

Counterfeit

Danny Brown

I'm feelin' kinda sick
Shorty cause my last flip got hit with some counterfeit
Whole damn hundred
Must of been desperate
Be out here bein' greedy, so the line I didn't check it
So I'm sittin' in the spot
Countin' on my knot
Pistol on the flo' while I'm sittin' on the couch
Then I heard a knock
I know this bet' not
I was so damn excited I forgot to grab the Glock
Snatched open the do'
Gave my dawg the nod
And pieced his ass up while he was reachin' for that do' nob
Grabbed his head and kneed him in his chin
Put 'em in a headlock, kicked him in the shin
Got him on the ground
Hands on the throat
But guess what the fuck this nigga started reachin' fo'?
Lucky for me my nigga peeped him, changed the moment
Cause at that very point, shit went in slow motion
Picked up the heater
Cocked that bitch back
Squeezed two times saw a real bright flash
"Tat tat"
Then the fiend started screamin'
Ran out the apartment with his right calf leakin'
Then we chase after
Heater still smokin'
Caught him in the alley and let that bitch open
"Tat tat"
He squeezed two mo' at my man
And next thing we heard he gettin' picked up in an ambulance
Next day
Chillin' feelin' proper
We just smokin' some Mustafah
Hash in it, and we ain't even mention it
Around this time playin' 2K1
We were so young and dumb dawg we even kept the gun
And if we got caught dawg we would've got hung