

Deeper

Freddie Gibbs & Madlib

[Produced by Madlib]

[Verse 1]

Slammin', half a thang of heroin in the bathroom
Keep an AK and the backup in the backroom
Cook a meal clean and she suck me like a vacuum
Took a vacation to the county, I'll be back soon
Sent a couple zeroes, money on my J pay
Payin' off the COs, smokin' on the gateway
Word around the block when I was locked, she gave my thang away
'Bout to have a baby with a nigga, that's what they say
Damn, well please say it ain't so
Took off the glove, say it's love when it ain't though
Her classmate was comin' over, that was strange though
Apparently the homework ain't all he came for
Maybe you's a stank ho, maybe that's a bit mean
Maybe you grew up and I'm still living like I'm sixteen
Like a child running wild in these city streets
Man, I put that bitch up on her feet, she cut a nigga deep

[Interlude]

Damn, bitch, that's why I treat these hoes the way I treat them
That's deeper than a motherfucker, baby
You know what I'm saying?

[Verse 2]

Slammin', smack it up and flip it then I rub it down
Zip it up and then I ship it to another town
Smoking hella weed while me and Willie bust a couple pounds
She used to like that type of shit now we don't fuck around
Girl you used to say them other niggas wasn't hood enough
Got your lil degree now niggas from the hood ain't good enough
Bitch, you wasn't trippin' when that old school was pullin' up
You was short on mids at your college, who would put them up?
Uhh, well bitch, I'm out here puttin' on
I hope you feel the pain I'm feelin' when you hear this song
Don't want a nigga that's gon' slang shit up in your home
But you ran off and got engaged, man, that shit was wrong
All to a nigga that don't got nothin' that I ain't got
Only difference is he tryna be a fuckin' astronaut

Saw this pussy nigga when I walked up in the barber shop
Green as a leaf, lookin' sweet, that cut a nigga deep

[Interlude]

Damn, so these the type of niggas you fuck with now, baby?
You know what I'm saying?
Square ass motherfucker, you used to love a thug nigga

[Verse 3]

Yeah, yeah, uhh

I love her and she love him so I never touch him
She's got his baby in the oven so it's motherfuck him
Ain't trippin' cause you got a nigga, I just think you rushin'
But leavin' him to be with me ain't part of our discussion
Plus I'm on the road now, different colored hoes now
Laid back on the dope, I'm getting dollars off my shows now
Bitches wanna tie me down but I ain't in that mode now
Five years later, why you calling up my phone now?
Uhh, well bitch, how you get the number?
Like every other month, I'm switching up that motherfucker
Back on the bus, I used to fingerfuck her singing Usher
Down on my luck and then she up and left me for a sucker
I reminisce on all the crazy shit we did
"You and me forever," shit we'd say when we was kids
She said "I'm havin' problems and I pray that he forgive"
When he find out the baby ain't his, that cut a nigga deep

[Outro]

Damn, what the fuck? So, what you tryna say, baby?
Baby ain't his, whose is it?
Uhh, yeah

[Live Outro Skit]

Make some noise in this motherfucker, god damn it
What's up?
Madlib, baby, what's up baby?
We good over there man?
We smokin'?