

# 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)