

## Quick 2 Back Down Freestyle

Freddie Gibbs

Ugh, yeah, ugh  
Freddie gangsta Gibbs  
Ugh, Gary, Indiana's finest  
Man, lotta y'all rappers better be quick to back down ugh  
Man, Finger Roll I'm 'bout to kill it man  
I'm about to kill this beat man  
Here we go, ugh, yeah  
You want it come get it, ugh, yo

Anybody that wants some gets some  
I am rap royalty and this is my kingdom  
Indiana, man the whole Midwest is mine  
I pack a vest and a nine so the rest is dyin'  
The rest is lyin', talkin' 'bout they street credibility  
I represent the hoods so the whole hood feelin' me  
And if they don't they paralyzed till death  
And if there's any left, I'mma terrorize the rest  
You dudes get ludicrous, act a fool  
Cross me and you get smoked like a pack of kools  
I'm real and I ain't got no deal  
But I'm the only all-star from Indiana like Jermaine O'Neal  
Man don't cross my squad  
You mess with' Finger Roll or Rod and you get found dead in your garage  
It's Freddie Gibbs the God, the Indiana playmaker  
Gettin' on with' lyrical left hooks and haymakers  
I borrow yo' ear like [?]  
But this year y'all cats gon' feel more Gibbs  
Gettin' straight to the source, you know what I mean?  
My guns double XL, I murder dog like the magazine  
And you can take it how ya wanna take it  
But I'm ready for hard labor like a chick when her water breakin'  
I'm unemployed so I'm bumpin' them raps  
I make my money on the block, buck punching a clock  
I'd rather punch you for ya watch, ya chain, ya wallet  
My flow is like Ashford and Simpson, rock solid  
I sold dope outta my dorm room in college  
I slung weight at Ball State, [?]  
I'm comin' off the top of my dome, I drop knowledge  
Plus I got them guns if you wanna get brolic  
My dudes got them bullets that be rippin' up vests  
Puttin' holes in yo' throwback Mitchell & Ness  
Freddie Gibbs is the illest, I be spittin' the best  
And I ain't got no competition cause I'm killin' the rest  
And I'mma keep spittin' flows 'till they put me to death  
Won't stop if the cops put me under arrest  
I'm white t-shirt Nike'n it, got green, lightin' it  
In the 'lac, bumpin' Jigga, hard knock life'n it  
You got som' to say, shut ya trap  
Homie wait until I finish my rap  
Okay I'm done, go 'head nigga

Ugh, yeah, dude go 'head  
Say whatchu gotta say now homie  
Yeah, it's No Tamin'  
Eh, ugh, Heavyweights  
Yeah, ugh, ugh, yeah  
Holla at my family man

Ugh, Lil Rod, Finger Roll, Seesaw, Smokey, E-Viscious, Reese  
Ugh, yeah No Tamin'  
Who'd ya state? Heavyweights ugh  
Ether, yeah  
Ugh, Big Sneets holla at ya boy  
D, Tay  
Ugh Indiana's in the, ugh, building  
Curly G I ain't forgot you dog  
Yeah, yeah  
Ugh, Freddie Gibbs  
Ugh, yeah  
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