

The Coldest

Freddie Gibbs

Bitch I'm ten toes in it
Not a fake a facade or a cloned image
Got an eraption when ya'll jumped in the streets with
my own spinach
Tryin' to get straight up off this shit so that I can
go on livin'
No song spinnin' so I resort to this zone flippin'
Something must wrong with em
He takin' this shit for granted
Try to ride up in the house with no lights
You'll understand it
I can't teach ya how to dougie
But I can teach ya bout this thuggin'
Keepin' it thourough, keep your mouth closed, nigga
Keep it one-hundred
Keep yo head up out my goddamn pocket and keep it
pushin'
Keep the reefer keep the white keep the sulfur just
keep it cookin'
But keep in mind that any given day you can die for
this
As I bag this dope I'm prayin' one day that I could
just
Make an honest piece of change
Prolly change the way I live
MJ, fadeaway
I'm something niggas can't defend
Gangster Gibbs, straight out the fridge, forty below
No introduction needed cause niggas already know

You already know this
But I'm the motherfuckin' coldest
You sayin' that you did that, lived that
But you ain't quite this, nigga
Cause you already noticed
But I'm the motherfuckin coldest
I keep it really real
Sayin' what the fuck I feel
So let me talk my shit
So what you talkin' bout, bitch?

Really ain't shit if you ain't talk bout this
I'm runnin' raps around these rappers scratchin' em off
my lists
She off that rocker so it's hard for her to stay off my
dick
Tryin' get rich and let the dollars flow throughout my
clique
So we can break bread
And never ever be broken
Yak tosin, these ID bitches on my balcony, smokin
We turns them out without a doubt they mouth about to
be open
She put her tongue on Valerie while I'm strokin'
But I Jack Tripper
I'm that nigga playin it simple
Fresh out the G, the MTV, check her credentials

Hey been a nigga figure since the Jacksons left the
city
Reppin' the hardest niggas ain't know that we was
rappin' in my city
And regardless if I got supporter backin' from my city
They'll remember me as the the nigga that got it
crackin' for my city
Nigga
And on the mic I never have off nights
Cause every line I write is straight frostbite, nigga

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I'm on fire
To keep the streets hot, that's my desire
And to hell with the labels
Till it's time for us to sit down at the table
If I don't focus on me
Tell me, who will?
And I speak from my heart
So you know I'm a keep it real
So much bullshit in the last six months tried to take
my focus
But on a lotta situations them people have to hocus
pocus
If anybody ever asks a dumb question like "Will BJ make
it? "
Give them a dollar and say "God bless you, cause you
must be a basehead"

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[Outro]