

XXX (Prod. by Frank Dukes)

Danny Brown

30!Colder than them grits they fed slaves
Me to rap is like water to raves
AK's with bayonets on deck, rep my set
Sorta like Squidward and his clarinet
I'm in ya bitch mouth but she just fantasizing
Staring at my skinnys said it's so tantalizing
Dog I'm strategizing, plotting on throne
The masta of the ace sitting on chrome
Dark nights tryna sleep stomach on fire
Delusional from hunger so I couldn't get tired
Imagining the equalizer goin from green to red
Words that rhyme together just appear all in my head
Sorta like Neo with the Matrix code
I try to escape it hoping drugs a numb a soul
Say I'm getting old and times running out
Repeating instrumentals tryna figure patterns out
I never leave the house ain't slept in three days
Popping pills, writing, drinking and smoking haze
Weaving kicks and snares, tryna dodge these hooks
Keepin' it original something that's overlooked
The way a nigga going might go out like Sam Cooke
Or locked up calling home for money on my books
Cause if this shit don't work, nigga I failed at life
Turning to these drugs, now these drugs turned my life
And it's the downward spiral, got me suicidal
But too scared to do it so these pills will be the rifle
Surpassing all my idols, took the wrong turn
But can't go back now so now let that blunt burn
Cause now its my turn if I fuck it all up
Took a while to get here now I depend on these drugs
I took a while to get here now I depend on these drugs
Triple X

Songwriters

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