

# Dope In My Styrofoam

Freddie Gibbs

Say, bitch don't get too comfortable  
Say, bitch don't get too comfortable  
Bitch, don't get too comfortable  
Never let a bitch get too comfortable  
Bitch don't get too comfortable

It's mister ho-breaker, dope slanger, dope drinker  
Straight hopped up out the coupe, high off that juice, I'm no stranger to this  
Getting lit, getting blowed, dipped in gold  
Bulls just beat the Lakers in Staples Center 'Bout to go too deep, I ain't fucked her in like two weeks, feel like two months  
And ripping pineapple fanta, fired up two blunts  
And this cloud of kush I blow set off the smoke alarm  
Fuck it, hash nuggets, Gangsta Gibbs, what you smoking on?  
Amber wax and anthrax, bitch I keep a Xan pack  
Drop one down in my styrofoam, too high, nowhere to land at  
Amberwax and anthrax, bitch I stuff them grams fat  
Kick dope down on the floor, and that dope check I'm about to cash that at

Said I'm just rolling with the homies, dope in my styrofoam, man  
Said I'm just smoking with the homies, roll up another song, man

Just scooped my blood bitch in a blue brougham  
Leather feel so soft, these hoes like riding with no shoes on  
Pineapple and purple the potion, I'm on that candy sip  
All I do is player shit, 100% Versace, bitch  
One more nigga on the run with the yellow  
Ho fine as fuck, from De Janeiro, but she play with her nose though  
And I ain't mad at her, because I stay with my medicine  
Self-inflicted sticky weed and codeine in my beverage  
Pour up on that ice, hit the lights, on some moody shit  
Bitches, dope, and dollars on some Tarantino movie shit  
Other people's pussy, still keep a whole lot of it  
Gold pack in my wallet, with about a seventh of dope in my pocket  
Getting blowed

Like when you feeling good, cause bitch I feel so right  
Like moving out my body, purple paint and fanta got me tight  
I introduce you to my life, come take a look inside  
Bitch, wipe your feet and wipe me down, bitch we don't play around  
I'm How you stay focused and function, bitch we gon' blaze a pound  
So when the last time you heard that, yeah we really made for this  
So go and send the word back  
Right about now, time to tally up a staple  
Got them ready, willing, able  
Molly-popping, make 'em get down on the floor with the business  
And they live for the getting it  
Player, out here with it, and that's me  
The real player with a G