

# F.A.M.E.

Freddie Gibbs

Kill, kill, kill  
Murder, murder, murder

Fully auto, my only motto, forever thugging  
Chevy on 6s, them Forgiatos ain't ever scrubbing  
Watch honeys run through 100 bottles like it was nothing  
We leave the club with two foreign models, her and her cousin  
Niggas say that we the brand new thug life  
Washing dirty money with this mic, I wish it was right  
Tell a song, sipping Perignon, fuck a Bud Light  
Tony said the world is yours, only if you plug right  
My God, when they bury me, pray my casket be solid gold  
Funeral packed with a separate section for all my hoes  
Most niggas choose it and lose it quickly, but I was chose  
Cook it and sell it, my mama smell it up in my clothes  
Bet your favorite rapper get extorted for his paycheck  
Mask on my skull, they ain't identify my face yet  
We sticking suckers up, I hope they sticking to the cheddar  
You pussy niggas might be rich but you ain't rich forever

And he can go hard, but I'ma go the hardest  
Thugging from the start, don't get a nigga started  
Came up in the realest, I know the streets starving  
You know we with the business, my niggas go retarded  
When we ride  
When we ride on our enemies  
Never hide from our enemies  
'Til we ride our enemies  
Fully loaded .45 on my enemies

I go, ha-ha-hard up on you motherfuckers  
Immediately cock it back and spray one of you fucking suckers  
You off-brand niggas get down with the punishment  
It's D-P-G, Dogg Pound, so who you want it with  
Them gangbang niggas is active, capping shit in the active  
With them old-school Tommy gun extended clip  
I ride around the city in expensive whips  
Should've known that them gangster niggas don't trip  
Flag swinging, me and Deep nigga, yeah we gangbangin  
Bringing down the ashes if you niggas flaming  
Aim for your dome, head shots, slug shots  
Police put me throughout, 2-1 on my mugshot  
Crazy-ass niggas, yeah we insane  
Put the pistol in your mouth, blow out your brain  
Bail out on eight million dollar bond  
Soon as I hit the streets, nigga, it's back on

When I finger fuck my .45  
I hit a nigga right between his eyes  
Pull out the heat, make him dance, and do the dougie  
Before I blow the back of his shit out, it can get ugly  
Yes, y'all, I put his cherry pie on the wall  
When I ride on my enemies, niggas know it's uncut and raw  
Mr. Bossalini, you can try to stand guard  
But niggas like me be going Taliban hard  
I spit grenades and piss bullets  
Eat a bitch nigga for breakfast when I aim and pull it

Doing wonders for this bread, I Pillsbury these motherfuckers  
When his doughboy die with the heat, I carry in my clutches  
I'm a natural born rider, like my nigga Freddie Gibbs  
Steady going hard and riding with steady clips  
I been thugging from the beginning, you niggas soft as linen  
I wear my black Jordans to match with my MAC-10

[Hook: Freddie Gibbs]