

Take_it_Back_v2

Denzel Curry

Woah, Kenny

Like Frederick Douglass, it's time to pick my brain apart
Lookin' at the menu, motherfucker, I'm the main part
The patriarch of this ZUU shit, never no FUU shit
Try to sue this, we end up on Sun Tzu shit
And you don't want that, buddy, there's no combat
Ask Drake to pick you a season to come back
Everything that Denzel spits, nigga, is all facts
I be stickin' to the paper like a thumbtack
Uh, I'm a paid motherfucker, gun tucker
I don't trust 'em, I don't love her
Little brother, don't make me reach out and touch ya
I don't got candy but I'll turn your head to gushers, sucka
Up for the kiss of death when silhouettes rush ya
Cold like Russia, six feet under
Sprayin' at your head like a damn crop duster

After dark the riot starts, way uglier than Bubba Sparxxx
Still tryin' to raise the charts so I don't have to push a shopping cart
You fell in love with Cali, ma, but now it's time to take your heart
These niggas want to take it back like civil rights and Rosa Parks
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Here, shake hands with danger
Raise up
Raise the motherfuckin' bar when I blazed up
Then I throw a molotov, I'm a- (Uh), palm
I'm a (Uh), bomb (Any)
One that thinkin' that I'm Saddam
I'm a period, everything gettin' serious
The beat on the lyricist was the eeriest
I look at the sky to answer the curious
The God and the Devil, they both imperious (Uh)
My birth's an accident, so what is life initially
Officially love and lust accompanied by misery
So obsessed with company
Watchin' how you move, how you walk, where your compass be
Even when you move to an island, livin' comfortably
(Drama still follows)
Harry Potter clip filled with deadly ass hollows
Bangin' out your trunk but it's not Monte Carlo
Here's how it really goes, now open up the car door

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These niggas wanna take it back

Shake hands with danger, step right up and say hello
Grindin' wheels and metal are what made Three-Fingered Joe