

# Attak (feat. Danny Brown)

## Rustie

We're laughing at you, talking 'bout you  
Though we askin' out when  
We know you be hustling backwards  
Electroslide and rewind  
My pockets looking like rerun,  
I've begun to dethrone  
You sippin' on that seagrams,  
Talkin' bout you gonna kill something  
Nigga must think they real or somethin'  
Go ahead and pop a pill or somethin'  
You ain't fucking with me might as well od  
So after all that one take ten times three  
DANNY BROWN bitch and that boy RUSTIE,  
Got the game on lock like we changed the key,  
You can't get it, throw one up  
Treat that mouth like police raid a house,  
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 all it's OG scented  
Who the fuck you think y'all is, I'm a grown ass man  
Playing out with no kids  
Back in 2003 used to post up and roll up bags of pounds of the mid  
Used to trap ot with the D, on the greyhound  
Buss one pair of jeans  
Touchdown in the city  
Like "nigga where the fiends?"  
Now I do the same thing, I was just 16  
Get money my nigga like I'm post to,  
If I don't I might go postal  
Think a nigga don't I was gonna post you  
If you're play around a nigga, might smoke you  
Be aware what you say in the vocals  
Hood starving, everybody going loco  
Gotta put a pussy nigga in the chokehold  
No joke that's a code that's the code of survival  
Battle Royal everybody your rival,  
In the ghetto everybody going psycho  
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 daughter's 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, now for help ya desperate  
Mac attack on that ho shit, might fuck around, get your throat split  
If you don't know shit, better know this  
Fuck around, hocus-pocus  
You in focus, I'm a locust, see them big pictures and stay focused  
Your hoe luck atrocious, my bitches look ferocious  
Breakin' shit psychosis, 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!

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