

Fuckin' Up the Count

Freddie Gibbs

"You working a ground stash. 20 tall pinks. Two fiends come up to you and ask for two each. Another one cops three. Then Bodie hands you off 10 more, but some white guy rolls up in a car, waves you down and pays for eight. How many vials you got left?"

"15"

"How the fuck you able to keep the count right when you're not able to do the book problem man?"

"Count be wrong, they'll fuck you up."

Quarter brick, half a brick, whole brick, ay nigga
Time to whip these zippers in the kitchen with the same nigga
All I know is selling weed and water, dope and yay nigga
Money on my mind, don't do the crime unless it pay nigga
New 650 Bimmer coupe, I'm fucking in a foreign car
Got diamonds in my rollie face I'm bout to cop a Audemar
Top down on a bitch when I ride by, I feel like fuck the law
Got diamonds in my rollie face I'm bout to cop an Audemar
My celly steady ringin', Freddie where your bales at?
Teacher told me go get a job, I said where the scale at?
Told my Cali plug wrap the package up, we can mail that
Teacher told me go get a job, I said where the scale at?

Bitch, I'm straight balling
Fifty thousand dollars in a nigga couch
And never fucking up the count
Bitch I'm straight balling
Hunnid' thousand dollars in my momma house
And never fucking up the count
Bitch, I'm straight balling
Tryna make a million before they take me out
And never fucking up the count
Bitch I'm straight balling
Fifty thousand dollars in a nigga couch
And never fucking up the count

This look like money, motherfucker
Money be green
Money feel like money
That shit look green to you?
Got a dead fucking president on it
I don't give a fuck

Quarter brick, half a brick, whole brick, ay nigga
Momma kick me out the house for servin' where she stay nigga
Nickel dimed and broke after I buy my brand new J's, nigga
Fuck this broke shit boy
Went straight to robbing, what's the play nigga
Ran off with this nigga
Work is crucial when you burn a nigga
He might want that back so bet you down to do a murder nigga
Used to keep that .45 on my front seat when I serve a nigga
Nigga won't dis work
I hope you down to do a murder, nigga
Celly steady ringin' for Freddie but where the things at?
Drove a half a ton, dropped it off and I took a plane back
Gangsta shit in my DNA, I just can't explain that
Even if I die tell my enemies I remain that

Said bitch I'm straight balling
Fifty thousand dollars in a nigga couch
And never fucking up the count
Bitch I'm straight balling
Hunnid' thousand dollars in my momma house
And never fucking up the count
Bitch I'm straight balling
Tryna make a million before they take me out
And never fucking up the count
Bitch I'm straight balling
Fifty thousand dollars in a nigga couch
And never fucking up the count

You follow drugs
You get drug addicts and the drug dealers
But you start to follow the money and you don't know where the fuck it's gon
na take you