

Baseline

Danny Brown

Ho, the only thing you gotta know
My dick touch the ground when I'm sitting on the floor
You think I'm gonna fall off?
I got advice for ya holmes
Fall asleep in your car
In your garage with the engine on
I'm playing ping pong with your bitch jaw
You the type to have a sing-along in Superman drawls
I got a red head ho
I call her Molly Ringwald
She like to take a lot of Molly
And bring Adderall
Sipping white wine 'til the sunset
Before it got dark she already got naked
Necked her for a second
Then she got reckless
Rump shaker, wrecks and FX'd it
Bum stickity bum stickity bum Das EFX'ed it
Left her bum sticky
Fell asleep on the terrace
Me on the beat, that's a hate crime
With black ink, I murder white lines
Baseline

What's with all the ho shit?
Your flow's atrocious
The amount of weed I smoke is copious
Eyes red like Soviet
Dog, you're on some bogus shit
These novice poets are not my associates
Ferocious; but the flows inappropriate
But if you approach this they might call encroachment
I'm so bent, oh shit
Got your bitch soakin'
I ain't Clarence Carter
But bitch I be Strokin'
Ho, are you outta your mind?
I tell a bitch like this
"You are not that fine"
I don't give a bitch shit
No, not a dime
But bitch, for you
I ain't even got time
The sunshine in the thunder storm
Catching clouds smelling like the green giant underarm
I can never cop her holmes
I just give her Sutter Homes
Nut all on her butt
Wipe it up, then I send her home
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