

# Radio Song

## Danny Brown

anti clean  
rap, nigga where the green at?  
RZA take your sweat I had the balls the size of bean bags  
Not what you're used to,  
bitch I rep the bluza  
And the label fools gold,  
jeans with medusas  
Bitches wanna scoop us,  
their pussy like loofahs  
Y'all niggas losers cop clothes from the boosters  
Hoes wanna choose up of course they gonna choose us  
These stupid ass niggas wouldn't know what to do  
copy wack  
niggas that's what they made you  
The game's so trendy, that's why these labels fail  
Cause they don't care about music, just first week sales  
So they say you need a hit, a chart toppin' single  
That's why it's called commercial, because you need a jingle  
A smash crowd banger, play it all night long  
You never get on, without a  
radio song  
So this my radio song (2x)  
She wanna ride the wave, watch me do my swag surf  
Party like a rockstar  
never bought a makeup purse  
Songs with no villains  
, but she feel my thang on her  
Stripper with a leaky ceiling, I'mma make it rain on her  
Taught me how to Dougie  
I'd rather see you jerk  
Skeet skeet, on the walls and her skirt  
She'd rather hear a love song about what she getting  
But not from Danny Brown, cause bitch I ain't tricking  
Do the pretty girl rock  
and even though you ugly  
Getting dirty money, but bitch I ain't above that  
Ice cream paint job  
Heavy duty Chevy — not a beamer, benz, or bentley  
There's no originality, carbon copy singles  
He made Black & Yellow  
, I'mma make Black & Emo  
That's why these whack rappers, they never last song

Don't care about music, just radio songs  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>