

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..