

## Str8 Slammin'

Freddie Gibbs

Can you picture a nigga out here clocking cash and  
Pulling stick ups, I guess I had to Glock and mask it  
Nine zippers, let's bust that open, cut and bag it  
Water whipper, I'm in the kitchen Str8 Slammin'  
Thug niggas, and drug dealers, that's all I hang with  
Puffing Swishers, and fucking hoes, we on the same shit  
In the kitchen, gon' whip my weight up to a mansion  
Eight figures, that's what I call Str8 Slammin'

G.I. thuggin  
Yes picture this Midwest nigga rollin  
Hardrock hustling  
Bitches stick to the dick cause you know a nigga holding  
Living on some pimp shit  
I'm a let y'all chase hoes, I'm a get chosen  
Keep a bitch dick whipped  
Got a whole lotta broads that'll bust that open  
Fresh up off a straight dope stain  
I know my clothes still smell like cocaine  
The real niggas understand  
I ain't trying to be the man  
If you put it in my hands, it'll go mayne  
I keep a whole thing or better pushed to the side  
Got like 32 bells of bubba kush in the ride  
If you wanna get high, all drugs I provide  
Getting my thug on where I preside  
Nigga been bust at, still I survive  
Push packs and I live to tell it in my raps  
Lost a couple homies, I can never get em back  
Life got me stressed, so I'm twisting up a sack  
I'm street certified, nigga - check my stats  
Back up to the wall cause I'm coming up to bat  
And these little niggas said they got racks on racks  
So the stick up man had to put the tax on the tax  
Got damn

Fuck what I'm worth  
Still out here on the grind  
Trying to stack racks  
Racks on racks, never caught slipping  
Nigga get wrong, it's a toe tag  
Fucks with the hood  
Still eat good  
Hanging with the killers with the black masks  
They will kidnap your wife and kids  
You niggas don't want that  
Do what we gotta do to make it  
Hope them jackers won't take it  
If a nigga violate me I heard my young nigga's gon erase em  
I don't fight over no bitches but I kill for bread  
And I don't hang out with no niggas that sleep with Feds  
Ride down on your block with that chopper, let that bitch go  
If you try to open shop up, that shit closed  
Money and the power  
What we hustle for?  
We already run ya house, ain't no kicking doors