

Rustie, Attak (ft. Danny Brown)

[Verse 1: Danny Brown]

We laughing at ya, talkin' bout ya tho we askin out when
We know you be hustlin' backwards, electroslide and rewind
My pockets is looking like rerun
I've begun to dethrone, you sippin' on that Seagram's
Talkin' bout you gon' kill somethin'
Nigga must think they real or somethin'
Go on ahead and pop a pill or somethin'
You ain't fuckn' with me, might as well OD
So after that one, take ten times three
Danny Brown bitch, and that boy Rustie
Got the game on lock like we changed the key
Can't get in it, whore or out
Treat that mouth like police warehouse
Bust all up in it, nuts all in it
Brand new tenant, moved all up in it
Cash no lease, this ain't rented
Came back now, it's O G cynic
Who the fuck y'all think ya'll is
I'm a grown ass man, I don't play with no kids
Back in 2003 used to post up
And roll up bag of pounds of the meat
Used to trap O.T. with the D
On the Greyhound bus one pair of jeans
Sat down in the city, like "nigga what a fiend"
But I do the same thing now it's just 16s
Get money my nigga like ya 'sposed to
If I don't then I might go postal
Back a nigga down like Howard tryna post you
If you play around a nigga might smoke you
Beware what you say in the vocals
Hood star, everybody going loco
Ghetto put a pussy nigga in a chokehold
No joke that's the code of survival
Battle Royale - everybody your rival
In the ghetto everybody going psycho

[Verse 2: Danny Brown]

I'm a maniac, brainiac when I'm aiming at
Knock your brain out your hat when I cock that
You can't block that, it's just brain out hat
Stop that, you ain't 'bout that
Send my lil' niggas where ya house at
Couple stacks and a couple packs
Put your dollar bill fingers in a mouse trap
Off that cause we on one
Can't come back like you stole somethin'
Nigga might as well, let me hold somethin'
Before I take that and your ho for frontin'
Pull up like smoke somethin'
Zip of OG, might roast somethin'
Pop a bottle, might toast somethin'
Nigga keep hatin', I'mma toast somethin'
Whipping out that Black and Decker
Putting lean in my Dr. Pepper
Chess shit and you playing checkers
Hit ya chest, yell for help, ya desperate
Nigga talkin' that ho shit
Might fuck around, get your throat split
If you don't know shit, better know this
Fuck around, hocus-pocus
You a focus, I'm a lotus, see the big picture stay focused
Your ho look atrocious, my bitches look ferocious
Breakin' shit, you can't coast this

You niggas talkin' about practice
Roll around with that acid, if you don't know start askin'
Middle man be taxin', made a couple hundred, kept stackin'
Know it sound like I'm braggin' but a nigga do get them racks in
I ain't gotta say shit, tell your bitch to suck my dick
I ain't gotta say shit, tell your bitch to suck my dick