

Denzel Curry, BLOOD ON MY NIKEZ

Okay
Okay
Okay, uh, okay

Okay, okay, said it all, I'ma do the damn thing
Put my name of my gang on my goddamn chain
To a rich nigga, you a goddamn lame
To a broke nigga, you a goddamn stain

Mane, let me wipe the blood off my Nikes, ayy
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Mane, how the fuck you get all your bread took?
I'm a real nigga, leave a trail full of dead crooks
Opposite of snakes, you're the type to make the feds look
I could make the shell shook, that chopper sing like Sam Cooke
Change won't come with this drum, please don't get involved
In the M-I-A, it's first forty-eight, you'll be misery unsolved
Frontin', bitch, you keep my name out your mouth
Bitch fuck around and go to the South
Most of my niggas been down in a drought
So they lookin' for smoke and you look like an ounce
Lord, forgive me for my sins, I can't spit it raw
In the final days, livin' time, I been hella hard
No, I'm not a killer but my dawg got a darker heart
And they said he was a demon so tonight we'll be playin' God

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Too rich, nigga, you a goddamn lame
Too broke, nigga, you a goddamn stain
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