

Track 03 (Shyne Instrumental)

Danny Brown

Detroit desperado...
Rap Donald Goines in a red El Dorado
My lifestyle's fortune 500
When niggas just a crumb inside the world, where the bread run
it
I'm 16 from the slums...
Street light reflect off the barrel of a gun
We expect death, lucky to reach puberty
Learned in the streets, public school wasn't teaching me
Graduate with honors as a cocaine scholar

Eat food... eat food
Eat food... eat food

I sell nouns like pounds, verbs like birds
Clowns ain't heard, words I serve
Spit like Knicks, rhyme like dimes
Roll a dollar bill up snort these lines
Fresh off the curb on the quest for the bacons
Flipping occupation on the final destination
Daily operation currency chasing...
Got no patience (but what can I do?)
Daily operation currency chasing...
Got not patience for the pennies I ain't waiting
Pockets gettin' fatter, cause the purpose you progress
Without a harness on climb the ladder of success
Dan in the chest, brew in the belly
Liquor in the kidney counting money in the tele

Eat food
Eat food
Eat food
Eat food