

## 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...

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...

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

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...