Detroit 187

Danny Brown

[feat. Chips]
[Verse 1: Danny Brown]
The way these bitches on my cock
You'd swear was 1985 and teen wolf just dropped
And my name was Michael J Fox
But my name is Danny Brown I got some weed in my sock
So get high with ya nigga
Sack I got looking some dead caterpillars
But it smell like a skunk thats defensive
These bitches suck my dick like its a moral incentive
Off the chain like broke nunchucks
Where little niggas come thru and shoot u over new chucks
A little dark like wet nubuck
Decribes my state of mind is inside the tomb of king tut
Murder all the time all we see
Detroit 187 on you niggas TV
I can first degree this beat and walk wit no charges
Kill a underground emcee and famous female pop artist
And ohh baby I like it raw
Dick so big stretch marks on her jaw
I'm so institutionalized
I wake up 6 AM because I think its chow time
I'm a borderline porcupine
A step from drinking turpentine
Just to wash down a plate of these wack rappers rhymes
I got a mind in the cosmos
And if these niggas cold then I guess I'm osmosis
That be blowing on some potent
That them white boys be growing
While you niggas smoking smelling like some tanning lotion
My concoctions could make world ending potions
These other rap niggas got lines I got encroachments
I got endorsements so muthafucka a cosign
Punch punchlines I'll punch rappers til your broke spine
Remember back in 09
I told em it was showtime
Now they pull they cam phones out when I go for mine
Lights camera action
Hybrid be snapping

Cause the days of no tissue had to whip with wet napkins
Smear up the classifieds know it sound trife
But to be honest a metaphor my life
[Verse 2: Chip$]
Buzzin off the bar bitch you with's an amphetamine
Taste it with a 40 oz of Ever Clean
I swear I never ever smoke the better green
Yo bitch said I'm the swaggiest nigga she ever seen
Run up in yo crib, Two K's, One Mag
Yo girl get snatched like Cool J in I'm Bad
Cost to live, you ain't made enough
Guarantee bullet holes with a laser touch
European garments drape my body if I ain't hipstered up
If she smile with eye contact then the bitch will fuck
Homie gone make me send them killers after him
Them niggas swing swords like Word Fence Champions
You was poppin' pills and drinking liquor
Now you thinkin you a gangsta killer
I leave you stankin' nigga
Laid down, face down like you taking a plankin picture
But I can keep the shots in the weapon
Put the bat to back of your leg
Grab your chin and the back of your head
And twist them shits in opposite directions

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/