

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 chefin' 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