

Menace II Society

Freddie Gibbs

Slamming

Freddie pull up in some '84 shit

Wrote this flow while smoking on dope, so call me the dopest

Crush these niggas feelings, then come right back in some mo shit

Different colors diamonds, I'm about to stunt on my old bitch

And slide out...

Black Macs and Cadillacs when we ride out

Man these bitches gon' stay attached when I slide out

We relax and take 'em back to my hideout

Big stacks, give me the racks when I ride out

Black Macs and Cadillacs when we ride out

Man these bitches gon' stay attached when I slide out

We relax and take 'em back to my hideout

Big stacks, give me the racks when I ride out

East Gary Indiana, bitch I'm puttin on

Get my weed out on the west cause that's my second home

Before you try to check a nigga, check out who you checkin on

Robbing on my resume, bitch I'm invading homes

Niggas call me Freddie Forgiato, I'm on low pros

Can't be sleepin on these streets, bitch it's no doze

Shouts out to the gang bangers, cain slingers flippin o's

Piru's, Hoover's, 8-tre's and 6-0's

Ride out

Plenty bitches got em undressin in my hideout

Bet she wishing I got her pregnant once I slide out

All my bitches is perfect 10s, nigga dime'd out

Keep it goin until her baby daddy find out

Keep a weapon, I'm never stressin

Shout out to G Malone, Jay Rock and 211

The peoples say my potna's is killers, menaces, dope dealers

Gangsta Gibbs, just a neighborhood thug nigga

Ride out...

Black macs and cadillacs when we ride out

Man these bitches gon' stay attached when I slide out

We relax and take em back to my hideout

Big stacks, give me the racks when I ride out

How about you and I

Hit the sky

Let's take a ride

Come on let's go

Big stacks, give me the racks when I ride out

Gold D's and purple trees, let me fire up

Red Bull and Grey Goose til we wired up

She tell me she wanna see me, but I'm tired up

Shit I got a personal driver, put ya ride up

Yeah, a nigga shooting them dice, put ya five up

Say what we doin tonight, make ya mind up

Look I got this lil Cristal

To get you out of them drawers

I'm a keep it raw

After I do hit, I'm probably never'll call on some rap shit

Yeah I used to work at the mall on some black shit

Selling these hoes clothes, I'm a mack bitch

Can't you tell in my flows?

Gold rings on, Chanel Platinum all in her nose

That's my theme song
And you can't play the homies cause the team's strong
Girl we can't do nothin with them jeans on, on
So let them legs slide out

Big stacks, give me the racks when I ride out
You and I
Hit the sky
Let's take a ride
Come on let's go