

# 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