

25 Bucks (feat. Purity Ring)

Danny Brown

25 bucks, mama braid your hair
Sit on the porch she'll do it on the stairs
Grew your hair out and you wanna get it twisted
Fed us many nights nigga that's how we was livin'25 bucks, mama braid your hair
Sit on the porch she'll do it on the stairs
Grew your hair out and you wanna get it twisted
Fed us many nights nigga that's how we was livin'I'll not get old
If I dig with my knees, if I grind on my teeth
I know from the attic of me
To the bottom of cleats
From the wayward it seeds
Arthritis in her fingers carpal tunnel in her wrists
Bout' to feed her kids at night sleep between her legs and twist
While she listen to the oldie soap operas smokin' bogies
On the phone gossiping telling homegirls stories
Girlfriend worried cause her son's in a hurry
To see the state Pen' or a cemetery buried
Ma replied do her best but it's still rough
Keep your kids out the street and away from drugs
Doin' hair in the house ain't puttin' on Daniel
Daddy in and out, aye who turned that channel?
Niggas turn the house shoes steppin' on the back
Ashin' her cigarette in a brown paper bag
Smokin' joints, lauging tryna get the part straight
For ten, put your perm in, don't scratch all day
Hot cocoa stove put the food in the bowl
Say that's how many nights it was hard to keep goin'
Now I'm trapped in the trap
And the devil ain't forgettin'
Wanna see me dead or locked in a prison
In the system with division only thing that add up
Fucked up cause a nigga tryna get a couple bucksNow I'm trapped in the trap
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To the bottom of cleats
From the wayward it seeds Iverson zig zags, goodnight fast food
If you really ballin', mommy cop Chinese food
If you really wonder why these people got issues
Cause the rent owed and these fuckin' lights due
On her knees at night, pray a miracle come through
Daddy shootin' Craps tryna win a pair of shoes
I been growin' my hair 'bout to let mommy twist it
Out wildin' with my friends even got myself acuit
Homie momma smokin' with nothin' to lose
Now he stashin' cracks in some hundred dollar shoes
Sittin' at his crib, smokin' Swishers, gettin' faded
Told me hit my mommy up cause he tryna get braided
What we gon' do see the local dope man
See if we can put some money in our hand
Same one jump me, the same one front me
Cause I'm tired of seein' my family fucked up and hungry Now I'm trapped in the trap
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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