

B Brown

Daily Duppy

SRB seperation confirmed

Bags & Boxes 4

Coming up on staging the burnout of these twin solid rocket boosters
at two minutes five seconds

August 16th

Listen, yo

All the blood sweat and tears been shed on the streets
Realest stories are the ones that I never repeat
And niggas know the facts 'cause I kept the receipts
Just know that there's a TEC to protect the Phillipe
Bitch niggas talk 'bout me in their group chats
Same niggas owe the plug and can't recoup that
I remember I was billing up my new trap
It was me against the world with these two packs
But this is Bags & Boxes 4, this the fourth quarter
More squares, pots bubbling, more water
Phone's ringing, reloading, more orders
I put four corners on like four corners
The trap revolution will be televised
Counting dirty money keep me energised
Sitting in the station, the only time I'm telling lies
But if my genna dies then you know the 10 a rise
And I can make a hunna with my eyes closed
That's why your missus find it hard to keep her thighs closed
I'ma fuck around and buy that bitch a C drop
Rub my trigger finger on her G-spot
Now the tapes wrapped, niggas please stop asking
Rodeo Drive, I had the top down laughing
Dropped 12 summers and I locked down parties
Dropped 12 summers and I popped down Cartis
This is B Brown, I never made a diss track
I just send a shooter round to make a dispatch
How these niggas spreading rumours like they're big facts?
How these niggas broke and rapping 'bout these big waps?
They say money comes and money goes
Bought a yacht in Monaco, I need one of those
One month line used to do a hundred Os
Niggas think I'm gassing but my runner knows
Used to lay my verses in a trap house
Made Bags & Boxes 1 with the packs out
Are these niggas really living what they rap 'bout?
Nah, they reading from a script, they just act out
And nah, I can't remember my lyrics
I got a mind full of money, I remember the digits
And nah, I can't remember my lyrics
I got a mind full of money, I remember the digits, nigga