

Pac Blood

Danny Brown

The Shakespeare of 16's, dipping my ink pen
Made a sculpture of me but my dick was too thin
Painting pictures of me but they never get my chin
One writing scriptures bringing tears to the princess
Every time I indent, you can see the intent
Leave your mind bent, hanging on the every sentence
Have no apprentice, style uninherited
Laughing at you peasants cause my penmanship is excellence
Whenever in the presence, eyes get wide
I'm the town hero cause my words give them pride
And what they feel inside, I say the perfect words for 'em
Some say I'm a prophet with the visions I get cursed for
Leave them all astonished, ride with the birds
Make a grown man cry with shrimp on the words

Tears to Mona Lisa, Medusa to liquid
Flow can make Gandhi grab the burner, wanna shoot shit
Rhymes that make the Pope wanna get his dick sucked
Had Virgin Mary doing lines in the pick-up
Make Sarah Palin deep-throat 'til she hiccup
Had T.D. Jakes round this bitch doing stick-ups
Rhymes so real, thought I wrote it in Pac blood
Told me in my dreams that these niggas is not thugs

What's in the portfolio? Sicker than polio
Shit so personal, my mom can't listen to
Oh so original, nigga's extra-crispy
Bars so Bukowski, Soda Popinski
Little Macs could never be number one, your time's done
Bomb filling smelling like napalm, your day's gone
Langston Hughes with a blew fuse and a screw loose
Maya Angelou abused child with her notebook
Spitting like Kipling with a tooth missing
Tongue bring torture to men, women and children
Memoir's sacred, hid in the basement
Await my next piece at a formal engagement
Crowds walk for miles just to hear that sound
Start to get more power than the ones that wear crowns