

Something to Rap About (feat. Tyler, The Creator)

Freddie Gibbs & The Alchemist

Bitch
Nigga
Nigga bitch
Oogie-boogie nigga
Sniff it up
Fuck nigga came to my section on Sunday, didn't even bring shit or bottles, just ate, drank and
dipped, fuck nigga
Ayy, ayoScammin' niggas maxin' out, ratchet bitches actin' out
God made me sell crack, so I had somethin' to rap about
Lobster lollipops and crustaceans, ho what you mad about?
I fucked you twice in Vegas, that pussy wasn't shit to brag about
And I can't draw for shit, but I knocked a bitch that I paid to sit
Magnums and some sweet Airmatics, yeah, bitch I came equipped
I'm don't do no sucker shit, no ho mistletoe and Christmas exchanging gifts
She don't like it, bitch can punch out, niggas be changin' shifts, yeah
You niggas bringin' out the old me (Old me)
I'm tryna live to ninety-three and see the old me
When I touched that crack, I let them crackers take control of me
Serve the piece, caprice, ain't got no heat, man, it was cold G
Record labels downed me forty thousand on my first advance
Fucked up on my taxes, IRS kept me on payment plans
Crime fuckin' pays, but once you paid, you gotta pay the man
Straight survival, right hand on the Bible, I won't take the stand, yeah
VL niggas trap it out
Lord let me hit this ho, so I have something to rap about
Been through shit with hoes that I look back and I can laugh about
This shit wasn't no joke, sittin' in that cage, this shit was draggin' out
Diego trippin' cause I'm sittin', ain't no package out
You robbed the plug, kicked in the door and cleaned the mattress out
Right back in the trap, these niggas bringin' out the old me
I'm tryna live to ninety-three to see the old me
Ayo
Nail is in the coffin, Freddie sent me this shit
This sound like the boat I haven't bought yet
This sound like the moment I jump off it
Sun shinin', cold water, feelin' in my pocket
This lake water better than the faucet I grew up with
We hold our breath like grudges 'til we nauseous
We hop out, let the sun dry us, like raisins
We get dressed in some Gucci or Lacoste, shit it's amazing

We look like Polo ads but skin is dark and-
I gotta move cautious, 'cause niggas malicious, they come from the trenches
I used to be a Goblin under them bridges, now I'm up in this man
I started gettin' mula as young and now I got bigger hands
To hold them, if I got too much on me, I know my niggas can
I keep my circle tight like tops, nothin' corn, no crops
You messy and get cleaned up with the mop
I went to school and I ain't miss it a lot
So I can be around niggas like you and learn how to keep my distance
I, cut some niggas off on some hater shit niggas said to me
R.I.P. T's 'cause these motherfuckers is dead to me
Nail is in the coffin murder, murder
I'm sick of y'all niggas and I ain't coughin', I know me
Y'all often anxious, lost in y'all thoughts and I don't relate
So keep that energy away from me
Don't blame me, 'cause you ain't got it figured out
You ain't got the bigger house, the jig is up
You jealous dawg, my afro long, I'll pick it out
Like cotton on some basic, shit is off
We ain't adjacent
I'm grounded like the pavement, we ain't linkin' like the bracelet broke
Better get your wrist that hold, on that thought, you gettin' gold
The fuck away, 'cause niggas'll get they faces broke
I just got a thumbs up and niggas go like Good job
You better find a shoe store and get your sole
Get it quick and slip it on
And I'll be in Mykonos, lemonade, sippin' slow
Jumpin' in the water off that boat I haven't bought yet (Bitch)
One take
Let me hear that
I meant to say Mykonos (haha) I think a thing is dying from alcohol but I'm afraid
But if you write dope shit, it doesn't do any good what you die
It is to teach these parents to be civilized people, becau-

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>