Detroit's New Dance Show (Instrumental)

Black Milk

Girl you claiming the what?
Let me know what's up
Won't you bang in the cut
Then you say what up
Girl you claiming the what?
Let me know what's up
Won't you bang in the cut
Then you say what up Yeah, double or nothing came from nothing
Still rep the hood that I come from
"Where you come from?"
City where the guns run deep the police won't come
And the streets no fun
At night where the street lights won't come
On where you might get torn on some
Block, you could probably lose your life on one
Do or die from junior high to Cooley High, niggas banged out in it
All the same where they all bang
And all slang in the same house with it
These niggas live it, roll big trucks
Just to guarantee these hoes gon' fuck
Pull up already know what's what
Sit her in the back just to let her roll up
It's a living hell nigga dark and hot
Cats walk the block don't talk a lot
Might talk a lot and the sparks'll pop
Outside the spot of the parking lot
Story about the kid that's tryna live, that's tryna get the dough up
Hold the piece, sold the blunt outside the liquor store front
Roped up if it goes down little homie don't choke up
Pull out let 'em all go, let the fo' bust innocent bystanders so what?
Nah nah, that's how they thinking around here
Niggas ain't thinking around here
You get dropped at the drop of a dime or a blink 'round here
In the club don't spill your drink 'round here
On a niggas sneaks, niggas don't think 'round here
Pop it up, pop the trunk, pop the.
Out here no fear no way
Back to the moral of the story, okay
Back in the place where you might fall apart

It's the beauty and the ugly of it all
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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