

L.O.L

Danny Brown

[Hook:]

I'm balling now, yeah just like Kobe
You callin now, yea bitch you know me
You falling off, and I'm taking all yo hoes bitch
I'm showing off, what the fuck I gotta lie for What the fuck I got to lie for [x4][Verse 1:]

I ain't never had shit

Zilch zero nothing

Now that a nigga got something

Yea bitch I'm stunting

Look at all this moneys

Hundreds and these fiftys

Eating at the Whitney

Now yo bitch wanna come with me

Cause we bout to go to the mall

Tonight we popping bottles

My baby momma a hoodrat

But now I got me a model

And she wanna swallow drink it all up

Straight to the neck from the bottle, bitch cause she don't need a cup

And we bout to go make it rain thunder fucking storm

Kush nuggets to the brain pop fucking corn

Shapow bitch wow been had hundreds

Naw nigga I'm just lying my nigga I be fronting

Got that income tax swag, that income tax swag

That bad dame in my lap I just cop her a bag

Got that income tax swag, that income tax swag

That bad dame in my lap I just cop her a bag[Hook][Verse 2:]

I'm a blow it all now muthafuck a later

Bout to a mink

And sum diamond encrusted gators

Car with a TV in it, maid and a butler too

So what nigga this rented right gone have to do

I'm a take it all with me when I'm gone bitch it's gone to

Who cares when the kids get grown

They better figure out what they gone do

Cause right now nigga I got it

Nigga What about you

Broke ass niggas worth nothing

I can buy ya'll in twos

Cause a long time ago
My nigga was just like you
But we ain't talking bout the past
It's about right now my dude
Cause normally I be broke
But right now I got cash
Nah, nigga I'm lyin, you know that I be frontin
Got that income tax swag, that income tax swag
That bad dame in my lap I just cop her a bag
Got that income tax swag, that income tax swag
That bad dame in my lap I just cop her a bag

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