

Harold's

Freddie Gibbs & Madlib

[Intro]

Uhh, yeah, niggas was wearing budgets
Talking 'bout like William School niggas was wearing budgets
Was third grade, you know what I'm saying?
I said, ya bitch, yeah

[Verse 1]

I keep a chip off in my cell phone, pocket full of stones
Smoking on the strong, Freddie Kane, Freddie Corleone (ay yeah)
Marshalltown niggas, had a nigga running home (bitch)
I call Kinnell, get me a .38 now bitch is on (bitch)
9 millimeter Baretta to 40 cal (yeah)
Glock 23 fresh up out the box, bitch I hold it down (yuh)
I hit the stroll with a chili bowl and a crooked smile (yeah)
Fast forward ten years, came back with Roley's with golden crowns (bitch)
Skinny nigga, six-wing mild sauce (yeah)
With all the fries you can give me, I tear them bitches off
Ski mask on yo baby daddy? Well that's that nigga loss (bitch)
Pointin' my trey five seven, I got my point across (yeah yeah)
A skinny nigga (uh), six-wing, mild sauce (yeah yeah)
With all the fries you can give me, I tear them bitches off (fries, nigga)
This burning hole in my pocket got me out here flippin' soft (uh)
.223 on my enemy, tear them bitches off (uh yeah)

[Chorus]

Skinny nigga, six-wing, mild sauce
With all the fries you can give me, I tear them bitches off
A plate of chicken with the bread stuck to the bottom (yuh)
But fuck my enemies, what you looking for? Bitch I got 'em (bitch)
Say bitch I got 'em (bitch), say bitch I got 'em (bitch)
Fuck my enemies, what you looking for? Bitch I got 'em (bitch)
Say bitch I got 'em (bitch), say bitch I got 'em (bitch)
Fuck my enemies, what you looking for? Bitch I got 'em

[Verse 2]

KFC, Harold's, Sharks or Popeyes
Adidas suit with a plate of chicken, got mob ties (fo'sho)
A fresh Delt', weed crumbs on my plush seats (ugh)
I got my license now I'm backseat fucking every week (yuh)
A thick bitch live in Miller, go to work (fo'sho)
3:30, school was out then I was fresh under her skirt (she earned that shit y'know what I'm
sayin')
Them project niggas hit that bitch, that pussy went berserk (fo'sho)
Don't hit without that Trojan, fuck around, you might get burnt (ugh!)

She was raised in the church, turnt out in the ghetto (uh)
Lock it, pussy pop it, I swear this bitch deserve a medal
Seen school girls turn into strippers in stilettos (yeah)
Pimpin' till I die, if you wanna stop it get ya shovel bitch
Extra sauce with the bread stuck to the bottom
Freddie Forgiato, all my bitches spoiled rotten (yeah)
Cop that llama, got the hollows poppin' out the barrel
Got a stain for them hubbas, meet me at the Harold's, bitch

[Interlude]

And I remember when the Harold's was on 15th, nigga
(Right on 15th, nigga)
You know what I'm saying? (For real though, fo'sho)
I used to hit the muh'fucka all the time, nigga
Straight dope stains and chicken wings, you know what I'm saying?

[Chorus]

Skinny nigga, six-wing, mild sauce
With all the fries you can give me, I tear them bitches off
A plate of chicken with the bread stuck to the bottom (yuh)
But fuck my enemies, what you looking for? Bitch I got 'em (bitch)
Say bitch I got 'em (bitch), say bitch I got 'em (bitch)
Fuck my enemies, what you looking for? Bitch I got 'em (bitch)
Say bitch I got 'em (bitch), say bitch I got 'em (bitch)
Fuck my enemies, what you looking for? Bitch I got 'em

[Produced by Madlib]

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