

## Red 2 Go

Danny Brown

Codeine in my cereal, always behind a smokey  
I'm sorta like a miracle, you rappers are venereal  
And never in my stereo, might spray your ass with vinegar  
The next time that I see ya bro  
Bet yo ass still won't be tight  
The size of my dick nigga, every pussy tight  
I write all night til the sun comes up  
Dodging texts from yo sista tryna lick on my nuts  
Cobra clutch the game, put that bitch into submission  
Yo bitch want the stick shift, no transmission  
Dawg, I'm on a mission, you're playing exhibition  
On an expedition, poppin X but never trippin  
Chillin with a vixen, tryna stick my dick in  
Red head ho, like a young Kathy Griffin  
Smoked too many blunts, I can hear my lungs whistlin'  
Still rollin up, ho smellin like chicken  
Rap Martin Lawrence, all you other rappers boring  
Bruiser make 2 Live Crew look like some mormons  
Nigga my essay is hard like a life-doin' ese  
Gang banging on the yard with a home made machete  
The nicest cassette tapes, stay smokin' heavy  
Popped a couple pills, eye's glowing like Belly  
Used to stash the cracks in the seams of my Pelle  
Detroit nigga, but I'm smokin' on LA

And is anybody nervous?  
I'm red to go I said is anybody worried?  
I'm red to go Is anybody scared?  
I'm red to go Well I used to be afraid  
I'm red to go  
Tired of where I came from but know where I'm goin'  
Tears in my eyes cause I'm smokin' on an onion  
Aroma on that 'etra scary and McNairy  
Off of moon rocks in Barcelona poppin' cherries  
Blowjobs from model twins  
Doin' drugs with acronyms  
So many lines thought this shit was bush garden  
Party startin' monster with the hair like Blanka  
Hotel room like a hair metal concert  
This blonde made the dick do the spring on You disrespect I hit you with the  
slap of Tatanka  
Remember nigga used to eat shit that didn't match  
Like cornbeef hash and some fuckin' Apple Jacks  
Used to bag up the packs at every night  
Bologna all night, with no peanut butter, couldn't waste it on the mic  
So I waste every night, everything came with rice  
And I knew I wouldn't write  
So I got my ass up, fuck dependin' on luck  
Greyhound to NY bout 300 bucks  
Kept my hopes up but my confidence was low  
Now my self esteem is astral  
Lookin' at this cash flow

Did it my way, I ain't nobody ho  
I'm bout to pimp the rap game  
Bitch I'm red to go

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