

The Return (feat. Freddie Gibbs)

Danny Brown

See they think I'm a fuck nigga
But if they ever see me then they might have to duck, nigga
Like what, nigga? Before your ass can answer
Get your whole shit bust, nigga
Done rose out them ashes, drinking Fiji water
Wanna pull me in that fire when I'm tryna feed my daughter
Wanna snatch my mommas plate, and tell her she can't eat
And we gone have us some discrepancies right here in this skreet
Because the weak don't speak, get left in silence
And when you don't listen, gotta speak with violence
And duct tape the grandmama, strip a man of all his honor
Out here tryna be a G, now you wish you a goner
I walk with the Gods with the tongues of the devil
Tryna keep a nigga thirsty so for rain I pray mercy
The return of the gangsta cause niggas don't believe
I roll hotter than my sleeve, leave a nigga in the street
The return of the gangster cause niggas got bills
This rap shit don't work then its back to selling krills
Return of the gangster cause niggas want that real
Want that old Danny Brown but nigga I'm like chill
Return of the gangster fucked that hipster squeeze the trigger
You got me fucked up I'm a hood ass nigga Eastside niggas keep roaches in the ashtray
Twenty thousand out the public housing on a bad day
Drop it in the pot, if it ain't lockin' that's some bad yay
Tryna save my soul I wish the lord would meet me half way
Devil on my shoulder as I'm whipping up this yola
And that motor hit the rotor ship this blow to Minnesota
Only option is a shoot out if the police pull me over
This shit get real as shit thats on your Playstation controller
Call of Duty ass nigga, dick in the booty ass nigga
Don't po' up roll no dough up and I don't get no cash witcha
Feel like fuck the world it ain't no friends up in this business
Fuck my label show them that I'm the real realest nigga in it
Gangsta Gibbs, bitch...
It's the return of the gangsta, thanks ta'
These phony ass wannabe thug perpetrators and wankstas
Your wifey turn the tide and nigga I red paint ya
Won't stress or cry about it, cause it's not in my nature It's the return of the gangsta, thanks ta'
These phony ass wannabe thug perpetrators and wankstas
Your wifey turn the tide and nigga I red paint ya
Won't stress or cry about it, cause it's not in my nature

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>