

# Woah

GAWNE

Yeah  
They be like woah woah woah  
They be like woah woah woah  
How does Lukey  
Always bring heat  
Everytime he  
Get up on the beat  
I don't really know oh no no no  
So let's talk about what I'm owed  
I dun spent ten years tryna get here  
Now your envious of the G.O.A.T

Couple ladies at my show  
New Mercedes when I go  
Bring a bad bitch home  
E'erybody wanna know  
What I'm really bout  
Pop a willie give 'em smoke  
Underrated to the most  
Till the day I get  
Eight-figure checks  
It ain't even close  
My music infects  
They get stuck in heads  
Like a bayonet  
Goin crazy ass  
I don't take my meds  
Never made amends  
With the fakest friends  
I don't rap for dough  
But ain't it apropos how it pays the rent  
Talkin hater man I'm showin'  
Bitch a whole mac in my pocket  
Ain't talkin bout an Apple phone  
Bitch you the captain of cappin'  
So I get to grabbin' the strap  
While I'm packin' the magnum  
Cuz bitch I'll be bigger than ever  
Sometimes I really feel like nobody's ever gonna show me no love  
No no so what  
This for the kiddies who was  
Tellin' me in elementary that I was never gonna blow up  
Oh woah woah  
Moefuckas don't know Heaven I spit shit loco every time I flow  
My mind's in a zone that could rhyme hidden see the lime like coke  
Bout time I show 'em  
Bout time  
I shine  
Headlight, red light, stop sign  
How am I  
Damn my  
Head up in the clouds like an airline  
I'm bout to blow like volcano  
1997 I been rappin' since the cradle  
Witty and wicked I spit it quicker than tornadoes  
I'll leave your top spinnin' like a dreidel

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Ten years later but the hunger's still day one  
Damn near paid it when I hit it I'ma spend a fuckin' milli on my mama  
Get a couple on the lake front  
Whole team winnin' let 'em eat cake cheese steak with an a1  
Hip hop's callin' me to duty shoot and hit like a zombie with a raygun  
Bang bang a bullet in the brain catch a fade like a razor  
Yeah yeah lil' bitch same sum'n  
Bitch-ass motherfuckers used to tell me that I wouldn't amount to nuthin'  
When I started rappin' they all began laughin' thinkin' that I was trash  
But I was really onto somethin'  
Bitch so I kept at it like a meth addict  
Now I'm on the come up with the step ladders  
I dun' worked so hard I need a wet rag  
Cause my sweat glands bleedin' jet black ink on the note ped  
(Woah, woah, woah)  
Growin' up I was gettin' picked on each day  
Used to get chased no quick pay  
Lot of big kids in the fifth grade  
Moefucker hit me in the face with his fist bang  
Ran home cryin' with a black eye  
Mama said boy you better quit playin'  
This ain't the time to be a bitch  
It's better to be the shit than the shit stain  
(Woah, woah, woah)