

Danny Brown

Sent ya bitch a dick pic and now she need glasses  
 Turn your bitch Slick Rick right now if I flashed it  
 Ate a couple pills took the bud out the plastic  
 Flicking bogey ashes bitch I stay blasted  
 Microphone Cassius,  
 magic with the sick shit  
 'posed to been dead but bitch I'm still up in this bitch  
 Verbal herbal poison, words I contortion  
 Fucked a pregnant bitch, save money on her abortion  
 Billy Corgan  
 in a church playing organ  
 Too Short,  
 Newport  
 Hurt hope the drugs will help the pain to go away  
 But all these thoughts up in my head made the sane go astray  
 Step inside a mind that revolves around the rhyme  
 every time he close his eyes see visions of white lines  
 Dying in the arms of a blond blue eyed 20 something  
 Don't know her name but the paramedics chest pumping  
 30 something black male OD'ed off of pills  
 That he wasn't prescribed but they took his life  
 Let behind a daughter that doesn't really even know him  
 Cause her momma thought he wouldn't make a living off them poems  
 But it was a long journey on a rocky road  
 Had a hoody and a jacket on the bus in snow  
 Walking in the cold on the way to the studio  
 loosey  
 that was just a couple years ago  
 Dropped a couple free mixtapes on the net  
 And niggas tried to front like it wasn't all that  
 But guess what bitch I'm coming back  
 Guess what bitch I'm coming back  
 Fool's Gold  
 and everything's all gnarly  
 Bitches want my number just to get up in party  
 Came along way from extension cords in the window  
 Borrowing neighbors power just to plug up the Nintendo  
 Where the ovens never closed and stoves never off  
 Every winter so cold niggas sleeping wearing scarves  
 But I would always tell myself that it's gone get better  
 You know who you is,  
 you the greatest rapper ever

So now the pressures on 'em to prove that voice right  
Some people never know they goals he know his whole life  
So now his turn up fixing up to bat  
Pitching singles to the label when I use to pitch crack  
Never learned to rap I just always knew how  
So ever since 8 I knew what I would now  
When I turned 28 they like what you gone do now  
And now a nigga 30 I don't you heard me  
So the last ten years I been so fucking stressed  
Tears in my eyes let me get this off my chest  
The thought of no success it got me chasing death  
Doing all these drugs in hopes of OD'ing next,  
Triple X

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>