

# Ten G's a Week (Instrumental)

Danny Brown

I'm tryna get paid,  
Tryna fuck hoes,  
26 inches, slammin Cadillac doors, (uhh)  
Drown by the street, floated back to show, (back!)  
Now I swim in cash and I still want mo', (les' git it)  
Used to sip coles, now we waste cleco,  
Used to ask momma, why we gotta be cold,  
Days got hard, nights got rough,  
?Used to eat a konie on the grand shit bus?  
Everyone lies, Who can I trust,  
Preacher took my money, now he gotta new truck, (dam)  
Best friend a snitch when his life on the line,  
Soft niggas turn tough when they bust that nine,  
Easy as pie, proofs in the puddin,  
Brown like a diamond in the sky and you couldn't,  
(indecipherable) shoes with both socks on,  
I'm hip hop oxygen, (yeah)Cuz I made ten g's a week bangin' at my peak,  
Smile on my face but inside I'm weak, (uh)  
My people need jobs, a place to sleep,  
Voted for the democratic party but these rich rupublicans takin' over,  
Bout to cop a new range rover, (huh)  
I'm lucky, lost my four leaf clover, (uh)  
And it's so plain to see,  
Ya listenin' to brown an' the sounds a nicks p?  
Back on a grizzly, ? Blue phone pause it?Pausing for now, bed time. Epic lyricist in my opinion

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>