

From Tha G

Freddie Gibbs

One time for your mind, uhh
Yo, creepin' rollin in my ole green hoopty
Trunk quakin' niggas can't take it, bitch shoot me
You boys don't move me, I blow my green
I get high while I drive, yea thats my routine
On the daily..I go kiss my momma on the cheek
Throw my nikes on my feet, roll a sweet, and I hit the street
Rest in peace to my cousin, we buried him last week
Hopefully the day they don't put me under the concrete, I.P
These niggas reaction when I pass em
Smile at a playa, but really they wanna blast em
Really for no reason, but beefin' is everlastin'
Rather walk up and shoot em, then simply walk up and ask em
How can we get along? Crackers knowin' its wrong
1 deceased, 1 in jail, 2 niggas with 1 stone
This the type of shit we face in this place that I call home
Some niggas just gettin' by, some niggas is gettin' known

And I ain't got time for bitches
Gotta keep my mind on my motherfuckin' riches
Mid to the South worldwide, or wherever I be
I let a motherfucker know I'm from the...G
So I ain't got time for bitches
Gotta keep my mind on my motherfuckin' riches
East to the West worldwide, or wherever I be
I let a motherfucker know I'm from the...G

Yup, most niggas from the G ain't one hundred
Get in the mix with a bitch nigga, you'll learn from it
I done seen niggas get burn from it and locked down
I only fuck with certain niggas when I come around
Big rock, fingeroll, Heddin, them my niggas
Willy picked up the liquor, J.P. done rolled up the swisha
E-Dub and Ironwood, D-Edge and Ivoe
Derett, Turtlebanks, my niggas from Chicago
And all the hoes I know, you know I got love for yea
Hard dick, hard liquor could kill up a blood for yea
Hoes sneaky they be creepin', like leeches...they blood suckas
Fuck with me cause Freddie Gibbs ain't your typical motherfucker
(Nahh)I'm way to cool to be a fool for a broad
Cause bitch I'd rather hit the mall with my motherfuckin' dawgz
I cut a lot of motherfuckers off though
Now they got my dick in they mouth, fuck what you thought ho

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Baby I been blowin' kill in different area codes
Southern Cali, Southern Texas, and Southern Florida hoes
Put my bitch up in the tiki, but nigga hot in the cold
Summertime to the winter these niggas dump and reload

Bustin' until they hit it, plenty [wigs](undefined) get splitted
In a city full of crooked polices and politicians
I be all in different parts of the country, different adventures
But I never could forget about 17th and Virginia
Land of lost hope, clouds of mill smoke
Community devoured by hard, its all dope
Addicts they can't cope, Vice Lords and Folks
Every man for himself these niggas is cuttthroat
I flow coast to coast where the Gs' be at
Nothin' but pride in my city and I bleed for that
I love Gary, Indiana like weed and yack
Even if they don't love me back, I'm gettin' scratch

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Yupp