

Danny Brown "#HottestMC"

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[Verse 1]

Fuck any rapper rappin' if the nigga ain't dappin'
Show respect, I'm the greatest - oh shit, I killed your
ladies

I don't give a fuck if you've got a billion dollars
Your rhymes are cheap, you're a lease, a poor
product

You a servant in my world, the rap gods curse you
When judgement day's upon you, reality's a virtue
I walked a thousand miles recitin' a hundred rhymes
Brought smiles to faces, braced, labels owe me from
lines

I don't give a fuck, a dirty Detroit nigga
Ain't-got-the-bud-but-show-up-with-a-Swisher-ass
nigga

Say "bitch, I'm still hungry", they actin' like I
made it

I ain't make it 'til my mama fuckin' sittin' on some
acres

I'm a motherfuckin' threat in the booth, these niggas
know

Pour it out, a century, decades later they quote it
Deserve a Nobel Peace Prize for what I recite
Incite a riot with the speech, I'm Detroit red, I'm
ecstasy

Sores on my scalp 'cause my last perm bugged me
Hair straight, jumpin' head first in an orgy
With a pool of blonde hoes, sniffin' on that white shit
So much caucasian pussy, starting to think that I'm
mixed

But I be writin' that shit, have you rappers pissed, like
"How'd he think of this? I wish I'd thought of that
shit"

Rhymes so real thought I wrote it in Janice Joplin's
vomit

With the mic GG Allin wiped his ass with...

[Verse 2]

I carry the cross for anybody lost or findin' it rough
Days of no sunshine like a maze in my mind
No enter or exit, Adderall and 'Ercocet
Pill-poppin' dyslexic, naughty nature Treach shit

I think about my next line like you think of the next dime
Iâ€™m the future and the present, same damn time
An OG told me â€œyouâ€™re only as nice as your last
barâ€
So with that said, suck my dick all yâ€™all
The Motor City where motor mouths get impounded
Iâ€™m overseas in Australia, lookinâ€™ for the blonders
Ksubi jeans, and a Meulemeester
And she like my shoes so I put it in her kiester
Itâ€™s the hybrid like I wrote it in papyrus
Keep the shit on me, nigga, hood rat, baby diaper
They heatinâ€™ up Caprice like a DC sniper
Raised off of hotdogs, down-the-middle-split soup
Iâ€™m hotter than Andre Rison with Left Eye
Rest in peace, baby, but no T-L-C in my life
And when I reach my fate, and Iâ€™m standinâ€™ at the
gates
Know that Godâ€™ll be proud, sayinâ€™ â€œDaniel, you was
greatâ€
But you other niggas? â€™Pac said he want an
explanation
Big turned in his grave, an earthquake in Grenada
When Pun she'd a tear it hurricane for a week
When Big L get upset, it start tornadoing trees

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