

# Twos And Fews

Freddie Gibbs

I do it for the  
Thug niggas and bitches off in my neighborhood  
Bout to hit that pop with that product, make sure ya paper good  
Statistics ain't in my favor, but I'm a make it through it  
Don't work no job, man a nigga can't even get insurance  
How you supposed to take ya babies on a doctor visit?  
These conditions validate my excuse for this type of living  
Gotta watch these cops cause I'm pushing poison like Michael Bivins  
Running in your spot where you have them chickens is my religion  
The Stick Up Man, so cut me in or cut it out, bitch  
Quick to walk my dog up to your doorstep if you doubt this  
Bury me with Swishers and at least an ounce to bounce with  
Corporate Thuggin Mafia, you bout that life, or you ain't bout shit  
Picture me rolling that brand new Ferrari California  
And the sex was great, fuck a second date, it was nice to know ya  
A bougie bitch that can't take the smoke, she ain't like the odor  
Fresh off the dopehouse with geekers tweaking off my aroma  
Fuck your artists, pistol charges, man I got like two of those  
Better know when it come to them choppers, got quite a few of those  
Nigga

A few of those get me right for the nighttime  
Getting gone til I see the sunlight shine  
Yo pick to stay with a pack of bitches, that's super cold  
That OG kush and them platinum cookies, I'm stupid blowed  
So whatcha need out the trunk, cause I got like two of those  
And when it comes to them choppers, got quite a few of those  
Nigga

I said I'm fresh off my flight, nigga, New York City  
Had the tool in the club like I'm Shyne and Diddy  
Said this shit can get ugly like Craig Mack  
And my niggas in ya crib asking where that bread at?  
Club, that means a few bottles, a few shots mayne  
Live and die in LV, 2pac mayne  
Thought they had me boxed in, boxed in the corner  
I guess they didn't know my momma had me on the corner?  
All I know is crack rock, crack spots, nigga, crack pots  
They say hit the dealership and buy the whole lot  
See I'm irresponsible, I lost the whole top  
And this shit I'm smoking on, it cost a whole lot  
Give my niggas 20 grand, shoot up your whole block  
Catch ya slipping on the porch, knock off ya whole top  
It's the world motherfucker, next the universe  
Counting paper hurt my hand, I need a fuckin nurse  
It's Young Jizzle motherfucker, I get it how I live  
You pussy niggas getting love, there go Gangsta Gibbs

Gangsta Gibbs ho  
Two bitches cooking in the crib ho  
A quarter kilo and some Kool Aid in the fridge ho  
Thuggish ruggish black motherfucker in a black lac  
Black talon knock the letters off a snapback  
He pushing packages, I think he in the rat pack  
We got the villa in Anguila, blowing anthrax  
Mob shit, there really ain't no speaking about this thing of ours  
Born and raised up in the G, a nigga beat the odds

You see me floating to the crib with a fleet of broads  
Might wanna fuck in my garage when they see them cars  
These niggas drop that goofy shit and yeah I'm sure it sold  
There's real niggas rapping, there's only a few of those, nigga