

# SIDE A

## Lil Papi

In the kitchen, oven open for the heat  
Got my young, light skinned ho rollin' up the tree  
Wearin' jackets in the house, it's the Michigan way  
Boiling water on the stove, Ramen noodles for dinner  
Dope fiends out the halfway house and they still sniffin'  
Homie mommy's 50, smokin' and still tricking'  
Still talkin' shit with this Lucy I'm ass lickin'  
See my breath when I talk, but nigga, I ain't trippin'  
Landlord is, the nigga tryna put us out  
Sellin' all the samples, can't afford to give 'em out  
Just copped a half track, see my nigga tryna get it  
Standin' on the baseline, Scottie Pippen pivot  
Needles in they arms just to keep the lights on  
Shit, fuck around, be on hardcore pawn  
Tryna get this shit off, the winter, we snuck in  
Won't live for anything, but might die for nothin' They want that old Danny Brown  
To bag up and sell a whole pound  
Might have to go and get my braids back  
Matter of fact, go and bring them AKs back They want that old Danny Brown  
To bag up and sell a whole pound  
Might have to go and get my braids back  
Matter of fact, go and bring them AKs back In the Cutty same color as steak sauce  
Eyeballed the work, but was just a .8 off  
Vet in the game, first seed in the playoffs  
Meet me at the Coney, gotta get this weight off  
Balmain's fittin' like a nigga went swimmin' in 'em  
I'm waxed and I'm shinin', hardwood floor  
Whore want it hardcore, squirt it on her jaw  
Lookin' at the whore like "what you came here for?"  
Linwood nigga, heat on him, no stash box  
Turn a gangbanger's bandana to a rag top  
Old head, dope fiend, cookin' up the yay  
Young boys'll shoot your face for them Cartiers  
Came a long way takin' \$3 for a nick'  
Cop an 8 ball, tryna stack for the zip  
Now I'm in the rap game, verse worth a brick  
Fiends linin' up for a hit of this shit  
(And I reps that shit, right now and forever)  
(And I reps that shit, right now and forever) They want that old Danny Brown

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