

# Eastside Moonwalker

Freddie Gibbs

Lifestyles of the insane  
Eastside thug nigga  
I'm the shit, you a shit-stain  
I let the boxframe switch lanes  
Not a pretty nigga, but I got some game for a bitch brain  
And I lay it on so thick  
Charge it all to a broad, heard a pimp nigga quote this  
And I'm allergic to a broke bitch  
I think I need my medicine  
I had to po up before I wrote this  
And doing dirt will keep a nigga with a deep pocket  
Dope fiends and the cluckheads keep shopping  
Steady praying that the yayo keep clocking  
Keep a strap cuz the jackboys keep robbing  
Got me pulling up slow  
Whip another clip and put my pedal to the floor  
Slammin Cadillac doors, working wood like a pro  
Ass sit on nothing but that leather, whatcha know  
How ya livin nigga?  
Lifestyles of the insane  
Roll the kill, pop a pill, crack a seal, I resist pain  
Niggas looking for that big stain  
Dirt weed, dog food, fine kush, niggas flip caine  
Think I lost my religion  
Stepping on a pack, break em off in the kitchen  
Chevy topped off with the chrome in the engine  
Niggas gotta floss, that's the cost of this pimpin  
I'mma pull up slow

I'mma pull it up slow  
Candy paint dripping from my Cadillac door  
I'mma pull it up slow  
I'mma pull it up slow  
Run up with the mask, put them hoes on the floor  
I'mma pull it up slow  
I'mma pull it up slow  
Run up with the mask, put them hoes on the floor  
I'mma pull it up slow  
I'mma pull it up slow  
Candy paint dripping from my Cadillac door  
I'mma pull it up slow

It's the money cut moonwalker  
Nightstalker, motherfuckin white chalker, might've caught ya  
In the streets with your pants down  
Tell em call the paramedics, nigga man down, ease up  
If ya thuggin get ya G's up  
And never fake, never fraud, never fold, never freeze up  
A black mask, black tee'd up  
The motherfuckin dope game feed us, how ya livin nigga?  
And rest in peace to my motherfuckin homeboy  
But hold ya tears, he ain't die, he just a fuckboy  
You might as well be a dead man in my eyes  
2-2-3 sucker free when I ride  
Freddie Kane, Freddie Corleone  
Selling thangs to the smokers in the mobile homes  
A pack of backwoods

Dirty styrofoam and a pocket full of stones  
And my cadillac broham, Ima pull up slow

[Hook]