

New Era

Danny Brown

Niggas out here snitchin, do my dirt all by my lonely
I been in the D so long that I don't even like Coney
And you could never be my homie
I'm a Linwood nigga that was raised up on bologna
Say we over here (hustlin), over there (grindin)
Calculator wrist watch, multiply my timing
I be with your girlfriend, say she like my rhymin
Dog, I shine so hard that I don't need no goddamn diamonds
I'm up in Eastland, just to hit Lids
Walked up in the store, you know just what I did
Lookin at the wall, you know the other half
Blue tiger fitted in a seven and a half

And I rocks that shit any climate and weather
In my brand new blue tiger-fitted New Era
And I reps that shit right now forever
(Old English D on a blue New Era)

So fuck who you are
I been in the D so long when outta town your store barred
And you could never be my man
Fuck a turkey on Thanksgiving niggas lucky to get ham
An every hood I'm in niggas greet me with what up doe!
We call fiends "custo's" freak hoes "custo's"
If we say the hook then we really mean the po-po
If we say that's bold then we mean that's fucked up, bro
Niggas don't know gotta put 'em on the slang
Out of town niggas lost hip 'em to the game
You know where I'm from, no matter where I'm at
Cause of the logo on my New Era hat

Ain't heard it like this in a while
I been in the D so long that I don't go to Bell Isle
Now do I look like your If I ain't got no Newports I'm a freak
a Black and Mild
Say I'm riding down (7 Mile) bout to hit the Lodge
You front I put a knife in you like you a shish-kebab
Your baby mama slobber put my palm up on her bob
She go (up down, up down) oh God
We headin downtown, ridin through the tunnel
Smokin on some keep it a hundred
Where the hood Crip niggas don't know how to act
You look up in the car all you see is D hats