

D.O.A.

Freddie Gibbs

I'm a real-made nigga
Certified grave digga
D.O.A., it's how I play
I let the fucking things hit ya
I'm a street-paid nigga
Tryna catch a fade with ya
D.O.A., it's how I play
I let the fucking things hit ya, bitch

I fuck with gangsters
Man, all my niggas make the papers

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Them boys is stinking
East side G.I., we don't serve no strangers
My bitch is stinking
My junkies say they need that wake up
My kitchen stinking
It's a straight bake sale when I cook that cake up
Mobbing-ass nigga, fuck a project-ass nigga
Serve the pack, man, call the trashman for these garbage-ass niggas
Say these motherfuckers scared to rob a robbing-ass nigga
Send you back to your connect, you short a lot of bands, nigga
Gangsta Gibbs, baby greasier than Weezy at the All-Star
Way too often, Jeezy, he wasn't even in my ballpark
Swing straight for the fence and drop my nuts down on the plate
I made your favorite rapper want to put a price up on my face
It's Gangsta Gibbs

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D.O.A., get it how I live it when I let that four go
Naptown nigga, done made it, emerging fresh out the dope smoke
All my niggas hustlers and killers, green light we all go
Send 'em all to they makers and close casket they funerals
No smiling, came up out a dirty alley with the thugs
Banging TECs and repping sets, young connoisseurs with them drugs
Pack the baggage, flip the cabbage, keep it slamming every day
How the fuck niggas talking bout R.I.P. when boy you 'bout to
D.O.A. yourself

Bang bang bang, gang bang is all I fucking know
Blazing rocks with killers and some motherfucking cutthroats
And I know Colombians that bring it by the fucking boat
Clap they ass, put they ass face down on the fucking floor
Hit a couple corners and nigga know I got the blow
Hit a couple corners now and nigga know I got the store
Riding down Grant Boulevard, pulling out the four
On my way to Ham Block, figure cause I'm on dope

Kill

[Hook 2: Freddie Gibbs]