Fruit Cocktail

Danny Brown

Tryna get high to forget that I'm broke Tho it's high tide still gotta stay afloat Sweater over hoodie used to be my winter coat Dish detergent liquid when we ran out of soap Walk in to the store plastic bag filled with bottles Stolen basic cable on our ol' floor model Check in the fridge, nothing to eat Baby mama killing roaches with her bare feet My nigga hit me off I fucked up the sack Trip to Coney Island fucking with a hood rat Now a nigga back, right where I started Real true livin' definition of an artist So now a nigga old but ain't shit changed Hid this morning when the light people came Now point me to heaven cause this sure is hell Tell me what's the difference from being in a cell

Mama in the kitchen, scrapin' up a dinner Daddy play the lottery, hope he got a winner My brother on the block, tryna catch sales Sister on the pole, shake her fruit cocktail

I got locked up, I came back home Takin' county chances, just to keep my phone on My baby mama trippin', that bitch don't even work Stress a nigga out, got me payin' child support I'm flirtin' with the Beam, I got a date with death 38 revolver, got two bullets left Sometimes I daydream, about puttin' in myself Runnin' up to heaven, trippin' up the steps My nigga want a square, only got one left So I'm a bust it down with you If I had it dog, I'd blow a pound with you My nigga understand, that's just how shit goes That's why we get high, cause we feel so low And tho we livin' fast, the money comin' slow Got a lid up on my nigga, cause his time goin slow Said a pray for him quick, fans gotta let him know