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 wayAnd 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 ConeyI had them dubs on the step
Slow days, fast days, gettin' paper any wayIt'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, rookieI had them dubs on the step

Songwriters
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