

# XXX (prod. Frank Dukes)

## Danny Brown

30! Colder than them grits they fed slaves  
Me to rap is like water to raves  
AK's with bayonets on deck, rep my set  
Sorta like Squidward and his clarinet  
I'm in ya bitch mouth but she just fantasizing  
Staring at my skinnys said it's so tantalizing  
Dog I'm strategizing, plotting on throne  
The masta of the ace sitting on chrome  
Dark nights tryna sleep stomach on fire  
Delusional from hunger so I couldn't get tired  
Imagining the equalizer goin from green to red  
Words that rhyme together just appear all in my head  
Sorta like Neo with the Matrix code  
I try to escape it hoping drugs a numb a soul  
Say I'm getting old and times running out  
Repeating instrumentals tryna figure patterns out  
I never leave the house ain't slept in three days  
Popping pills, writing, drinking and smoking haze  
Weaving kicks and snares, tryna dodge these hooks  
Keepin' it original something that's overlooked  
The way a nigga going might go out like Sam Cooke  
Or locked up calling home for money on my books  
Cause if this shit don't work, nigga I failed at life  
Turning to these drugs, now these drugs turned my life  
And it's the downward spiral, got me suicidal  
But too scared to do it so these pills will be the rifle  
Surpassing all my idols, took the wrong turn  
But can't go back now so now let that blunt burn  
Cause now its my turn if I fuck it all up  
Took a while to get here now I depend on these drugs  
I took a while to get here now I depend on these drugs  
Triple X

Songwriters

ADAM KING FEENEY, DANIEL SEWELL Published by

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