

Work Song

Danny Brown

They trying to build a prison for you and me to live in
Increase drug laws while they lying to our children
Jeezy tell the kids they should trap or die
I'm gonna tell them what to do when they get trapped alive
Minor drug offences get you numbers like slots
Want you to snitch so they can hit the jackpot
Rappers make it sound good [?]
But they don't tell you bout the rock with the [?]
The real Rick Ross sold work for the feds
Used to get fronted work, my man wanted his bread
Back in 2000 and niggas still poor
Matter fact crack ain't even poppin' no more
Now your best bet is fucking with the trees
Don't slang for what you want, slang for what you need
A-Town niggas talking bout they flipping keys
Detroit run Atlanta nigga ask Big Meech

Niggas in my city always talking bout the bag
Never sold crack, just the crack of their ass
Flip more stones than a fucking archaeologist
Smart like scholarships to two colleges
Skipped class had to quench my thirst
Now I'm jumping fiends who ain't pay me on the first
Rocks in my socks, jeans [?]
Remember having dreams I ain't never coming home
Lost in the streets can't find my way
Hit [?]
Getting paid while my ho's kiss J's
Niggas in the streets know Brown don't play
Competition snitchin', hood caught me pitchin'
Now I'm in the Coney, cooking in the kitchen
Year later back home no time
Only thing I know is going back to the pot