

Sweeney Song

Danny Brown

Nine out of ten of these rap niggas is Play-Doh®
I say "go", niggas'll spray your whip like Mako®
Ya got that yayo for the low, you'd swear that Kanye was here
The way they say "where did yayo go?"
My flow strong like it's on that 'Sé Canseco
I don't eat rappers, I box them up like take-home
Get straight dome from a bi bitch
I don't know her name, but told her girlfriend to switch
And the lyrics coalesce, I rip elaborate
Hazardous material that's oh so immaculate
Accurate position, when I spit this shit, it's calculus
Hard, nigga...
And that was bars, nigga...
I'm off them Xany footballs, nigga
Swisher, I don't buff, kush shuffs 'til I fall, nigga
Too high to fuckin' talk...
That's why I never call, nigga...
Your bitch keep textin' and she want it all, nigga...

Yeah - and I've got two on a brew
Let's go cup-for-cup until that ma'fucka through
And I've got five on a bag
Before you toss that square, can a nigga get a drag?
And I used to spend late nights starin' at the ceiling
Pitch-black dark, but I had that feelin'
Vision of killin' niggas, bein' labelled a villain
Because these labels passed, I'mma make these niggas pass

Late night, searchin' websites for victims
Fuck doin' features, you niggas competition
That's your assistant on the blunt run?
Give her stomach blows 'til I puncture her lungs
And it's some nigga shit I fuck with in my spare time
But they can't fuck with me in my mind
Used to be humble, now I'm feelin' cocky
'Cause all these bitches ride it like a fuckin' Kawasaki
And these rap niggas see my face in they dreams
They worst fuckin' nightmare wearin' fuckin' skinny jeans
Wake in cold sweat, my reflection in the mirror
Put a curse on a Freshman 10, watch how it end
Dropped out of high school at sixteen
'Bout the same time as the Wu dropped "Ice Cream"
Arguin' with fiends, starin' at the screen
Watchin' Rap City like it was all a dream
Spent my last three bucks on a Source magazine
Hip-Hop Shop where niggas was battlin'
But I was writin' shit in my fuckin' Composition
Knowin' one day I would have these critics trippin'
Sayin' that, niggas, I'mma be the future
New take on rap, this ain't what ya used to
Push this shit fuckin' forward
Focus on the music so the people will support it
A load on my shoulder, tell the world
I'm meetin' my goals, watch my plans unfurl
Check!
Yeah...

Yeah - and I've got two on a brew
Let's go cup-for-cup until that motherfucker through
And I've got five on a bag
Before you toss that, nigga, let me get a drag?
Used to spend late nights starin' at the ceiling
Pitch-black dark, now I had that feelin'
Vision of killin' niggas, bein' labelled a villain
Because these labels passed, I'mma make these niggas pass