Radio Song

Danny Brown

anti clean
rap, nigga where the green at?
RZA take your sweat I had the balls the size of bean bags
Not what you're used to,
bitch I rep the bluza
And the label fools gold,
jeans with medusas
Bitches wanna scoop us,
their pussy like loofahs
Y'all niggas losers cop clothes from the boosters
Hoes wanna choose up of course they gonna choose us
These stupid ass niggas wouldn't know what to do
copy wack
niggas that's what they made you
The game's so trendy, that's why these labels fail
Cause they don't care about music, just first week sales
So they say you need a hit, a chart toppin' single
That's why it's called commercial, because you need a jingle
A smash crowd banger, play it all night long
You never get on, without a
radio song
So this my radio song (2x)
She wanna ride the wave, watch me do my swag surf
Party like a rockstar
never bought a makeup purse
Songs with no villains
, but she feel my thang on her
Stripper with a leaky ceiling, I'mma make it rain on her
Taught me how to Dougie
I'd rather see you jerk
Skeet skeet, on the walls and her skirt
She'd rather hear a love song about what she getting
But not from Danny Brown, cause bitch I ain't tricking
Do the pretty girl rock
and even though you ugly
Getting dirty money, but bitch I ain't above that
Ice cream paint job
Heavy duty Chevy not a beamer, benz, or bentley
Theres no originality, carbon copy singles

He made Black & Yellow
, I'mma make Black & Emo
Thats why these whack rappers, they never last song
Dont care about music, just radio songs

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