

D-Boyz

Danny Brown

W-A-A-J-E-E-D, ha ha ha ha ha, yeah, yah
It's serious, go ahead
C'mon now down in Detroit

See where I'm from, niggas will smoke you for small paper
It's dangerous in the D, beware of 7 Mile players
East don't like the West, the West say the East is some haters
Gator haven, old school whips, chrome plated
Color-coordinated fabrics, Cartier glasses, yes!
It's the home of them dudes that's fantastic, yes!
They'll bust in your attic and start blasting
Looking for that ganj' you better have it fast
Bitch-ass, we ask last and then smash
Pass the cops, I don't give a fuck I'm playin'
Conscious niggas hold pistols in Detroit
This ain't Orange County, nigga, this is Detroit
And I'm a D-boy I'm building the "estroy"
Home of the Lords and the motherfucking Cheddar Boys
Hex murderer, trick-trick
We click-click, boom
And let the pistols clear the room, I assume
Come to my city, you better holla
Or watch out for my niggas creeping in Impalas

We're some D-Boyz, D-Boyz, D-Boyz
You probably wouldn't get it if you come from out of town
We're some D-Boyz, D-Boyz, D-Boyz
We're getting all the paper, man, we're spreading it around
We're some D-Boyz, D-Boyz, D-Boyz
They call us Jenny Craig the way my niggas move pounds
We're some D-Boyz, D-Boyz, D-Boyz
We shoot this fucker up and make a nigga run a mile
We're some D-Boyz, D-Boyz, D-Boyz

And we roll deep, ask some motherfucker about we
We on our feet
Sorry, hardly got me acting rowdy
Just enough Bacardi but this is how we party
Probably step in the joint for some Henny and some Coke
Part of my code, I prolly got a nina in my coat
Gucci [?] heads up on my toe, I'm a goat
Plus the cash that I throw is like it never touch the floor
[?] Yeah, such a professional
The blow and the 'dro in the floor near the dresser drawer
Take us as jealous, ho, dare you to touch it, though
Violence start piling we ain't smilin'
Don't you hear them violins, somebody must have died and
Nobody couldn't survive that moment of silence, uh

Got my D fitted like Magnum PI
Keep the Big Mac on me, for you small fries
Blowing on haze, four deep in the Mercury
Y'all niggas gay like Eddie Mercury
Baby momma going down slow Ron Burgundy
Forty cal. wake niggas early like courtesy calls
Y'all on my balls like Pilate class
Shotty blast, ring of fire, like Johnny Cash

I don't eat rappers, I eat baby mommas
You at Mickey D's while we at Benihana's
Every time you call she tell you "low cell"
And when you call back it's straight voice mail
Cause she's with the G's, me and T3
SB, Nudie Jeans, you look tacky
Y'all fake like Jackie
Talkin' 'bout murder but we know you just rapping
Talking gun play, but you never made it happen
Talking 'bout work, but your never sold a capsule
Now, is it just me or these niggas bars gay like that one on Police Academy
Actually, these niggas just dumb
Hoes in the village when we walk through the slums
Where me and 3 from, keep a gat
So I guess that's where you at

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I dare you come on, yo
One, two
And we're killing this rap shit
Black Milk, Guilty Simpson, yeah, Slum Village, Elzhi, yeah
You know how we're doing this shit, fat cat
One, two, Detroit