

# Palmolive

Freddie Gibbs

'Caine season  
Fuckin' my pastor's daughter and two Jesus pieces  
Droppin' this blow on the basement floor, my Yeezy's squeakin'  
Reppin the fam, I pledge allegiance, undefeated  
Fuck the 40 acres and a mule, they gave us niggas the eagle  
Popeye spoons and needles  
Sold a piece of crack to police it's Mario Van Peebles  
Servin' every prom queen and Pookie with that vanilla smoothie  
Scary Gary, nigga, my neighborhood somethin' like Fallujah  
Vladimir banana clip, move with Russian colluder shooters  
Fuck a track hoe, sellin' that pussy on computers  
Pimpin'll never die, Timberland, have a trunk of dueces  
Trunk of deuce of hard white fish, then I made a wish  
A smoker scrubbin' down my kitchen, I'm never gon' wash a dish  
It's Mr. Clean, Glass All, Palmolive  
These niggas don't know how hard you ridin' for they ass 'til you park it  
In 1998 I sold a Glock-19 chopper  
2018, I'm finna reclaim my fuckin' time to cop the Rollie flooded Maxine Waters  
Fuck your poison, keep your vaccines off us  
We got a reality star in the God damn office  
Quite like the Regan Days  
Fernado said he used to move chickens in the Noriega days  
I disrespect his name and he signed my face with the razor blade  
Baby Tony, top of the family like Johnny Sacrimoni  
Chopping up this block white top of some Yoshi ala mode it's  
Whoever kill him first is gonna get promoted  
Boy, I was gettin' away with murder before Gazelle fucked Violas  
Gangsta Gibbs

Young nigga, dope money, just have at it nigga  
Make money, mo' money, mathematics nigga  
But the po-po's, they comin' for yo money, nigga  
Play low, I mean low, like no money, nigga

Young nigga, dope money, just have at it nigga  
Make money, mo' money, mathematics nigga  
But the po-po's, they comin' for yo money, nigga  
Play low, I mean low, like no money, nigga

Look, real bars are the ill bars  
These scars are the only real proof they couldn't kill Gods  
My coke hand is still sketching out my memoirs  
What I did to door panels on them Windstars  
Gem stars left cuts in the dinner plates  
There's new stash spots, the AC don't just ventilate  
Take over your blocks, young niggas assimilate  
We all break bread, like goin' dutch on a dinner date  
The love of your life, rap nigga with fake watches  
The serial number don't match the gift boxes  
The bezel on her Ballon Bleu do the Tinashe  
The bitch told me two-tone Rollies was too blahzay (Yugh!)  
Way more chemical than political  
PTSD from what I weighed on the digital  
It was snowfall and Regan gave me the visual  
Obama opened his doors, knowing I was a criminal  
I took a risk, I took a brick

Took a road trip to a Motel 6  
Get it wholesale and you know I won't tell shit  
Ride coat tails, then he really want that lit  
Just another in the mix nigga, I'm rich nigga  
Tell me, is you Alpo or Mitch, nigga?  
Bet it all, roulette, all on my wrist, nigga  
Like Cleo, settin' it off, takin' yo' bitch, nigga, ooh!

Young nigga, dope money, just have at it nigga  
Make money, mo' money, mathematics nigga  
But the po-po's, they comin' for yo money  
Nigga, play low, I mean low, like no money, nigga

Young nigga, dope money, just have at it nigga  
Make money, mo' money, mathematics nigga  
Brotha, low, low, like talkin' to baby mama, nigga  
Fake rap, tell that bitch this is that show money, nigga

I know a guy in my neighborhood  
He came home from work one day and caught his best friend in the hall with his wife  
They had all day to go to bed  
Pulled out a .45, shot both of 'em  
Next morning, his friend went down to the jail  
He said, "Fred, don't take it so hard"  
He said, "It could have been worse"  
He said, "What you mean, it could have been worse?"  
He said, "Man, two people dead. I might get the electric chair. You tell me it could have been worse?"  
He said, "Yeah, baby. It could have been worse."  
He said, "What you mean?"  
He said, "Hell, if you'd have came Thursday instead of Friday, you'd have gotten me too"