

Dance

Danny Brown

One, two, three to the four
Yeah I'm back on my grind
Like you ain't know
It's Detroit brat, tryna get that bread
But I won't turn to X like Detroit Red
I'm up early, knocking roaches off my toothbrush
In the spot hoodie on just like the Ku Klux
Walk around this bitch, like I got four nuts
So when I wet them bitches, swing like nunchucks
Came a long way from getting jumped by Chemp
Chopping up white like Stefan Grendt
Flow like a champ, way ahead of my peers
And again I smoke strong, like Stevie Wonder's ears
I'm in the cutty, with the money on my mind
Finger on the trigger, hand on my nine
So I can't afford time
But I got the AP of the fruity lemon line

And I ain't too tough to dance
Let me adjust this heater
Bulging out of my pants
First I step to the left
Then I step to the right
Then you drop it down low
Bring it back, ight? (Hey!)

Five, six, seven to eight
'Bout to slide on you hoes, just like home plate
I get brain early, that mean I think first
You draw last, you paint a picture of a black hearse
Fuck what you think, I'm 'bout that bank
Stones like the button of your Marvis Tanks
Top full clip, and your bitch on my dick
Cause you're broke like looses, in your pants pocket
It barely sit above the rim
And I wore gats like bass heads pull on strings
Me and my man, two guns like contra
Keep your bitch, she looks like My Pet Monster
Lame nigga, got no choice but to trick
Probably could fuck a blind ugly bitch
I can't get enough of these hoes
Grab my hand and walk me straight to the dance floor

And I ain't too tough to dance
Let me adjust this heater
Bulging out of my pants
First I step to the left
Then I step to the right
Then you drop it down low
Bring it back, ight? (Hey!)

Y'all niggas see how easy that was?
I don't think they know man
Lupido sounds nigga
It's official now
Nick's beat nigga
It's Danny Brown nigga, y'all know what it is

Detroit stand up!