

# 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