

Die Like a Rockstar

Danny Brown

[Verse 1]

Brown bless the mic like gesundheit
Bud 'bout the size of a bonzai, kick it like Muay Thai
Flow like sci-fi in high def
I'm righteous and still bust a nut up on a bitch chest
The verbal folklore been explored
And employed by none other than them fools with the gold
And them bankrolls explode
And your bitch in my target when I shoot my load
Bulls-eye, my eyes tie-dyed
Fried off the same shit that rockstars died from
Smoke something with your man bitch
Like Wyclef used to sell the cannabis, manuscript sick shit
Prescription addiction
Sniffing adderall off the counter in my kitchen
Tripping off the shit that had Brian Wilson flipping
Experiment so much it's a miracle I'm living[Hook]
And I'mma die like a rockstar, die like a rockstar
I'mma die like a rockstar, die like a rockstar

[Verse 2]

Bitch I wanna party like Chris Farley
Shot of Hennessy spike that with some molly
Tell mommy I'm sorry God bless my soul
But life is so sublime going out like Brad Nowell
I got that Kurt Cobain type of mind-frame
Feeling like Keith Moon shrooms in my dressing room
Basquiat freestyle
Feeling like Jimi Hendrix and Anna-Nicole mouth
River Phoenix '93 VIP
With some drugged up porn hoes all around me
Like Teri Diver, Linda Wong
All inhale having orgies where the horns grow along
Cause bitch I'm Frankie Lymon, Heath Ledger
Hyped in a jacuzzi doing that John Belushi
With Brittany Murphy, we blowing hershey
I'mma die like a rockstar

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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