

# Careless

## Freddie Gibbs

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeahYeah, gold crown, top down as I cruise with a bad ho  
Yeah, I-9, from Chicago  
I got the weed and the pussy, but the money on my mind though  
I got a line on the flat pack  
A hundred thangs on the scale, motherfucker, can you buy that?  
She pop the pussy and rewind that  
And suck a dick as I get twisted and listen to Do or Die rap  
Freddie Kane, young Corleone  
I been off the band wit' the bowls of the strong  
Nigga gettin' paid from the shit that I record  
Here, My Lord, wit' the pack when a nigga came home  
Told my nigga we be smokin' and chokin', rollin', it's all the same  
Druggin' and still thuggin', it's all a game  
Real nigga 'bout to cash out  
I need my rims on my cars when I pull them bitches off the lot  
Fuck the top, cop the drop  
And these hoes be on my jock, for my Icona watch  
Cops out watchin', but this pimpin' never stop  
Ta-da-da, what you totin'?  
And this paper turn 'em out  
What she know? Ain't no doubt  
Thank God I got a lot, I got a lot, I got a lot  
And these hoes, I got a lot, I got a lot, I got a lot  
Pesos, I got a lot, I got a lot, I got a lot  
And she know I got a lot, I got a lot, I got a lot  
Thank God I got a...And I don't mean to be so careless, baby, eh  
One thing on my mind, it's the way I came up  
So don't catch no feelings  
Girl, you playin' wit' the motherfuckin' realest  
I'm a tell you that one more timeI got a lot, I got a lot, I got a lot  
And these hoes, I got a lot, got a lot, got a lot  
Pesos, I got a lot, I got a lot, I got a lot  
And she know I got a lot, I got a lot, I got a lot  
Thank God I got a...  
Yeah, gold crown, top down as I cruise with a bad ho  
Yeah, I-5, on the West Coast  
And I done been around the world  
But in Cali, they roll the best dope  
Bitches and palm trees, I'm on when I came here  
'Hood was up north, I pushed to the yay then  
Shout-out my niggas, I got a ton when the weight in  
Feed my thugs, I'm pullin' dubs in the state pen

Fuckin' with Federico Soprano  
Niggas actin' monkey, my clip, I got a banana  
Rollin' with guerillas, these niggas don't want no banter  
I just might go flippin', go back and forth with them hammers  
Nigga, we be smokin' and chokin', rollin', it's all the same  
Druggin' and still thuggin', it's all a game  
Full clip on the K thing  
I got a shotty in the motherfuckin' trunk, nigga, don't get popped  
Fuck the cops, bodies drop  
And these feds be on my block, roundabout, stop and watch  
But this thuggin' never stop  
Get that rock, what you thought?  
And these haters talk a lot, ain't gon' pop a hundred shots Thank God I got a lot, I got a lot, I got  
a lot  
And you know I got a lot, I got a lot, I got a lot  
And these hoes, I got a lot, I got a lot, I got a lot  
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Pesos, I got a lot, I got a lot, I got a lot  
And she know I got a lot, I got a lot, I got a lot  
Thank God I got a...

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