

Rep 2 Tha Fullest

Freddie Gibbs

Never ever been on my level
Fuck with Fred you face to face with the devil
Raise hell to raise my funds up
Bitch I was raised in the ghetto
Pedal to the medal, foot to the floor
Three hundred fifty horses rolling
On the run cause I just kicked in the door
Hit a lick, the whip reported stolen
Tell me who out here got my back
And my dawg just got forty flat
A lot of niggas wanna hold with your four
At the end of the day man I hold my strap
And it ain't been no holding back
Hear my life told in all my raps
You probably got a problem with that
But the Midwest street shit I brought it back
What what you want, custom air Jordan's
Cab slammin on Chrome trill
Bitches who pack straps in their bag
Stacking their own- Cheaaa
Indica, Sativa, my reefer stocked tall as palm trees
Rap is for dick suckers and divas I don't recall these
Type of niggas living and breathing but I reside that
Eastside 17th streets of the G I survive that
To the hood niggas go to school do right
This shit I'm doing, nigga you could do life
Before I pick the mic I earn my stripes

I represent it to the fullest
Any given day could die by the bullet
Strictly no perpetrating when I pull it
(I represent it to the fullest
Niggas across the nation, narcotic cooking
Every block, every hood we proud of pushing)
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Living every day like it's my last
In this fast lane, in this race is for that cash
Watts city representer, 9 double O 5 9
Got a pound for the low, whatchu smoke
Too gutta, too grimy in these LA Times
You will find, Blood or Crip, don't matter who you are
Niggas love to trip
Bitch niggas talk loud
Then it's complete silence when it bark BLOW
Niggas don't never talk it out
They spark it out, then them coroners come to chalk you out
That's what it is, another unsolved mystery
Bullets don't never have a name
Niggas just aim, squeeze and bust
When your time is up, dawg you history
Like a hieroglyph, every 24/7 on survival shit

If you floss flagging niggas kill you on some rider shit
Know who you riding with, friends backstab
Bitches it'll get you killed, in this field for sure
It's no joke on this front line
We in the trenches with big blammers, no punchlines
Ducking the one time
Got a heart of a soldier
Ain't no fear in my eyes
First signs of submission
Niggas eat you alive
Predators get squash
That's how it be happening
When you relaxing
Knowing you're responsible for your actions
I spit that real reality rap
I do it for the hood where yo analogy at

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