

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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