

## Fruit Cocktail

Danny Brown

Tryna get high to forget that I'm broke  
Tho it's high tide still gotta stay afloat  
Sweater over hoodie used to be my winter coat  
Dish detergent liquid when we ran out of soap  
Walk in to the store plastic bag filled with bottles  
Stolen basic cable on our ol' floor model  
Check in the fridge, nothing to eat  
Baby mama killing roaches with her bare feet  
My nigga hit me off I fucked up the sack  
Trip to Coney Island fucking with a hood rat  
Now a nigga back, right where I started  
Real true livin' definition of an artist  
So now a nigga old but ain't shit changed  
Hid this morning when the light people came  
Now point me to heaven cause this sure is hell  
Tell me what's the difference from being in a cell

Mama in the kitchen, scrapin' up a dinner  
Daddy play the lottery, hope he got a winner  
My brother on the block, tryna catch sales  
Sister on the pole, shake her fruit cocktail

I got locked up, I came back home  
Takin' county chances, just to keep my phone on  
My baby mama trippin', that bitch don't even work  
Stress a nigga out, got me payin' child support  
I'm flirtin' with the Beam, I got a date with death  
38 revolver, got two bullets left  
Sometimes I daydream, about puttin' in myself  
Runnin' up to heaven, trippin' up the steps  
My nigga want a square, only got one left  
So I'm a bust it down with you  
If I had it dog, I'd blow a pound with you  
My nigga understand, that's just how shit goes  
That's why we get high, cause we feel so low  
And tho we livin' fast, the money comin' slow  
Got a lid up on my nigga, cause his time goin slow  
Said a pray for him quick, fans gotta let him know