

Str8 Killa, No Filla

Freddie Gibbs

Five shots to the face, that'll do the trick
But I'll before I do you, bitch
for the 223 for the fuck niggas you moving with
And it feel like 'em when I'm on this robbing spree I hope yo crew agree
Snatching on these simple-ass niggas claim they gon' murder something
Niggas been talking bout murkin' the Gangster, you hoes ain't murkin' nothin
g
To the street shit a nigga never been no stranger, choppers? Keep a couple d
ozen
Never been the bird man, but I done robbed a couple of 'em
I get such a rush as I watch 'em beg for they fucking life
Reaper came down and hit the switch and turned off your fucking lights
Bitches be like, "Don't talk to Freddie, that nigga crazy"
When I first jumped off the porch older niggas tried to play me, but I got
Big balls, big paws on a small puppy
Now I'm the big dog and you mutts ain't got nothing for me
Fresh out the guts, most niggas fear it, few niggas love it
Just give me my motherfucking money
Cause all I got is...

Straight killa, no filla
No sipping for a ho
Ain't taking shit from no nigga
I came up in the fingers with jackers and dro dealers
Sorry partner but I can't be rolling with ya
I gots to get my cheese...

Been in the streets too long, nigga I gotta shine
Yeah, I might hate doing wrong but bitch I gotta grind
Daughter need shoes, my sons need clothes
Two baby mamas fussing, I ain't stunting these hoes
I'm slamming them Chevy do's
Blowing Kill behind the wheel
Gittin' mo' and sliding them boulders out the Bonneville
You say go hard, but his momma will
Jacked him for his package, dropped his body off behind a mill
Big Kill! Bitch I'm known to pull a 211
Them Gary police are scared of that 187
I see 'em on me so I bend a couple corners then
San Antonio to Dayton, get back on the feds
Nigga got that straight drop, hand block stay hot
Girls say he bout to test a nigga, bitch I think not
.45 sandsleave you leaking out your tank top
Fuck with me I'm down to let them things pop
Cause I got that...

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Neckid bitch, white sheet on the stretcher bitch
Gone in sixty seconds bitch, couple shots is all I left 'em with
Hit 'em for the muhfuckin weight but I got my face sliced up by some mexican
s,

Muhfuckas bout they luda, stab and shoot ya for them presidents
Cause ever since we was toddlers, we knew that we needed dollars
Tryna live off illegal product, yeah the shit they don't teach in college
Most niggas don't need no products, these corners is all they know
My homie 16 and won't see daylight till he 64
That's just how we livin' though, with limited opportunity
Twisted of reefer, parents and teachers could not get through to me
My nigga pimp was schoolin' me, put me up on the game
Don't think with your dick, but make ya bitch keep yo dick on the brain
Since then I been on it mane, and ain't thought about lookin' back
When push come to shove you can't be no pushover pushin' packs
So bitch what you lookin' at? Keep them eyeballs to the floor
We robbin' these rappin' niggas for actin' like they ain't know
You fuckin' with a KILLA

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