

Broken

Freddie Gibbs

Yeah, Allah the merciful, the beneficent
Curse over blessing, pray it be heaven sent
Forgive me, my dirty deeds was desperate
Fuck the government, I got my own deficit
Death to me the only thing that's definite
Money rule the world, but when you dead that shit's irrelevant
Fingers numb from coka selling, no vote, but out for presidents
Granny found my dope, I told her I would stop for selling it
Nigga please -- she knew I was lying before I even spoke it
Empty promises left them all broken
She said "Jamel, I can tell your perspective out of focus
You too obsessed with the liquor, bitches and weed smoking"
A young nigga that's been thugging since the old days
Promise I've done seen everything but old age
Pray my demons never catch up from my old ways
Keep the heat cause I was going through a cold phase

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Surviving off cold cuts and cold Spam
Can't see eye to eye with my old man
Hiding my insecurities with this gang flag
We both despise the police, but he wore the same badge
And as I child I admired that, now I wonder how
He was a pig, but you was barely making 20 thou
I guess that's why you put me on that lick for 20 pounds
A life of crime is all we ever shared from then to now
And I'm a crook and you crooked, that's all we got in common
He chucked the deuce to my mama, so much for family bonding
But how could something so destined to be just get demolished?
Running through groupies and boppers, I guess I got it honest
And honestly I know I'm out here fucking up
Seven grams of rock, I stuff 'em in my nuts
And seven bucks an hour wasn't good enough
Cause seven days a week I'm living in a rush

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And the money was the root to what the evil is
It's mandatory for me to live
I hustle harder than the next dude
Remember, everybody is out to get you
Niggas don't respect to live and let live
So I pack a .40 caliber cause that's how shit is
Out here, no fear, fuck feelings
Trigger man rule, that's the art of drug dealing
I'm trying to stack my money to the ceiling
No new friends, don't wanna talk about old business
Sex on the beach, sipping Guinness
With a bitch so thick she can't take no dick
Imagine working grave-yard shifts
Bossman steady talking that shit
A million a day is for minimum wage
Work a nigga like a slave 'til he put him in his grave
Frail moments, same page

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