

1985

Freddie Gibbs & The Alchemist

My bro said Don't say that
I said Fuck that, I'm gon' be gettin' wooping anyway
Don't make no goddamn difference
Fuck that, I'm not one to find shit
What your mom say? Take the garbage out, fuck
(Yeah) Yeah, don't lose the beat motherfucker
Take the garbage out
Yeah-yeah, I just upped the flows to the God level
Yeah
Yeah-yeah
Finna up the flows to the God level, nigga, what
Yeah, check-check
Yeah, mic check-check
Yeah, nigga, check-check
Yeah, bitch, check-check
Yeah, yeah
Quarter thang to a whole thang, whole gang workin' (Yeah)
Hit a bitch with that extended clip or that revolver
Shit'll serve the same purpose (Bang, bang)
Keep them beamin' up to Scotty in my crack lobby
I can smell the 'caine burnin'
Michael Jordan, 1985, bitch, I travel with the cocaine circus
Put them F and Xs on your clown ass
Catch a nigga up and leave him down bad
I go get a pack and take a nigga town
And fuck his bitches with my out of town ass
Bomb on niggas like Nagasaki
Rocket next to my pocket, I like hibachi
Drop the check on the bitch
Man, these niggas be lookin' like baby mommas in these Maseratis
Bitch, I fuck up your face with a razor
How I make sure your motherfuckin' family can't view your body
Nigga thuggin' and shit, put my blood in his shit
Break my finger, Alfredo, Illuminati (Illuminati)
Joe Pesci, push your product
You niggas is sweeter than Joe Exotic
On the run like Assad, and so above the police
It's some niggas be chillin' and hoppin' out the box (Hoppin' out the box)
Police caught him with a whole thang
Now they snitchin' man, whole gang workin'
Gangland, made a lane in it
Dip my name in it, it's some gang murder

All my reps in the crack files, bitch, I got 'em up out the vault
I'm the reason your mama be smokin' that Brillo and be rippin' them contenders off (Them
contenders off)
Yeah, keep them beammin' up the Scotty in my crack lobby
I can smell the 'caine burnin'
Gangland, if you put a hit on Freddie 'caine it'll be a gang murder
1985, Michael Jordan, bitch, I travel with a cocaine circus
Flow God level, like when Hov speak
I make a song, weep, I got the game hurt
Bitch, yeah-yeah
Flow God level, like when Hov speak
I make a song, weep, I got the game hurt
Yeah, yeah-yeah
Yeah, check-check
Check-check
Mic check-check
Check-check
Niggas need a check, check, yeah
We got everybody in the house, tonight
I'll wait for my DJ to get ready
Nah

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