

Detroit State Of Mind Pt. 2

Danny Brown

Roaches crawlin' up the wall, piss-stained beds
Niggas dreamin' 'bout piff, but we rolling up reg
Still scream, though his momma say, "never leave the backyard"
Niggas out shooting, used condoms on the playground
Stay 'round crackheads, squatting out vacant flats
Teen girls getting raped, man it's all fact
Hooks swoop up, take your money and your crack
Might get your weed back, put your ass out the back
Starvin', narcs comin' we chalking
Run up, stash the work, get the guns out the closet
Seen niggas in the county get they brains stomped out
While the dep's did nothing they just stood there and watched
Tired of Coney, motor city got me lonely
For security, I got the .40 on me
Crib's rent unpaid, bills in the mailbox
Letter from your cousin on the bloc, man it stay hot
Most niggas I grew up with that are locked up
Are lost to a trap, leader ass stuck
And most souls I know got babies or a lady
Never met a old chick that tell me that she married
It's crazy in a city where there's money to gamble
But lookin' at the scenery, it's all in shambles
I lay back, reminisce on earlier times
There's nothing happy here, it's a Detroit state of mind

When the moon come out, and the sun don't shine
I be on the corner all day continuing the grind
When the sun comes up that just let me know the time
There's nothing happy here, it's a Detroit state of mind

At the Cabernet, late night, saturday
Tight fitted, drunk off hennessey, I put the gat away
I'm nervous 'bout it cause these niggas lookin' kinda strange
As I have them very thoughts, niggas got it in the brain
I'm headed for the exit, while I'm slipping on champagne
Kicking bottles on the floor, I'm just trying to hit the door
And everybody else too ain't tryna get trampled
Heard two shots, tripped, and twisted my ankle
And we can never party, a bunch of hatin' niggas
In a city that's corrupted with some grimey-ass bitches
Could be your best friend or even your relative
Snitch on you or put the .40 in your grill
And nigga that ain't right, niggas your whole life
When you get locked won't send you a kite
I lay back, reflect, think of earlier times
There's nothing happy here, it's a Detroit state of mind