

Fruit Cocktail

Danny Brown

Tryna get high to forget that I'm broke
Tho it's high tide still gotta stay afloat
Sweater over hoodie used to be my winter coat
Dish detergent liquid when we ran out of soap
Walk in to the store plastic bag filled with bottles
Stolen basic cable on our ol' floor model
Check in the fridge, nothing to eat
Baby mama killing roaches with her bare feet
My nigga hit me off I fucked up the sack
Trip to Coney Island fucking with a hood rat
Now a nigga back, right where I started
Real true livin' definition of an artist
So now a nigga old but ain't shit changed
Hid this morning when the light people came
Now point me to heaven cause this sure is hell
Tell me what's the difference from being in a cell

Mama in the kitchen, scrapin' up a dinner
Daddy play the lottery, hope he got a winner
My brother on the block, tryna catch sales
Sister on the pole, shake her fruit cocktail

I got locked up, I came back home
Takin' county chances, just to keep my phone on
My baby mama trippin', that bitch don't even work
Stress a nigga out, got me payin' child support
I'm flirtin' with the Beam, I got a date with death
38 revolver, got two bullets left
Sometimes I daydream, about puttin' in myself
Runnin' up to heaven, trippin' up the steps
My nigga want a square, only got one left
So I'm a bust it down with you
If I had it dog, I'd blow a pound with you
My nigga understand, that's just how shit goes
That's why we get high, cause we feel so low
And tho we livin' fast, the money comin' slow
Got a lid up on my nigga, cause his time goin slow
Said a pray for him quick, fans gotta let him know