

# Flamboyant

Freddie Gibbs

East Side GI, what up?  
Goon life, what up?

These bench warmers never actually been part of the action  
I wanna be legit, but being broke would be a distraction  
My only interest is pimping and pandering, pistol packing  
So fuck rap, I ain't that nigga that be rapping about rapping

I got away with shit that could've put me under the prison  
My recent run ins with police has got me under suspicion  
I bet they never find me guilty under my own admission  
This shit is part of god's plan, this was not my decision  
In hell's kitchen, but I'm chefing up a fresh cold plate of revenge  
On you fuck niggas and fair weather friends

I got them nervous because I got niggas still rocking  
Despite my flights with police lights and light pockets  
I'm still the same dog  
Same killer flow but your rap is a different game, dog  
Not gone compromise my pride to entertain ya'll  
Hip hop I damn near hate ya'll  
I'm sick and tired of all these Autotuned ass niggas  
I miss Nate Dogg

Miss me with that back and forth video blogging  
Because a nigga really out here robbing  
If I felt you was a bona fide problem, I'd bring straight at ya  
Only Youtube niggas bust guns on camera  
I could shoot dudes quicker than paramedics can handle  
Watch a motherfucker down that amble, take his last rock

Indiana's all time greatest, but I ain't satisfied  
Fuck the rap game, I'm your favorite by a landslide  
Whether niggas know it or not yet  
My shit about to knock on every block, every project  
It's East 17th, put it down for my set  
So blame it on them crackers why my album ain't dropped yet

I guess I'm too hard for Power 92 or GCI  
And I'm just a hop, skip, and a jump from the Chi'  
But bitch I'm out the dos-uno-nueve, es para mi que llegue  
Pushed D in EC and got in shootouts with eses  
Them niggas down in 'Nap know that I ain't scared to blast, nig'  
Jack them pussy niggas for they rims at the Classic  
A black mass of black kush wrapped in plastic  
35 dollars for the gram, I was taxing

Telephone calls from her man while I'm smashing  
Slay your main dame, have her mashin' for rations  
Your ho' give me the whole check, so ho' check it  
Got smokers on my team that like to smoke they dope naked  
With a crack ho' stroking his rope  
He want the hard and the broad, so I'm serving them both  
I flip a spot to a one stop shop for rock and hot cot  
Got lines of Lenny Bias, so throw in your snot box

Niggas rhyme these days, at times it's not hot

Labels buy they own records and pay for the top spot  
Am I in the wrong business, I wonder, "Should I stop?  
Is my music going to take care of my mama if I flop?"  
Is a nigga gonna depend on that?  
I think not, if you think so  
You think slow, so don't think, ho'  
Freddie Gibbs run up in cribs like Kris Kringle  
Touch down and talk more shit than Ocho Cinco

My people slaved in this American regime  
This need I feel remain, Rahim, stay on my team  
Praise to the most high, fuck everything in between  
Seen young black kings and queens turned to fiends  
Swallowed up in the machine, nahmean, straight greasy  
You lock a nigga up, what I'ma do when they release me?  
Shout out to Finger Roll, C Mac, and Will Screezy  
The reason why I make it look easy, East Side, nigga