

Freddie Gordy

Freddie Gibbs

Yeah, for sure nigga
We came from nothing nigga, from shit nigga
For real
Dolo and the pour
Got me tore up from the floor up
Gang signs, gang handshakes every time a nigga show up
All the real niggas know us
Back in '09 me and Lam we was looking for a way out
But ain't nobody want to show us
Riding round' selling blow, shotgun doors out his Volvo
Must have sowed a whole O up
And you stuck it out with me, I love you like a brother
If it wasn't for you I wouldn't have a record deal or nothing
I know you hate the fact that I'm so loyal to my street affiliation,
but my niggas need a pack? I'm out here thuggin'
Willie and Diego need a pack? I'm out here thuggin'
My nigga Butter hit me for a pack? I'm out here thuggin'
And now the DEA they checking on me when I'm getting on a plane,
double life it got me ducking under covers
I just want to be legit man, shit man
And every time I touch the dope I say that "this gonna' be my last flip man"
I got a shorty that's willing to sell it for me
She my lover, my homie, the devil cursed me with a pimp hand
I hope my daughter never lives this type of lifestyle
Creeping under street lights as a night child
My uncle still can't put the liquor or the pipe down
Meanwhile I'm in this kitchen whipping up the while gal
Plus I got addictions of my own, boy
The pills into laced blunts got me gone, boy
The Oxycontin & heavy syrup got me looking in the mirror saying, "Is you a dope fiend or a
dope boy?"
Smoking on some shit that I can't pass to a nigga
Eyes shiny than a bitch, glass to a nigga
Down to kick in the door, .44 Mags to a nigga
Got some habits I pray that I never pass to a nigga
All about the dollar signs, fuck the sympathy
And fuck police cause' they killing you and killing me
Slanging and banging, my paper stay getting fatter so do black lives matter when you're about
to kill your enemy?
I need to know it, drop that paper boy don't be heroic
You'll get a trip to see your Jesus if you're reaching for it
A real solid street nigga, never been extorted

You pussy niggas shouldn't be living, should have been aborted
It's Freddie Kane, Freddie Corleone, Freddie Gordy
Just left the studio and served a birdie for the 40
I bet my niggas kill the witness if I get reported
The shit I spit is so realistic shouldn't be recorded Dolo and the pour
Got me tore up from the floor up
Gang signs, gang handshakes every time a nigga show up
All the real niggas know us

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