

# 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 choose  
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  
Uhh, tales of the terrorist  
Felonious, red-blooded American