

Hundred Thousand

Freddie Gibbs

Hundred thousand dollars worth of cocaine
Niggas'll kill you in these fucking streets
Each and every day I duck the feds, man
Trying keep my baby something to eat
Down to my last, 'bout a quarter thing
Ain't no love in these dope streets
Ain't trying to be the man, just trying to maintain
I swear, this game gon' be the death of me

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Fuck niggas in these streets wanna suck my blood and rip my flesh from me
Youngsters trying to air me out and leave my body cold
Sell my dope on Sunday, can't do church, have mercy on my soul
Have caine, Carolina park king
And I came fresh on them Forgis, forty thousand in my jeans
Nigga got back to the flip, ain't gon' let no bitch shit on my dreams
Unadjusted to the mob, stayed on my job, ho what you mean
100K might give me four of those
Have my prices show me those
Hit me in the daylight, if it's late night then my store will close
Seen some niggas overdose
Not only dope, but money and power
Dirty dancing with the fucking devil in my darkest hour
What you know about it

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Make it stain, slanging things, knee-deep in the dope game
Police in my rearview cause they think I'm serving white
And they probably right
If they hit them lights, you know I'm swerving right
Now I ain't stopping, them bitches gon' have to catch me
And before I let 'em do that, them bitches gon' have to stretch me
Cause it's do or die, life or death, what you rep, right or left
For the folks, five or the six, or is it on the four
These niggas kill in the streets over gang signs
I heard some niggas wanna murk me cause I got them things flying
But I ain't dying, you ain't fucking with no coward
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