

# 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/>