
So you high school rappers need to go to lunch fore' I bully them
Cause y'all ain't old enough to go throw a punch
On a boxer with lyrical golden gloves...
Let alone like I would let
Any MC spit of my flow, neck
When my lines are the best of these rhyme poets
And this, might be the last chance I'm gon' get!

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You see I'm probably never gonna change
I'ma be the same till the end of my days
Been through pain and I went insane
So I don't give a damn what you have to say
You can't tell me nothing
So fuck it, I ain't budging
I'm something like a rock when push comes to shoving
Cause I'm not finished you can tell my critics put a sock in it!
And that's the end of discussion
See I'd have some empathy
But when my enemies tend to be whining and fussing
Cause envy is plenty for rhyming and bustin'
So jealous MC's try to push on my buttons but FUCK EM
Cause yeah man it's funny
Bad grades and no money
Keep laughing while I'm making something from nothing
It's back to square one
Hip-hop bare knuckle punching so where's the percussion?!
When I'm spitting this madness on a track like it's nothing
To be syllable blastin' with attacks while I'm bustin'
Got a knack for this frickin' rapping
And kicking ass
When I'm rapidly rapping it, pap-pap like a gat clip
People talk a lot of crap but that shit
Ain't passing as a fact
Naw, talk is plastic
So I'm not gonna talk chit-chat shit
Hop off my rap dick
I automatically slaughter wack kids
It's the return of the enigma
Never understood but I bring the
Middle finger
To these dinguses
Cause I'm giving em' a minimum of venom
When my pen is leaking vinegar
Through enema to enema
I never been a minister
But fuck it, I reckon my records are wrecking the internet
So check the perimeter
Fore' I heckle and finish her
Yeah homie see respect's what I'm in for
So I guess my-

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