

Dubstep

Danny Brown

I was thinkin' 'bout somethin'
But I ain't worried 'bout nothin'
Remember when I was strugglin'
Fucked up on my knuckles
Tryin' to sell some dirt weed
Taxin' off a ten speed
Money wasn't comin'
For sure nigga I kept frontin'

I had them dubs on the step
I had them dubs on the step
I had them dubs on the step
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Slow days, fast days
Gettin' paper any way
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Slow days, fast days
Gettin' paper any way
Slow days, fast days
Gettin' paper any way

And I kept lickin' on that clit
Till she gave me that shit
I've been fucked up for so long
Swear to God I got a dib
I put my back into it
Servin' bags to them students
Tell 'em I got that fire
On that porch right there by the Buick
I'm just tryin' to get my mind
Go worry nigga 'bout yours
Rollin' up that swisher
Pourin' up a four
Servin' in them hallways
The courtrooms all day
Hoods kicked the door down
Now we in the conay

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It's the same old shit
Everybody in a manner that's up top
Buck stop,
It's killin' me,
Niggas are makin' really me,

'Cause I never can bottle up and they be filling it with the mideast
Stick it in a manner, the heaviest rhythm bangin' it out
Don't be let my money getting opposite and can do time
Listen up Danny Brown
I been doing this ting
Skipped in, then I come and lyrical assist 'em
WOO
I had my dubs on the step
I never stopped cause I sit in the booth, I'm finna choose
But I'm runnin this actually I'm realer than Scrooge
You ain't so why you act, dummy
You think you bad, well that's funny
I'm try'na get Maybach money
I'm a Mac Miller, stayin ASAP, rookie

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