Attak (feat. Danny Brown)

Rustie

We laughing at ya, talkin' bout ya, no one else on that one
We know you be hustlin' backwards, Electric Slide on rewind
My pockets is looking like rerun
I've begun to dethrone, you sippin' on that Seagram's
Talkin' bout you gone kill somethin'
Niggas must think they real or somethin'
Go on ahead and pop a pill or somethin'
You ain't fuckn' with me, might as well OD
So after that one, take ten times three
Danny Brown and that boy Rustie
Got the game on lock like we changed the keys
No you can't get in, but your whore out, treat that mouth like police raid a house
Bust all up in it, nuts up in it
Brand new tenant, moved all up in it
That's no lease, this ain't rented
Came back now, it's OG-scented
Who the fuck you think ya'll is
I'm a grown ass man, I don't play with no kids
Back in 2003 used to post up and roll up bag of pounds of the meat
Used to trap OG with the E, on the Greyhound bus one pair of jeans
Touchdown in the city
Like "Nigga where the fiends?"
Now I do the same thing
But it's with 16s
Get money my nigga like a poster, If I don't then I might go postal
Back a nigga down like Howard tryna post you
If you play around with a nigga, might smoke you
Beware what you say in the vocals
Hood story, everybody going loco
Gotta put a pussy nigga in a chokehold
No joke that's the code of survival
Battle royal - everybody your rival
In the ghetto everybody going psychoI'm a maniac, Brainiac when I'm aiming at
Knock your brain out the hat while I cop that
You can't block that and just (?)
Stop that, you ain't 'bout that
Said my loud niggas where ya hoes at
Double sacks and a couple packs put ya daughter's fingers in a mouse trap
Off that cause we on what

Can't come back like you stole somethin'
Nigga might as well, let me hold somethin'
Before I take that and your ho for frontin'
Blew a (?) like smoke somethin'
Sippin' OG, might roll somethin'
Pop a bottle, might toast somethin'
Nigga keep hatin', I'mma toast somethin'
Weapon off that black and decker
Putting lean in my Dr Pepper
Chess shit and you playing checkers
Hit the chest (?)
Mac attack on that ho shit, might walk around, get your throat split
If you don't know shit, better know this
Fuck around, hocas-pocus
You in focus, I'm a locust, see them big pictures and stay focused
Your ho luck atrocious, my bitches look ferocious
Breakin' shit psychosis, you niggas talkin' about practice
Roll around with that acid, if you don't know start askin'
Middle man be taxin', made a couple hundred, kept stackin'
Know it sound like I'm braggin' but know you do got (?)
I don't gotta do shit tell your bitch suck my dick
I don't gotta say shit, tell your bitch suck my dick

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