

Belly of the Beast

Danny Brown

Maniac off Xanny bars, sack like Santa Claus
That puts you in the figure-forum
My literature is like I wrote it in silver
And you're on the podium with speech eroding 'em
Your bitch like a leech on my scrotum
Hoe tried to kill the dick, strangled 'em and choked 'em
After she was done, I looked down at my penis
Like she really ain't mean it
Nigga, I'm anaemic with the ink, you a Stevie Wonder, blink
I take a piss in the same sink you wash dishes with
You're illiterate, your Bisquick soft
I put the biscuit, then you dip like cocktail sauce
I eat so many shrimp I got iodine poison
Hoes on my dick 'cause I look like Roy Orbison
Got a foursome with four fours and I called it 'a twelve'
One was chubby, one was ugly, whack as hell

This can't be real, I'm in a dream
I don't have skin, I just shine
They can't contain me, I'm free
It feels like losing your mind

Psycho, crazy, deranged
Spitting on tracks like oncoming train
Vocal laid down like tower of burning flame
Sippin' gasoline, made a full canteen
Stone Temple Pilot, crashed into the wall
While listening to Wu-Tang and rubbing on his balls
Off the bars of footballs, thoughts playing foosball
In V.I.P., sleep with shades on the boo-ya
So, bitch, bust that shit open like you landed knee first
Let me stuck my finger in it, what it smelled like? Birth
If it smelled like syrup, you gon' get this work
But if it smelled like perch, gotta disperse
I'm a pervert wearing Sherbert
Tell your baby mama turn her ass
A younger mama shoulda handcuffed me to the furnace

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