

Combat

Danny Brown

Twelve-gauge shotguns, I seen twelve-gauge, um, pumps

I don't give a fuck
I could talk a cat off the back of a fish truck
Tell me what's up
All about the game, so I'm hunting big buck
Big butt, slim waist, and her hair long
Pass it down to me like a heirloom
The Henny got me wetter than Will Piss
I die for this like Elvis
Boss up and shake down
Get it jumpin' like a techno breakdown
Night young and we just gettin' started
Let me walk on yard at the Bruiser Brigade party
Got smoke, of course
Goin' up, fireworks on the fourth
Take mine, and I do it with force
Been with this shit since I jumped off the porch
Used to chop grams on my grandma's sauce
Pay me what it costs, I ain't tryna hear or
Tryna play round, you be hangin' with (Huh)
Cop a pound and it put me down an ounce
Bust it open like them hoes came in
Got more bills than the Olsen twins
Focus, I can see where ocean is
Kush thinkin' like it broke the wind

What it is, what it is, what you know about
Came a long way from that dope house
What it is, what it is, what you know about
Came a long way from the

All I cared about was the stacks and the stage
When it's time to re-up, pull my partner out his head
Ain't rocket science class, I ain't tryna pass math
Put grams on the scale, watch me do arts and crafts
Anything could be my last, livin' like that
Tripped over the crack, crippled by circumstance
Nigga gotta face the facts, mixed with your own
Sun spread your light, others make a marathon
Tryna live on through my music
The future influence, the next to do it
The odds are against you, kiddo
Likin' everything from you, like a divorced widow
Tryna get it like the next negro
Want beef? You gon' fuck around and end up a vegetable
Tryna give you a little game
Get some, get locked, and back again

What it is, what it is, what you know about
Came a long way from that dope house
What it is, what it is, what you know about
Came a long way from the

It's a combat zone
Everything, what they on
Red top, blue top

Get the green, hold the block
It's a combat zone
Everything, what they on
Red top, blue top
Get the green, hold the block
It's a combat zone
Tryna get that bag
Cash that lick, get that bag
It's a combat zone
Tryna swerve around 12
It never fail when you goin' through Hell
It's a combat zone
Count that lick real quick (Combat)
Get the bag, get the bag, whatchu got
It's a combat zone
Get that lick real quick (Combat)
Get the bag up, and the swag up
Before the car pull back up

Listen, all a nigga wanted was a Chevy or some
Wasn't thinkin' 'bout no lawyer, nigga, fuck savin'
Didn't know we'd see them whores like Wes Craven
Hook jumpin' out them fan stores on payment
Locked up with dirty white boys, all musty
Prayin' for probation, hope I get lucky
Court-appointed lawyers, gotta stay copping
Put you in predicament, but that's your only option
Sink or swim, look at him in the system
Just another nigga, one-way ticket to a prison
Tried to help, only hurt in the end
How the fuck 'posed to take care your kids in the pen'
It's the life that we chose, friends become foes
That nigga snitched on, everybody know
Son don't know how to stick to the code
Nobody to trust, that's the way life goes

I've seen hand grenades (Combat zone)
I've seen beer... beer-can (Combat), beer-can bazookas made (Combat zone)
Damn things hit you (Combat), just-
just as getting hit with a gun (It's a combat zone)
I've seen .22 zip guns (Combat), I've seen .38 zip guns
I've seen (Combat zone), I'll tell you, this about things you think you'd ne
ver see on the street I've seen (Combat)
I've seen dynamite on the street
I've seen all this
You'd be surprised, man
Pretty soon they're gonna steal the damn atom bomb