

Certified Live

Freddie Gibbs

I just poured up like four zips
One-double-0 like four grips, gangster and you know this
Just took a Vegas trip, Caesar's Palace, stabbing your bitch
Finna go trick off your cheese, pissing off these police
I'm big dope drinking, make sure my eighty-four stinking
Haters can't contest, just K.Y.S., I suicide that Lincoln
Broad day, all day, crack rock in my hallway
I was sixteen serving sixteens off fifteen from Broadway
Hard yay, got a nigga thugging out that UGK tape
Niggas 'bout that shit and we hit our first lick, with a little
deuce deuce and a tre eight
And bitch my pack just hit the mail, I'ma get that scale, I can
't wait
Nigga for all this rap shit, these niggas plastic claim they Gs
but they ain't
It's Gangsta Gibbs, bitch

Nigga fucked your bitch and left it wetter, mane
Staying on my G and about my cheddar, mane
Rapper slash feet in the dope game
Certified live from the land of the gang bang

It's Rock
Eighty-seven cut, dog
Oh no, I ain't got Mercedes
Haters out there tryna take me
Pop the trunk or pop a crazy
Like a barber keeping them extra clippers
Drop 'bout eighty, I drive 'em crazy when I deliver
Mind your business we living life and just stacking riches
Picture me rolling on my phone, scrolling through pussy picture
s
Pussy nigga, you in the way, so just step aside
You can't swim with these sharks, you drowning all in your prid
e
We moving with killers in broad day
It's a cold world, keeping them heaters on all day
All day, oh yeah we riding with them clappers
Cause them bitch-
ass niggas praying on us heavy like some pastors
And them feds tryna have our phone tapped
Like some dirty-ass water out the faucet, out the trap
Jay Rock, Freddie Gibbs, 'bout to kill it, hide your feelings
If you show your hands then we gunning and you finished

[Hook x2: G-Wiz]