

Eastside Moonwalker

Freddie Gibbs

Lifestyles of the insane
Eastside thug nigga
I'm the shit, you a shit-stain
I let the boxframe switch lanes
Not a pretty nigga, but I got some game for a bitch brain
And I lay it on so thick
Charge it all to a broad, heard a pimp nigga quote this
And I'm allergic to a broke bitch
I think I need my medicine
I had to po up before I wrote this
And doing dirt will keep a nigga with a deep pocket
Dope fiends and the cluckheads keep shopping
Steady praying that the yayo keep clocking
Keep a strap cuz the jackboys keep robbing
Got me pulling up slow
Whip another clip and put my pedal to the floor
Slammin Cadillac doors, working wood like a pro
Ass sit on nothing but that leather, whatcha know
How ya livin nigga?
Lifestyles of the insane
Roll the kill, pop a pill, crack a seal, I resist pain
Niggas looking for that big stain
Dirt weed, dog food, fine kush, niggas flip caine
Think I lost my religion
Stepping on a pack, break em off in the kitchen
Chevy topped off with the chrome in the engine
Niggas gotta floss, that's the cost of this pimpin
I'mma pull up slow

I'mma pull it up slow
Candy paint dripping from my Cadillac door
I'mma pull it up slow
I'mma pull it up slow
Run up with the mask, put them hoes on the floor
I'mma pull it up slow
I'mma pull it up slow
Run up with the mask, put them hoes on the floor
I'mma pull it up slow
I'mma pull it up slow
Candy paint dripping from my Cadillac door
I'mma pull it up slow

It's the money cut moonwalker
Nightstalker, motherfuckin white chalker, might've caught ya
In the streets with your pants down
Tell em call the paramedics, nigga man down, ease up
If ya thuggin get ya G's up
And never fake, never fraud, never fold, never freeze up
A black mask, black tee'd up
The motherfuckin dope game feed us, how ya livin nigga?
And rest in peace to my motherfuckin homeboy
But hold ya tears, he ain't die, he just a fuckboy
You might as well be a dead man in my eyes
2-2-3 sucker free when I ride
Freddie Kane, Freddie Corleone
Selling thangs to the smokers in the mobile homes
A pack of backwoods

Dirty styrofoam and a pocket full of stones
And my cadillac broham, Ima pull up slow

[Hook]