

# Hell for It

## Danny Brown

Holy spirit  
When I look  
I cannot see  
Reflection in the mirror  
Broke bread with the Judas  
And I think I see it clearer  
These niggas want what's mine  
But I be damn if I'm a give up  
Stuck up in the hood  
Praying rap would get me out  
Momma 'bout to lose her house  
Gotta figure this shit out  
Use to catch the bus to 12th  
Just to hustle for some Prada  
In the kitchen with my uncle  
Beat the pot like a piñata  
Baraka wit the product  
Use to hide it in my closet  
Type of shit  
That have a fiend  
Crawling on his carpet  
Walking over carcasses  
Of artists in my garden  
Nice with the bars  
Even the beat begs my pardon  
Got me mistaken  
Muslim salami bacon  
Always on the defense  
So it's no offense taken  
I'm smoking on them raisins  
From the bay they taste amazing  
Cajun kicking flavor  
All the time  
Not on occasion  
Would be amazed  
All the time I heard I wouldn't make it  
I was writing shit that was so damn amazing  
When half these little niggas was still watching  
That's so raven

I was out there hustling  
Scraping up and saving  
Just to catch a 12 hour bus to NY  
Sleeping on the floor in studios  
Asking God why  
But never got deterred  
From the voice I heard inside  
Tell myself everyday  
The greatest that's alive And I'm a give em hell for it  
Until it's heaven on earth  
My nigga  
I'm a give em hell for it  
For whatever it's worth  
My nigga  
I'm a give em hell for it  
Unless death come first  
My nigga  
I'm a give em hell for it  
For whatever it's worth  
My nigga  
I'm a give em hell Cause we living in that  
Actavis double cups was addicted to that  
Had them demons on my back  
Was escaping through that  
Blamed everybody but myself  
Apologies for that  
So they hold a nigga back  
For the way that I act  
People scared of doing business  
Thinking I smoke crack  
I react immature  
To anyone talking smack  
Cause where I'm from respect  
The only thing that you have  
Grew up virtually poor  
Realities unmasked  
So my task  
Is inspire your future with my past  
I lived through that shit  
So you don't have to go through it  
Stepping stones in my life  
Hot coals  
Walk with me  
Listen when I speak  
Every time talk with me

Couple screws loose  
You don't wanna start  
With me  
Got it from Motown  
Feel David Ruffin pain  
Wanna cry right now  
So I'm wishing that it rain  
Cause I'm knowing I'm the best  
They compare skills to sales  
Tell myself everyday  
Know this shit ain't real  
Radio don't make you ill  
They get a hit a they feel they self  
Respect for lyricism  
In this game ain't none left  
Have a bitch like Iggy  
Think she sicker than me  
And that's so fucked up  
That's just how this shit be  
I just wanna make music  
Fuck being a celebrity  
Cause these songs that I write  
Leave behind my legacy And I'm a give em hell for it  
Until it's heaven on earth  
My nigga  
I'm a give em hell for it  
For whatever it's worth  
My nigga  
I'm a give em hell for it  
Unless death come first  
My nigga  
I'm a give em hell for it  
For whatever it's worth  
My nigga

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