

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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