

Detroit 187 (feat. Chip\$)

Danny Brown

The way these bitches on my cock
You'd swear it was 1985 and Teen Wolf just dropped
And my name was Michael J. Fox
But no bitch my name is Danny Brown I got some weed up in my sock
So bitch get high with ya nigga
The sack I got is looking some green caterpillars
But it smell like a skunk that's oh so defensive
These bitches suck my dick like it was moral incentive
Off the chain like broke nunchucks
Where little niggas try to shoot you over new chucks
A little dark like wet nubuck
Describes 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, kill a nigga, no charges
Fuck a female MC and a Pop Artist
Ohh baby I like it raw And My dick so big left stretch marks on her jaw
I'm so institutionalized
I wake up 6 AM because I think its chow time
Borderline porcupine
A step from drinking turpentine
Just to wash down a plate of 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 these white boys be growing
While you niggas smoking something smelling like 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
Light 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 for my life Buzzin' off the barbiturates and amphetamines

Chase it with a 40 oz of Redi Clean
I swear I never ever smoke the better weed
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 World 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

Songwriters

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