

DAMNSON

Hanumankind

Yeah, yeah (Yeah), yeah

Damn, son, feel like I'm the man, son

Run up in your house take your bitches up for ransom (Uh-huh, ooh)

Damn, son, yeah, I'm brown and handsome

Yeah, your boy stay fresh to death, don't matter what the brand, son (Grr)

Damn, son, feel like I'm the man, son

Run up in your house take your bitches up for ransom (Ransom)

Damn, son, yeah, I'm brown and handsome

Yeah, your boy stay fresh to death, don't matter what the brand, son

This'll go one of two ways, you could be living or dead

When I be on that war path, I don't care how much blood shed

I don't care who I'm gon' blast, I don't care who I'm gon' spare

I'ma put gold in my bag, you can take silver or lead

Pablo

Makin' 'em sing like Les Misérables, wallow in sin like el diablo

Every time that I am awake, I'm cutting off heads like Sleepy Hollow

Getting some head while I'm in bed, only gon' stay if she gon' swallow

I'ma stay stacking up my bread 'til I'm blowing up like the Apollo

Everyone act like they okay, everyone know that they in sorrow
Everyone act composed today, everyone lose they minds tomorrow
So many act like they the first, most of them know that they just borrow

All of you stay out my way, battle and blunt smoke is the motto
Reckless with a routine, the combo, spent last week living like soprano

Week before, I'm incognito, week before that, ball out, Rondo

My dawgs ready to bang like bongos, spot my dawgs like they named Pongo

Coming out swinging, what are you thinking? Making 'em run it back like-

Damn, son, feel like I'm the man, son

Run up in your house take your bitches up for ransom (Ooh)

Damn, son, yeah, I'm brown and handsome

Yeah, your boy stay fresh to death, don't matter what the brand, son (Ooh, yeah)

Damn, son, feel like I'm the man, son

Run up in your house take your bitches up for ransom (Ooh)

Damn, son, yeah, I'm brown and handsome
Yeah, your boy stay fresh to death, don't matter what the brand
, son (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)