

Terrorist

Freddie Gibbs

Uhh, tales of the terrorist
Young, black, felonious, red-blooded American
Gave this bitch a taste of that lil' boy, she cherished it
Fucked her veins up, now she shoot her foot with the heroin
Twinkle toes, know single hoes that like to treat they nose
Sending muff pics, photos that got they treat exposed
I swear you oughta keep your daughter from this dirtbag
Dog nigga, scum of the Earth, for what it's worth
I been handling probation well
Smoking blunts, 36 months and I ain't seen the jail
Making music that makes a meal, fuck the recognition
But I guess my record just too reckless for the record business
Won't sell my soul to chase a check but I be checking niggas
Ether them in interviews
Industry put lames in the game like Duncan Pinderhughes
Think these niggas change they persona, then let you pick and c
hoose
Eenie-miney-mo, so don't try me ho; bitch, I been a fool
Psychopathic whoop-ass like Michael daddy
Everything that touch my skin brand name, my brand new Caddy
Got that pussy-wet paint as I sit on the softest leather
I ain't tripping, joe, my ticket to heaven could cost whatever
I just pray the Lord don't toss me with Satan off in the cheap
seats
Thought of dying broke with no legacy make my knees weak
Cause I proceed to make ends bleed, let it be grizzly
Getting green by any means out on these mean streets
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Felonious, red-blooded American