

# Jealousy

Danny Brown

The cheddar breed jealousy...  
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Especially if that man fucked up

Y'all don't know where I come from, nigga  
You don't know what I've been through, hoe  
Said I wasted my time, huh?  
Look, bitch, I done told you so  
I done got on my own shit  
I ain't need your help, though  
Bitch, I know I did it  
You ain't gotta tell me so  
I done come a long way, I'm grindin', grindin'  
Really, I ain't really have shit  
Now your bitch see me shinin', prime-timin'  
And she all up on my dick  
'Cause she know I'm ballin', ballin'  
J. J. Redick comin' off that pit  
Shake, take pics, open up her mouth  
And my dick is about to go switch  
Bitch, it's... Danny Motherfuckin' Brown  
And you know I'm in beast mode  
So bitch go run them c-notes  
She come through naked in a pea coat  
'Cause she know she about to deep throat  
Rubbin' on her clit, playin' with her pee hole  
Lookin' like she playin' Guitar Hero  
You niggas ain't in my league, hoe  
My flow's so down, my lingo  
No nigga, you ain't my amigo  
No senior, you no chico  
I do not speak no Spanish  
So I don't know what that mean, yo  
I met this Filipino, and she was jalapeño

Get up off of your ass, nigga  
Worried about my fuck, boy  
I don't love that bitch  
Hoe just my fuck toy  
Got the game in an uproar  
Y'all are lames and so boring  
Now your bitch got her tits out  
Tryna get my laundry - oh boy!  
I'm on some other shit  
'Cause y'all done got me fucked up  
Y'all don't know who y'all fuckin' with  
I'm a Linwood nigga 'til I'm dead in the grave  
Detroit techno, shootin' off weight  
Nigga'd overtake ya back in the day  
Don't make me go back to that nigga in the braids  
Raised wrong, caged, but a nigga escaped  
So bitch-nigga, don't make me take that bait  
Niggas in the hood got love for me  
No Limits, got Dungarees  
So I'm just tryna smoke my weed  
Tell me where the hoes at  
All up in my cell phone

Nigga you already know that  
So I'm a call some hoes up  
Tell 'em bring some drink through  
We gon' have a party  
Called up your man Achbo  
So last song, gettin' fucked up  
'Cause we ain't worried 'bout it  
Smokin' on that Master P  
Bitch we 'bout it, 'bout it