

Sittin' So High

Danny Brown

Detroit, Stand up!
It's Danny Brown!
Nick Speed

Suede Seats mink floor with a digi' dash
Danny Brown got hoes like dance class
Float work make money get spent fast
Cutty on a 26 inches with the run flats
Tiger Fitted with the gan' in a swisher sweet
Trunk sounding like a monster hoe, trick or treat?
Got cute Feet, then what's your content?
Let me squirt it on your lips like carmex
She don't want me, just wanna hop in
Take her shopping, let me hit it at the drop in
Got the Cutty same color as some chickenskin
Every night I'm hoppin' in and out of chickenskin
In your residence counting up dividends
True Religion jeans blue and yellow like Michigan
It ain't the vision its simple working at kitchen then
If work's attracting and it's all simple at addition then

My wheels so big got me sittin' in the sky
Shawty just back it up on my thighs
You ain't never seen a Cutty sit up this high
Never seen a Cutty sit up this high
Man I'm so damn drunk, Man I'm 'boutta get high
Wheels so big, can't believe my eyes
You ain't never seen a Cutty sit up this high
Never seen a Cutty sit up this high

Danny Brown, not the rest of these niggas
Though I'm still young, gonna vet to these niggas
Bet no vest, no safety on the trigger
Come correct when you step get split like a swish'
Smelling like John Paul in a ball slim sweater
VonZipper shades, help me see a little better
You knew better, you do better
Woodgrain roof with the stitching on the leather
In the Escalade, rolling up haze
Wet nigga like dark skinned Jermaine Sway
Stuntin' in the hood, nigga bound to pull gats
Rob a nigga like Brenda tryna sell crack
Chilling on the block nigga, smoking on some kush
You ain't Danny Brown nigga, you just puss
See me go another direction
It ain't rocket science I keep the protection

My wheels so big got me sittin' in the sky
Shawty just smack it up on my thigh
You ain't never seen a Cutty sit up this high
Never seen a Cutty sit up this high
Man I'm so damn drunk, Man I'm 'boutta get high
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Oh How hip hop really got big

The kids rebelled
The kids would yell at america
Rebelled at disco
Like, we had Rock 'n Roll kids saying disco sucked
We had black kids saying... y'know that wasn't into Rock n' Roll
We had no music
No, we had no real music to get into
RnB, the Motown scene had died down in the late seventies

(... what can I doo)