

Status

Freddie Gibbs

You can only die once

Bitch, that-, bitch, that doorman been had weight (Yeah)
Make sure my fam ate (Slatt)
Still young cocaine, ain't shit changed since my last tape (Rah)
Still packin' on probation, motherfuck a police mandate (Yeah)
Nigga wanna vote, but I don't really fuck with nan' candidate (Nah)
A little birdie flew up in my hand today (Woo)
Motorola goin' HAM today (Uh)
Twenty-eights to a fifty-
six, two into splits, how many grams today?
Prices high, but nigga gotta pay
We ain't takin' no shorts, nigga (Nah)
Stamped the game with my own name, I don't promote or endorse n
iggas
Got a house on the golf course, nigga
All from wrappin' up that package (Yeah)
Solo with my strap, I ain't got my mans, then gotta have it (Ye
ah)
Then drove a new Denali with a thousand bricks from Dallas (Yea
h)
Manufactured drug infraction, police faction, know my status on
the throne, nigga (Yeah)
When you gettin' rich and your homies not, can't trust your own
niggas
But don't get too high and push 'em away 'cause then you alone,
nigga (Yeah)
The boss nigga keep his balance (Yeah)
This Frederico Soprano, mafioso be my status, gangster Gibbs

Guess who's back, motherfucker?

The prince of darkness

But in South Central, they just call me Andre

But look, you know

I can't always talk like that, I be tryin' to make it sound big
And, like, hella menacing 'cause I know niggas be scared

But it's your boy, man, it's the devil, man, look here

Gibbs, what's up, man? Like, you really been strayin' from the
program, my guy

I got you, my nigga

I got you, my nigga

I got you, my nigga