

Insecurities

Freddie Gibbs

Nigga pick up the phone, nigga. I just got back from back from my show, you woulda loved this shit, it was hella hoes, nigga. Hella bitches, I stacked my bread up though, nigga, I think I'mma get this ring for Erica though, my nigga. Yeah, I think she the one, I want you to be the best man and shit my nigga, for real. Hit me when you get back my nigga

Tell the streets I've been down for a minute
Chop it up and let my real niggas finish
Had the kitchen or the stove, pockets on swole
Choppin' up them O's, I was gettin' it on the road
I was ready for whatever man
I remember I was sellin' things
I let it go, I let it go
Said I was ready for whatever man
With some niggas, they don't ever change
I let it go, I let it go

Yeah, Cadillacs, Impalas, nigga we ride Vogues
This for you pussy ass niggas and you weak ass hoes
I candy coat it, triple dip it, nigga, three times gold
Dip through in traffic, smoking dope, like I don't see 5-0
License to spend it, I was livin' ignorant
Careful blocking, pop some shots just to impress my niggas
Insecure about my looks, wouldn't pop it with the bitches
Rob and stole for diamond jewels, I thought I needed attention
Why I was starvin' for attention? All she wanted is my attention
All I wanna do is smoke and fuck her
Thug it out and keep shit undercover
Told myself that I would never love her
But I cuss her out, blow up her phone
Get mad if another nigga touch her
Insecure and in my motherfuckin' feelin's
Thought that I was chasin' money, I was chasin' bitches
But when the Lord gave me my daughter
Helped me paint the picture
Man all the shit I did, I'm blessed the streets ain't take a nigga
Nigga I stay

Ready for whatever man
And some niggas, they don't ever change
I let it go, I let it go
And I remember I was sellin' things
I was ready for whatever man
I let it go, I let it go

Bentleys and Beamers, Impalas, Caprices
I scope up Diego, my nigga, we beepin'
My day run, we gang bang, we run off, we throw weight
I murder for my dogs, we eat off the same plate
We masked up, all my niggas masked up
Did a show in Brooklyn, niggas tried to get me blast up
Thought you was my nigga, hate to see me get my cash up
Then some niggas hit me, hollows almost tore my ass up
Your shooters was some actors
Actin' ass niggas
Scared to squeeze the trigger, some amateur ass niggas
Used to hit the road and get stacks of them cash with them

Only time I let me know when you were stabbed in the back nigga

I remember we was sellin' things
Came to you, I'd do whatever man
I let it go, I let it go
I was ready for whatever man
I remember I was sellin' things
I let it go, I let it go
And I was ready for whatever man
With some niggas, they don't ever change
I let it go, I let it go, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Cadillacs, Impalas, nigga, we ride Vogues
Fuck you pussy ass niggas and you weak ass hoes
I candy coat it, triple dip it, nigga, three times gold
Dip through in traffic, smoking dope, like I don't see 5-0
License to spend it, I was livin' ignorant
Careful blocking, pop some shots just to impress my niggas
Insecure about my looks, wouldn't pop it with the bitches
Rob and stole for diamond jewels, I thought I needed attention
Why I was starvin' for attention? All she wanted is my attention
Fuck you bitches
All my daughter want is my attention
All she want is my attention, yeah
So why am I starvin' for attention?
All she want is my attention, hmm
Starvin' for attention
My daughter wants my attention