

Waves

GAWNE

And it's all on my shoulders (Shoulders)
Not waitin' on a wishing well
Can't tell me when it's over (Can't tell me when it's over)
I'm making waves, don't need your help

I would like to thank the young me
Back when nobody loved me
They said bread was only for dummies
Face the fact you'll never become the
One Luke GAWNE, they were wrong
Uh, years later, still I'm hungry
Stomach aches in my tummy
Been through pain, it became ugly, but overcame
And now I will spot our whole will
But I'm feeling real hollow
Still wallow in a li'l sorrow, need to chill out
I really think I'm bout to hit now, though, 'cause I'm ill
And my skill prob'ly made a quarter mill, I'm out of bills
Kinda sweatin' 'till momma get a crib in the Caribbean
I will use willpower, started from the hill bottom
Still I wanna make it to the big mountain, kill-countin'
Every beat, shred and leave, falling like twin towers
Uh, shit's about to [?] get ugly, I could give a fuck about pedigree
I don't wanna ever see anyone claimin' that they're ahead of me
'Specially when my limit is sky-high
I vibe with the pen and turn the paper to tide, die
The lyrical drive-by, I'll prob'ly end up like taking like nine lives
Thinkin' about the murders I committed in hindsight
Your time flies when you stack bars like Wi-Fi
Uh, 'till the day I fall, I'll be hated by all in this game
But I made the call to stay involved and never take a loss
And they rape my balls, I'd rather bite your ugly faces off
Like K-9 dogs with [?] jaws and 8-inch claws and rabie paws
About to leave 'em in a grave that's made for you to lay and stay
I prayed for the day that I could say I proved them wrong
Yeah!

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I'm changin', I just can't be caged in
Tryna tear you down when you're poppin'
But I still feel amazing (I still feel amazing)
Still feel amazing, thank God I'm changing (Changing)

I was down for the count and stressing out about money, my bank account was empty
Couldn't count my blessings when I didn't have nothing
I was down to decimals, sounding desperate
Getting killed by the credit card bills, 10 thousand extra
Steady drown in debt from putting out the records
What you know about under pressure? No fun when the bill collector comes to get you
But I overcame like "Ho, finna show this game that I'm cold 'till they know my name!"

Dang, I was just a little kid growning up, scribbling rhymes in my notes eve
ryday
How the fuck did I make it up out of that place?
'Cause yes, I had dreams, but it never seemed
That I could achieve, what I wanna be
'Cause everybody's telling me that I'll never reach
That level, but I hit the gas pedal, rap fellow
But I never set out to be wack, hell no, I don't act mellow
'Cause I'm hesitant or when I get up on the track, hello
While we smash frap like jello 'till they're scrap metal
Cast spells like a wicked witch with a black kettle
That yellow brick road path that'll lead me to actual better days
Started from the bottom, but got up, now me and Atlus makin' hella waves!
Yeah!

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