

Oil Money

Freddie Gibbs

Where do we have to go?
I don't know, let me know where we end up
Cause I'm not about to sit and watch it get us
Just picture the stickers is on it
And its flashy, flauntin', funny but them people only want that gold to pawn
it
I need that gold to wear it on the court like I'm Jordan
Performin', I'm scorin' way more than I'm supposed to
And I'm lookin' way better in person than my photos
But lets not talk about me
Lets talk about this
If it's too hot, then take your hands off
Pass it like Joe Montana
Champions
Hats off, salute
Now what do you look forward to, the landing or the take off
Get back, cause them Apes I gotta Harlem Shake off
I got the paint; I just need some shit to paint on

This is a lullaby
Not intended to make you cry
But to open up your eyes
And in this lullaby
You got to do right
Before you die
Before you die

Cleveland nigga, wintertime I catch a flight to somewhere sunny
Come to visit
Fuck yo couch they shouldn't have gave us niggas money
For the honeys
Like they woulda said in '94
Bumpin' Jodisee, and anything I say'll prolly go
While we smoking in that 'Lac truck, headed to the mall
Now we coppin' even though I left my wallet in the car
Yeah she got it, deposit: we got it, good credit, good head, and it's all co
pasetic
She cool and she get it, priceless
And nice tits, she got that look twice chest, she righteous; we might just
Valet the Mercedes in the front just to give 'em what they want
Cameras flashin', hoppin' out with the blunt

Who knew this rappin' shit would pay off
I'm firin' up the kill like I got fired on my day off
Seen a whole lotta niggas get broken by some broad they like to break off
And the same old bitch they spent that change with be the same bitch I'm gon
' shake off
The monster of the mid yo
Quick to Richard Dent a nigga
Peace to all my OT hoes and the gifts they love to send a nigga
Fresh white socks and a black d bones
We done broke down bags with the realest niggas
Spittin' these flows on stage at the show, blowin' Optimos and Swishas witch
a
(Feel it nigga?)
If y'all don't, then I can keep my day job
Ski mask my uniform, them dope dealers gon' stay robbed

T-top ceiling and my dank still stankin' and I crush ya feelings like the Saints did Peyton

Fresh pair of Levi's, white tee, and 6 Carmines
Hoppin' out some 2010 shit; yes, the car's mine
Sittin' in Corinthians sit back watch the stars shine
I know you starstruck, shit I can leave a star blind
Booyah, just like Isiah
A playa, the pro bowl, the mayor
I'm so cold, they stare
The ho stroll's prepared, I'm pimpin' my ride out
Then back to my lair
The honeycomb hideout
Your honey's gon' hide out in my crib like a fugitive
She wanna have a ball; I told her I got two to give
She wanna see the flashin' lights and red carpet
I let her pop a double stack, I'm tryin' to start shit
She's on a bear skin, layin' in her bare skin
Her body's super thick and it's fair skin - I'm there then
On the sofa, smokin' jacket, Gucci loafers, and I'm blowin' on a Swisher, while she's blowin' me
Its over (6x)