Belly of the Beast

Danny Brown

Maniac off Xanny bars, sack like Santa Claus That puts you in the figure-forum My literature is like I wrote it in silver And you're on the podium with speech eroding 'em Your bitch like a leech on my scrotum Hoe tried to kill the dick, strangled 'em and choked 'em After she was done, I looked down at my penis Like she really ain't mean it Nigga, I'm anaemic with the ink, you a Stevie Wonder, blink I take a piss in the same sink you wash dishes with You're illiterate, your Bisquick soft I put the biscuit, then you dip like cocktail sauce I eat so many shrimp I got iodine poison Hoes on my dick 'cause I look like Roy Orbison Got a foursome with four fours and I called it 'a twelve' One was chubby, one was ugly, whack as hell

This can't be real, I'm in a dream I don't have skin, I just shine They can't contain me, I'm free It feels like losing your mind

Psycho, crazy, deranged Spitting on tracks like oncoming train Vocal laid down like tower of burning flame Sippin' gasoline, made a full canteen Stone Temple Pilot, crashed into the wall While listening to Wu-Tang and rubbing on his balls Off the bars of footballs, thoughts playing foosball In V.I.P., sleep with shades on the boo-ya So, bitch, bust that shit open like you landed knee first Let me stuck my finger in it, what it smelled like? Birth If it smelled like syrup, you gon' get this work But if it smelled like perch, gotta disperse I'm a pervert wearing Sherbert Tell your baby mama turn her ass A younger mama shoulda handcuffed me to the furnace

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