Really Doe

Danny Brown

[Verse 1: Danny Brown]
You niggas don't even know
All that talk then no show
Cannot tell me nothin', show me somethin' I ain't seen before
Die high with my piccolo
Smoking on that mistletoe
Make her kiss all on it while we cha-cha, but on 24's
She look like a centrefold
Mouth all on my genitals
Suckin' on it like she gettin' vitamins and minerals
I be on the chemicals
She be on my testicles
Poke her with my tentacle then put her on my schedule
Rolling up them vegetables
Rapping with that special flow
Only way you're next to blow if you be strapped with C4
I be fresh from head to toe
Every day a fashion show
Used to tote that Calico and serve like John McEnroe
Now I sell out all my shows
Used to shine light on my bitch
That was back when we was coppin' dope to try and roll a 4
Now a nigga livin' good
I done made it out the hood
Think I'm goin' back?
I wish a motherfucker would[Hook: Kendrick Lamar]
Yeah, they say I got the city on fire
I ain't boomin', that's a goddamn lie, woah
Really doe, like really doe
Really doe, like really doe
They say I got the city on fire
I ain't boomin', that's a goddamn lie, woah
Really doe, like really doe
Really doe, like really doe
[Verse 2: Ab-Soul]
Still wicked as Aleister Crowley, niggas know me well
For heaven's sake, I'm the GOAT, you haters can go to hell
When you're getting money, nigga, every day is sunny
I'ma act an ass on that donkey, let her pull my ponytail

Second grade, took my mama weddin' ring, took that bitch
To show-and-tell, now I'm married to the game to no avail
Grounded me for like a month, now I'm gettin' high as fuck
Employer tryna write me up, but now I'm a writer
With ambitions of a rider, and half the shit on my rider
I don't even want, the Fanta's for us, the Henny's for the sluts (chyeah)
Givenchy bikers with the Raf rips
Balmain badmon, bathin' Ape on my dick
Paid by the Bloods, raised by the Crips
Soulo Ho the prophecies, atrocities, exhibition
Oh yeah, now a nigga livin' good
But good could be better I wish a motherfucker would[Hook: Kendrick Lamar]
Yeah, they say I got the city on fire
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Really doe, like really doe[Verse 3: Kendrick Lamar]
Life is like an appetite of truth or dare, I double dare ya
Life can end in vain before the end is near
See I can hear you crying
Silence sittin' in the dark
Hold the crosses 'cross your heart
Sin is such a work of art
Watch out for the love lost
Met a thousand, shoot a thousand
Things a nigga do for thousands
Made a million counting sheep
Gave it all to public housin'
Taking off to Abu Dhabi
Beamin' up the motor, Scotty
Talking to promoters, Scotty
Everybody know it's Gotti
Murder one, you've heard of them
The Revenant, the all day madness
Got it off to wipe it off, the evidence, the blood on mattress
Big power, big stages
My zoo cannot fit the cages
This booth is not used to fakin'
My crew just love confrontation
I chewed the face off the laces
I moved away from the waitress
I chef the pot that made poison

I cooked then tipped all the patients
My bitch is way beyond basic
That's, life insurance, car insurance, good pussy insurance
Aye, look what I ain't doin'
Aye, ridin' in foreigns
Aye, K-Dot, four years, I got the same watch
But it's the real watch and that bitch fire
Speed Racer waitin' outside
The roof on it like a tank top
Countin' money, watchin' paint dry
When I'm done is when the rain stops, uh[Hook: Kendrick Lamar]
They say I got the city on fire
I ain't boomin', that's a goddamn lie, woah
Really doe, like really doe
Really doe, like really doe
They say I got the city on fire
I ain't boomin', that's a goddamn lie, woah
Really doe, like really doe
Really doe, like really doe[Verse 4: Earl Sweatshirt]
Good, hood
I wish you motherfuckin' would
Listen, wish a motherfucker would, Brown
I had to put my foot down
So I could pop in the clutch
Your hate palpable, your jaw full of dust
You gon' keep talkin' or are we lockin' it up?
And I'm the type of nigga it ain't never been an honor to judge
You a mouse that the falcon picked up
So disrespect and gettin' checked like the top of the month
I was a liar as a kid so now I'm honest as fuck
And I never passed my mama no blunt, it kept my head straight
Listen, deadweight, never been a problem to duck
Look, I just broke up with my bitch cause we ain't argue enough
I keep it dirty as the spliffs my uncle Alchemist puff
I strike a birdie on 'em, while I hit your mouth with the club
I wake up early on 'em, gettin' out the house is a must
It's like a sweaty pit, sweaty sit, countin' your dubs
Either that or you gon' catch me on a mountain with monks
Loungin', ask your girl why her mouth on my nuts
You've been the same motherfucker since 2001
Well it's the left-handed shooter, Kyle Lowry the pump
I'm at your house like, "why you got your couch on my Chuck's"
Motherfucker

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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