

3 Tearz

Danny Brown

Used to cut the rock with no glove on
Shove on, for the block, developed a 'Love Jones'
The reasons why your hoe got them rug burns
It's 'No limit', call me 'Mr. Serv-on'
Work all day till the work gone
Talking back in the day when I had chirp phone
My nigga made a wrong turn, got flipped in the zone
Had to say I was a smoker just so I could go home
Everyday another episode
I'm just tryna hear the beat like a stethoscope
Like my bassline's thick, like a Texas hoe
It was written but the signature not legible
Drink so much, I could drown a fish
On some other shit, a demon on the hunt for the succubus
Why you on some cuddle shit? Hit it then fuck a bitch
I don't think you know who you're fucking with

Two tears in the bucket, fuck it
I don't care about nothing, nothing
Two tears in the bucket, fuck it
I don't care about nothing, nothing

Danny is dangerous, Run the Jewels is chaos and arrangement
Shit'll give your fuck face a face lift
Papa did the triple Lindsey flip when the 'cane hit
Mama never met a bottle that she couldn't drain quick, aye
Stuck in a rude mood, the fuck shit approaches
Like we believe in nothing, Lebowski, there's no motive
I'm Babylon, tryna get bags like fuck all of 'em
Death is on my couch and I'm tellin' him jokes, stallin' him
Plus, I offer one of my smokes, he smoked all of 'em
True Doom eat up the crew like 'Mm... Food'
Say the name, it's like you're praying for pain, we too rude
Gotta brain? You gon' move it or lose it, you screwed
I'm profane, yes deranged and I say, "Real shit"
If I'm correct, the really cool kids probably callin' it 'lit'
Call the shit that I am culling from my brain with a switch
Hold my beer, I'm 'bout to go and get rich, motherfuckers

Three tears in the bucket, fuck it
I don't care about nothing, nothing
Three tears in the bucket, fuck it
I don't care about nothing, nothing

Hold up, I don't give a fuck 'bout Trump, who got dumped
Who protestin' collections at their garbage dump?
And I don't really give a fuck about giving a fuck
And who feels the black celebrities ain't givin' enough
Give 'em the dick, fat slick son of a bitch
Better than you are, what you are's the son of a whore
My dad told me that your mom was something mean on her knees
But thank God we ain't related 'cause she swallowed the seeds
Happy belated, I'm elated to know we ain't related
So tell your special kids stop saying, "Auntie Shay" to my lady
I sip on fine wines, fine dine with dimes and nines
I got an Einstein mind and I still tote iron
I'm a P-I-M-P in my own rhyme

Space age, gorilla pimpin' out the cage with mine (What you steal from me nigga?)

If it's goddamn mine (Would you kill for me nigga?), bitch, you out yo' goddam mind

And that's goddamn right, I'm goddam Mike

Win in the end, like Tina did goddamn Ike

Three tears in the bucket, fuck it

I don't care about nothing, nothing

Three tears in the bucket, fuck it

I don't care about nothing, nothing

Three tears in the bucket, fuck it

I don't care about nothing, nothing

Bucket, fuck it

I don't care about nothing, nothing

Three tears in the bucket, fuck it

I don't care about nothing, nothing