

World War 3

GAWNE

Oh gawd, father, what have we done?
Try and hide, you could pray to the sky, or you could run
But nobody is escaping the eye of the all-seeing ones above

Yeah me and VI, we meet again
Round three ain't the same as a brawl
This time we coming for y'all
I put the clip in the Mac, pass it to VI and he draws
He puts that gun to your jaw (duh, duh)
Like the hair of Rapunzel, you fall
Rappin underdog, collab on a song
On- on- on- on-
Once upon a time in like 96', when I was a tiny shit
Born into the world, and the doctors said I was a whiny kid
Cried a bit, then I tried to spit
Yeah I admit my first words were something like "Flibbity Hibbity"
Ch- ch- ch- ch-
Choppa flow, when I lock and load, my shit is unstoppable
All I ever wanted was my momma to be proud
All my life I had anxiety that I would let her down
Watch her break her back to make a check
It hurts so bad I bounce
From the couch, out the motherfucking house
Since the motherfucking doors shutted, I been cold-blooded
Growing up with like no money
Without a full stomach, made me so hungry
So fuck a candy bar, I only eat the wrappers
I decapitate em', no channing, and turning MC
Back was still as spleen, fractures I leave, cashes in meets
Scratches as I'm relapsing, I caffeine capsules I wreak havoc
Clock is ticking I yawn ya
Tick-tick I rap long ya
All I ever do is get up on the mic
And murder every single song yeah
Motherfucker we is reckless, no diss record
Just Luke Gawne and VI Seconds, gotta respect it
Rappers in my scope, I got a lot
Yeah I lost to VI, he's the GAWD
But y'all must've forgot, ah
Ya'll must've forgot
I don't sneak diss little pussies you'll get popped
Don't confuse this shit, when it comes to battle rap
There's not a dude besides VI on this YouTube shit
That can go against me and not lose real quick
That includes Munfo, and that Scru Face (bitch)
Ya'll are fuckbuddies, damn it's no wonder you're butthurt
Scru, this ain't Upchurch, I'll expose pussies like upskirts
If country singers making you lose, then come at Shaq one more time and I'll
make you No Life Scru
Half you motherfuckers ain't rappers, you're reactors
Like Joe Budden when he's podcasting
That rap-hat of yours is on backwards, I'm sick of talkin'
Let's get to rapping I'm sick of tweetin' you all cappin'
Better call the cabin, go fall back, like Trick or Treatin'
It was all sweet till' I light you up, like a Jack O' Lantern
I feed em' that, eating that, believe in that
I'm not leaving them see (MC)

With an L.O.S.E and the heated battle em'
Elementary level of rappers
All I needed to get beat from you kettle
I wreak the havoc, never cease till' I see the maggots
Eat com-bastards, fucking with the most ceased erratic MC ever
But I seek the damage
How many rappers murdered? Put the bodies in the bag
They deceased; I murked them, oh shit
I think I C-1 Squirmen (see one squirming), It's Dax
So should we leave them breathing, or unleash the demon
Lurking peace on earth is slowly fleeing
World War III is certain, cuz' these MC's are blind
Am I skilled, they can not see (Nazi) like Germans
Everybody thinking that they really 'bout it
When they Twitter-tweet all this shit about me
Keep on talking 'bout me till you catch a bounty
Then they find your body with the chalk around it
Yeh boo-hoo, little wack fools
Your rap dudes wearing poo-poo pampers
All of y'all been moving weird
I hate motherfucking Youtube rappers

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I've developed a habit of sorts
I'm the type to kill you, then do a collab with your corpse
Send words at me then I'ma let the ratchet retort
Side bar, Scru and Munfu, my mandem of course
I will poof you niggas
If I choose to, I'm coocoo, nigga
Deuce-Deuce spitter, I hate most of you Youtube niggas
Get stupid if we fall out like a loose tooth, nigga
The handy-dandy drawn like Blue's Clues, nigga
You're fucking embarrassing, you don't get etiquette; y'all don't know how to act
Do anything for applause till you end up getting clapped
[?] wanna box, but none of these niggas know how to scrap
Fuck niggas that wanna diss, but none of these niggas know how to rap
See the ratchet; the blood sucker, if you speaking on me brother
It get popping for the views since you like leeching off each other
I'll be in the cut, watching, shaking my head
Same niggas y'all gossip 'bout try breaking the bread
What part of the game is this? Why y'all niggas so pussy?
Keep clacking till I clack it 'cause you've choosen to push me
Cut those versus verses you'll be rehearsing with all them curses
'Cause most of y'all the nicest motherfuckers in person
These ain't bars, I'm just telling y'all what all of your lives like
If you sleeping you get plugged, lit up like a night light
I'll give it to anybody in this bitch for the profit
Trying to say I ain't the Gawd only shows the false prophets
I'll be where your IP is, I'll go door-to-door knocking
To punch you in your mouth and take shit out your pockets
I'm the whooping that you don't want; you'll never be ready
Y'all niggas grown ass men still looking like you get wedgies
I'm different!
Watch your mouth when speaking my name
You're in arm's reach? The arm's reached - so stay out of my range
[?] you
I making sure to forget you when the tech 'pews'

You ain't never rap with me? I prolly don't respect you
Youtube done bred pussies this a venue for a front
Hold my four front, blinking at everyone on the forefront
These fast rap niggas that don't say shit
These niggas that love to tweet about you, but see you and don't say shit
[?], you get filleted, but I don't say shit
On the side I got lines for all of y'all like a K-swiss
The nicest nigga in this bitch, I'm death to you rappers
Insecurities got you buggin', who's protecting you actors?
Every play from y'all is scripted, all you fucking do is bitching
Then shit get real you backpedal and act uplifting
You're corn balls and now you hear me speaking to you
You're hearing me pop smoke, rest in peace to the [?]
It's Brooklyn!
And I don't care if you're a nigga that does reactions
A Paul's brother, KSI, I want action
A fake, positive, youtube rapper, I want action
I'll backsmack you and put it on Twitter, I want action
Y'all disgust me, and now there's a reason to discuss me
I know some of y'all wanna punch me, but won't touch me
[?] that's trying to fuck me
Rest of you motherfuckers ain't lucky

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