

Radio Song

Danny Brown

This is anti clean rap, nigga where the green at?
RZA take your sweat I had the balls the size of bean bags
Not what you're used to, bitch I rep the bluza
And the label fools gold, jeans with medusas
Bitches wanna scoop us, their pussy like loofahs
Y'all niggas losers cop clothes from the boosters
Hoes wanna choose up of course they gonna choose us

These stupid ass niggas wouldn't know what to do
So they copy wack niggas that's what they made you
The game's so trendy, that's why these labels fail
Cause they don't care about music, just first week sales

So they say you need a hit, a chart toppin' single
That's why it's called commercial, because you need a jingle
A smash crowd banger, play it all night long
You never get on, without a radio song
So this my radio song
She wanna ride the wave, watch me do my swag surf
Party like a rockstar, never bought a makeup purse
Songs with no villains, but she feel my thang on her
Stripper with a leaky ceiling, I'm a make it rain on her
Taught me how to Dougie, I'd rather see you jerk
Skeet skeet, on the walls and her skirt
She'd rather hear a love song about what she getting
But not from Danny Brown, cause bitch I ain't tricking'
Do the pretty girl rock, and even though you ugly
Getting dirty money, but bitch I ain't above that
Ice cream paint job, send me with the...