

# Dubstep

## Danny Brown

I was thinkin' 'bout somethin'  
But I ain't worried 'bout nothin'  
Remember when I was strugglin'  
Fucked up on my knuckles  
Tryin' to sell some dirt weed  
Taxin' off a ten speed  
Money wasn't comin'  
For sure nigga I kept frontin' I had them dubs on the step  
Slow days, fast days, gettin' paper any way And I kept lickin' on that clit  
Till she gave me that shit  
I've been fucked up for so long  
Swear to God I gotta get it  
I put my back into it  
Servin' bags to them students  
Tell 'em I got that fire  
On that porch right there by the Buick  
I'm just tryin' to get my mind  
Go worry nigga 'bout yours  
Rollin' up that swisher  
Pourin' up a four  
Servin' in them hallways  
The courtrooms all day  
Hoods kicked the door down  
Now we in the Coney I had them dubs on the step  
Slow days, fast days, gettin' paper any way It's the same old shit  
Everybody in the manor is locked up, boxed up  
It's killin' me  
Niggas wanna get rid of me  
Cause I lyrically bust on the riddim  
Fill the room with humidity  
Stick it in a manner, the heaviest rhythm bangin' out  
Doubling my money gettin' my hustle in Canning Town  
Listen up Danny Brown  
I been doing this thing  
Skipped in, then I come and lyrically assist 'em (WOO!)  
I had my dubs on the step  
I never stopped cause I sit in the booth  
Flipping the truth, while you're running and chatting  
Thinking you're realer than Scru

You ain't so why you act, dummy  
You think you bad, well that's funny  
I'm try'na get Maybach money  
I'm a Mac Miller, spittin' ASAP, rookie I had them dubs on the step

Songwriters

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