

## Detroit 187

Danny Brown

The way these bitches on my cock  
You'd swear was 1985 and teen wolf just dropped  
And my name was Michael J Fox  
But no bitch my name is Danny Brown I got some weed up in my sock  
So bitch get high with ya nigga  
The sack I got looking some dead caterpillars  
But it smell like a skunk that's oh so defensive  
These bitches suck my dick like was moral incentive  
Off the chain like broke nunchucks  
Where little niggas come thru and shoot you over new chucks  
A little dark like wet nubuck  
Describes my state of mind is inside the tomb of king tut  
Murder all the time all we see  
Detroit 187 on you niggas TV  
I can first degree this beat and walk wit no charges  
Fuck a female MC and a Pop Artist  
Ohh baby I like it raw  
And My dick so big left stretch marks on her jaw  
I'm so institutionalized  
I wake up 6 AM because I think its chow time  
I'm a borderline porcupine  
A step from drinking turpentine  
Just to wash down a plate of these wack rappers rhymes  
I got a mind in the cosmos  
And if these niggas cold then I guess I'm osmosis  
That be blowing on some potent  
That them white boys be growing  
While you niggas smoking smelling like some tanning lotion  
My concoctions could make world ending potions  
These other rap niggas got lines I got encroachments  
I got endorsements so muthafucka a cosign  
Punch punchlines I'll punch rappers til your broke spine  
Remember back in 09  
I told em it was showtime  
Now they pull they cam phones out when I go for mine  
Lights camera action  
Hybrid be snapping  
Cause the days of no tissue had to whip with wet napkins  
Smear up the classifieds know it sound trife  
But to be honest a metaphor my life

Buzzin off the bar bitch you with's an amphetamine  
Chase it with a 40 oz of Ready Clean  
I swear I never ever smoke the better weed  
Yo bitch said I'm the swaggiest nigga she ever seen  
Run up in yo crib, Two K's, One Mag  
Yo girl get snatched like Cool J in I'm Bad  
Cost to live, you ain't made enough  
Guarantee bullet holes with a laser touch  
European garments drape my body if I ain't hipstered up  
If she smile with eye contact then the bitch will fuck  
Homie gone make me send them killers after him  
Them niggas swing swords like Word Fence Champions  
You was poppin' pills and drinking liquor  
Now you thinkin you a gangsta killer  
I leave you stankin' nigga  
Laid down, face down like you taking a plankin picture

But I can keep the shots in the weapon  
Put the bat to back of your leg  
Grab your chin and the back of your head  
And twist them shits in opposite directions