Winter - Danny Brown Lyrics

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"Winter"

In the kitchen, oven open for the heat Got my young, light skinned ho rollin' up the tree Wearin' jackets in the house, it's the Michigan way Boiling water on the stove, Ramen noodles for dinner Dope fiends out the halfway house and they still sniffin' Homie mommy's 50, smokin' and still tricking' Still talkin' shit with this Lucy I'm ass lickin' See my breath when I talk, but nigga, I ain't trippin' Landlord is, the nigga tryna put us out Sellin' all the samples, can't afford to give 'em out Just copped a half track, see my nigga tryna get it Standin' on the baseline, Scottie Pippen pivot Needles in they arms just to keep the lights on Shit, fuck around, be on hardcore pawn Tryna get this shit off, the winter, we snuck in Won't live for anything, but might die for nothin'

They want that old Danny Brown To bag up and sell a whole pound Might have to go and get my braids back Matter of fact, go and bring them AKs back They want that old Danny Brown To bag up and sell a whole pound Might have to go and get my braids back Matter of fact, go and bring them AKs back In the Cutty same color as steak sauce Eyeballed the work, but was just a .8 off Vet in the game, first seed in the playoffs Meet me at the Coney, gotta get this weight off Balmains fittin' like a nigga went swimmin' in 'em I'm waxed and I'm shinin', hardwood floor Whore want it hardcore, squirt it on her jaw Lookin' at the whore like "what you came here for?" Linwood nigga, heat on him, no stash box Turn a gangbanger's bandana to a rag top Old head, dope fiend, cookin' up the yay Young boys'll shoot your face for them Cartiers Came a long way takin' \$3 for a nick'

Cop an 8 ball, tryna stack for the zip

Now I'm in the rap game, verse worth a brick

Fiends linin' up for a hit of this shit

(And I reps that shit, right now and forever)

(And I reps that shit, right now and forever)

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