

Attak (feat. Danny Brown)

Rustie

We're laughing at you, talking 'bout you
Though we askin' out when
We know you be hustling backwards
Electroslide and rewind
My pockets looking like rerun,
I've begun to dethrone
You sippin' on that seagrams,
Talkin' bout you gonna kill something
Nigga must think they real or somethin'
Go ahead and pop a pill or somethin'
You ain't fucking with me might as well od
So after all that one take ten times three
DANNY BROWN bitch and that boy RUSTIE,
Got the game on lock like we changed the key,
You can't get it, throw one up
Treat that mouth like police raid a house,
Bust all up in it, nuts all in it
Brand new tenant, moved all up in it
Cash no lease, this ain't rented
Came back all it's OG scented
Who the fuck you think y'all is, I'm a grown ass man
Playing out with no kids
Back in 2003 used to post up and roll up bags of pounds of the mid
Used to trap ot with the D, on the greyhound
Buss one pair of jeans
Touchdown in the city
Like "nigga where the fiends?"
Now I do the same thing, I was just 16
Get money my nigga like I'm post to,
If I don't I might go postal
Think a nigga don't I was gonna post you
If you're play around a nigga, might smoke you
Be aware what you say in the vocals
Hood starving, everybody going loco
Gotta put a pussy nigga in the chokehold
No joke that's a code that's the code of survival
Battle Royal everybody your rival,
In the ghetto everybody going psycho
I'm a maniac, brainiac when I'm aiming at
Knock your brain out your hat when I cock that
You can't block that, it's just brain out hat
Stop that, you ain't 'bout that
Send my lil' niggas where ya house at

Couple stacks and a couple packs, put your daughter's fingers in a mouse trap
Off that cause we on one
Can't come back like you stole somethin'
Nigga might as well, let me hold somethin'
Before I take that and your ho for frontin'
Pull up like smoke somethin'
Zip of OG, might roast somethin'
Pop a bottle, might toast somethin'
Nigga keep hatin', I'mma toast somethin'
Whipping out that Black and Decker
Putting lean in my Dr. Pepper
Chess shit and you playing checkers
Hit ya chest, now for help ya desperate
Mac attack on that ho shit, might fuck around, get your throat split
If you don't know shit, better know this
Fuck around, hocus-pocus
You in focus, I'm a locust, see them big pictures and stay focused
Your hoe luck atrocious, my bitches look ferocious
Breakin' shit psychosis, you niggas talkin' about practice
Roll around with that acid, if you don't know start askin'
Middle man be taxin', made a couple hundred, kept stackin'
Know it sound like I'm braggin' but a nigga do get them racks in
I ain't gotta say shit, tell your bitch to suck my dick
I ain't gotta say shit, tell your bitch to suck my dick!

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