

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

DANIEL SEWELL, SKYLAR EUGENE TAITPublished by

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