

# DNA (Prod. Frank Dukes)

Danny Brown

It's in my DNA cause my pops like to get fucked up the same way  
It's in my DNA cause my moms like to get fucked up the same way  
DNA, DNA cause my fam like to get fucked up the same way  
DNA, DNA cause my fam like to get fucked up the same way Waking up, drooling on Versace pillowcases  
And I'm smoking an eighth a day, I might end up a mental patient  
Terry cloth bathrobes, blunts and ashtrays  
White wine in flute glass, early morning Saturdays  
Food plates and grape Ape, crepes and OJ  
Bitches swimming topless in Chlorine off morphine  
Emails on iPads don't answer when phone rings  
Text message full coming down on four beans  
Everynight like a bachelor party in Sin City  
Bitches sniffing coke off each other titties with rolled 50s  
Life I live like Charlie Sheen and Rick James  
Goin hard until it ain't a dollar to my name  
This that Triple X shit nigga, how ya feel?  
Groupies like glam rock, poison logo pills  
Sniffing a molly off amps blond haired tramps  
When I'm on my way to the stage every night I rage  
It's in my DNA cause my pops like to get fucked up the same way  
It's in my DNA cause my moms like to get fucked up the same way  
DNA, DNA cause my fam like to get fucked up the same way  
DNA, DNA cause my fam like to get fucked up the same way Warhols all on the wall of the villa  
Adderall popping got me jumping to ceiling  
Perceived as a villian no sentiment in my sentence  
For instance in instants they'll be calling forensics  
If incidents occur remember these ain't just words  
Go from talking shit to organs preserved  
You soft serve rappers just hide behind your reverb  
And even without effects you'll end up dessert  
I research and homework, make you dig ya own dirt  
On beats buried alive, ratting wiseguys  
I'm with a latin bitch, fat ass, well porportioned thighs  
And love to see it cumming so I squirt it in her eyes  
I'm hopping out that new shit like narcs on Tuesday  
The grill on it shiny like LL Cool J's  
What's on my waist could make a nigga meet ya doomsday  
To describe ya mixtape that shit was like a toothache

Songwriters

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