

Brown Boy

NAV

She never met a brown boy hang with all the killers
She met a lot of brown boys and she say I'm the realest

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Our pockets full of brown boy tell me what's the business

I'm not the type of brown boy you take home to your daddy
I'm the type you call when you wanna smoke a fatty
I'm the type that got the killers on speed dial
If you diss me in the mall I'm shuttin' shit down
I'm about to steal another brown boy's bitch now
I'm leavin' from the rexs and I'm going to B-Town
It's like I'm born in Texas the way I'm drinkin' lean now
She think I'm crazy pop a molly I can't sit down
All of the bitches who diss me you ain't doin' shit now
All of the niggas who ridin' man they turn to snitch now
All of my niggas they killers they won't pass on a lick
We never fold, never throwed, don't fight over a bitch
And if you diss me on the road they might empty the clip
Just like future fuck around you tryna dodge bullets
You say they wanna rob me tell them try to pull it
I show your bitch the D and she know where to put it

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Say she scared I'm gonna change when I get money
Say she scared and she don't like who I'm becoming
Shawty movin' insecure and it's a turn off
Rollin' up I gotta lot of stress to burn off
There's not a lot of OG's that I can learn off
They're tryna help but really wishin' I would fall off

(I'm leaving from the Rexs and I'm going to B-Town) [x2]

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She met a lot of brown boys and she say I'm the realest
Our pockets full of brown boy tell me that's the business