

# Lyrics: Pac Blood By Danny Brown

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The Shakespeare of sixteens, dipping my ink pen  
Made a sculpture of me but my dick was too thin  
Paint pictures of me but they never get my chin  
One writing scriptures bringing tears to the princess  
Every time I indent, you can see the intent  
Leave your mind bent, hanging on the every sentence  
Have no apprentice, style uninherited  
Laughing at you peasants 'cause my penmanship is excellence  
Whenever in the presence, eyes get wide  
I'm the town hero 'cause my words give them pride  
And what they feel inside, I say the perfect words for 'em  
Some say I'm a prophet with the visions I get cursed for  
Leave them all astonished, ride with the verbs  
Make a grown man cry with strength of the words

Tears to Mona Lisa, Medusa to liquid  
Flow can make Gandhi grab the burner, wanna shoot shit  
Rhymes that make the Pope wanna get his dick sucked  
Had Virgin Mary doing lines in the pick-up  
Make Sarah Palin deep-throat till she hiccup  
Had T.D. Jakes round this bitch doing stick-ups  
Rhymes so real, thought I wrote it in Pac blood  
Told me in my dreams that these niggas is not thugs

Tut

What's in the portfolio? Sicker than polio  
Shit so personal, my mom can't listen to  
Oh so original, nigga's extra-crispy  
Bars so Bukowski, Soda Popinski  
Little Macs could never be number one, your time's done  
Bomb filling smelling like napalm, your day's gone  
Langston Hughes with a blew fuse and a screw loose  
Maya Angelou abused child with her notebook  
Spitting like Kipling with a tooth missing  
Tongue bring torture to men, women and children  
Memoir's sacred, hid in the basement

Await my next piece at a formal engagement  
Crowds walk for miles just to hear that sound  
Start to get more power than the ones that wear crowns

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