

Goldust

Danny Brown

Bust it open
Flake looking like gold dust
Nigga get a whiff of this uncut
Bloody Marys at brunch
From last night still drunk
Popped a Adderall nigga that was my lunch
And I gotta hunch
Roll another blunt
Call some hoes up nigga lets do some bumps
Caught up in the whirlwind
Life took a tail spin
Hid behind designer shades
Life of sin
Lost control
Don't have a soul
Myself I don't know no more
Numbing up with drugs
To suppress these feelings
Praying to the heavens
Letting these devils get the best of me
Nigga what's the recipe for a good time
A whole lot of liquor while you doing coke lines
Residue on my mustache
How could it last
Roll a hundred dollar bill
Nigga blow cash

Can't nobody tell me no
Nigga pass me that blow
Got to the point ain't gotta buy drugs
Niggas just give to em to me
Yea they think they showing love
And that's what's up
Kinda fucked up
Now I do way it more then I use to
Have no clues
All the false alarms
Where most would of died
But my tolerance strong
Been cursed all alone
Whole family addicts
Floating through my bloodstream
Like I gotta have it
Tried to quit a few times
But it didn't work out
Can you understand
What my life is about
Cause I think you don't
So take a step inside
A mind so horrific
Images that I hide
Take look inside
Scare you for life
This is the way
Nigga step inside

Mimosa for breakfast

With a thick hoe from Texas
Got good karma
Feel the persona
Got the Hermes towel while I'm up in the sauna
Smoking on ganja
Tasting like caramel
Ass so fat think she get it from hermomma
Came along way hitting thots in spots
Now I fuck pornstars I done jerked off and watched
Spending racks up in Bergdorf
Bitches take ya shirt off
Took a couple molly's
Now they wanna have a twerk off
Guess who the judge
Why they hold the grudge
Me I done got it on my own out the mud
Will it all last
Will it all last
Roll a hundred dollar bill
Nigga blow cash
Will it all last
Will it all last
Roll a hundred dollar bill
Blowing money fast