

Contra

Danny Brown

From the hood where them niggas pack fulllys
Turn an ounce of reg to a cutty
Count money with a 10 deep flannel on
SB's lookin' like they been painted on
Jeans fittin' like they was made for me
Your pants lookin' like, they was hand-me-downs from your Daddy
Get at me, my fit worth a stacky
I'm in a caddy getting head in the back seat
Rubbin' on her yakki
Then it start rainin', when I start cummin'
So now I'm brainstorming, on how I'm gon' run it
And yall like fags, pussy you don't want it
Gosh darn it, got heat like furnace, and I raise it like thermostat
Rollin' that Thundercat kush look like Panthro
Heard you grab your ankles, take it in your manhole
That's so disgusting, I think I just threw up in my mouth
Can somebody pass me a towel?
A wetnap or something? Nigga is you frontin'?
I beat you in your face, now your head like a pumpkin
Jack-O-Lantern, I'm Danny Tanner
Watchin' that white girl, you a dry jheri curl
You worthless piece of shit
Your baby mama begged me to suck my dick
And I ain't gon' let her, she look like Predator
You a gay boy like David Archuleta
Contra, where niggas pierce armor
It's two niggas, two guns, blowin' out your conscience
You see them chrome forty-fours, in this bitch with thirty men
Yall niggas know the code like...

Up Up Down Down Left Right Left Right B A B A Select Start
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Yo, when I write yall, I blackout like nightfall
I'm never shitted on like that flight stall, that's quite small
You wouldn't like me when I get gutter, it's the legit cutter
And you ain't sharp enough to split butter
I stack riches, throwin' niggas in black ditches
You wack bitches, while you mixed up like when the track switches
Hand on my nuts like my sac itches
Lookin' like The Mack, hitting 'lac switches
Hiding guns in my Abercrombie
With a dime piece, gettin' more brain than a zombie
Times 3, Ladies Love Cool J
I need a bitch with more class than a school day
I heard a fool say I wasn't in his top 3
Stepped off with a broke arm and a popped knee
See me & Brown is no regular team
We make the whole planet flip like Omega Supreme
Yeah, make 'em hype, yo I murder with this tight flow
You a typo, plus you suck like lypo
I keep bodies hid, fuck a John Gotti bid
Talk money, then we can chop it up like the Karate Kid
But don't think I won't clap and merk 'em
Infrared, beam 'em up, I will Captain Kirk 'em
And turn 'em to a brainless dodo
And break 'em both, legs one and two, like when Kane was solo

I'm snatchin' up his chains and Polo, the flow's fitted
To pose with it in the strangest photo
I'm bumpin' blue genie, if your stacks is too teeny
First you see me, and then you don't like I'm Houdini
Nigga