

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)