

## Deeper

Freddie Gibbs

Slammin - half a thang of her-on in the bathroom (damn!)  
Keep an AK and the backup in the backroom  
Cook a meal clean and she suck me like a vacuum  
Took a vacation to the county, I'll be back soon  
Sent a couple zero's, money on my J-pay  
Payin off the COs', smoking on the gateway  
Word around the block when I was locked she gave my thang away  
'Bout to have a baby with a nigga, that's what they say  
(They say) Damn... Well, please say it ain't so  
Took off the glove, say it's love when it ain't though  
Her classmate was comin over, that was strange though  
Apparently the homework ain't all he came for  
Maybe you stank ho, maybe that's a bit mean  
Maybe you grew up and I'm still livin like I'm sixteen  
Like a child runnin wild in the city streets  
Man I put that bitch up on her feet, she cut a nigga deep

Damn... bitch!

(That's why I treat these hoes the way I treat 'em now)  
That's deeper than a muh'fucker baby, know what I'm sayin?

Slammin - Smack it up and flip it, then I rub it down  
Zip it up, and then I ship it to another town  
Smokin hella weed while me and Willie bust a couple pounds  
She used to like that type of shit, now we don't fuck around  
Girl you used to say them other niggaz wasn't hood enough  
Got your lil' degree, now niggaz from the hood ain't good enough  
Bitch you wasn't trippin when that old school was pullin up  
You was short on ends at your college, who would put 'em up?  
(Put em up) Uh... Well bitch, I'm out here puttin on  
I hope you feel the pain I'm feelin when you hear this song  
Don't want a nigga that's gon' slang shit up in your home  
But you ran off and got engaged, man that shit was wrong  
All to a nigga that don't got nothin that I ain't got  
Only difference is he tryna be a fuckin astronaut  
Saw this pussy nigga when I walked up in the barber shop  
Green as a leaf, lookin sweet, that cut a nigga deep

Damn...

So these the type of niggaz you fuckin with now, baby?  
Nuhmsayin? Square ass muh'fucker  
(You used to love a thug nigga) Yeah, yeah

Uhh~! I love her and she love him, so I never touch him  
She's got his baby in the oven, so it's motherfuck him  
Ain't trippin cause you got a nigga, I just think you rushin  
But leavin him to be with me ain't part of our discussion (nah..)  
Plus I'm on the road now, different color hoes now  
Layed back on the dope, I'm gettin dollars off my shows now  
Bitches wanna tie me down, but I ain't in that mode now  
Five years later, why you callin up my phone now?  
(Phone now) Uh... Well bitch, how you get the number?  
Like every other month I'm switchin up that motherfucker  
Back on the bus I used to finger-fuck her singin Usher  
Down on my luck and then she upped and left me for a sucka  
I reminisce on all the crazy shit we did  
You and me forever, shit we say when we was kids

She said, "I'm havin problems and I pray that he forgive  
when he find out the baby ain't his", that cut a nigga deep

Damn... What the fuck?

So, what you tryna say baby?

The baby ain't his? Whose is it?

Uh, yea..