

# The Coldest

Freddie Gibbs

Bitch I'm ten toes in it  
Not a fake a facade or a cloned image  
Got an eraption when ya'll jumped in the streets with  
my own spinach  
Tryin' to get straight up off this shit so that I can  
go on livin'  
No song spinnin' so I resort to this zone flippin'  
Something must wrong with em  
He takin' this shit for granted  
Try to ride up in the house with no lights  
You'll understand it  
I can't teach ya how to dougie  
But I can teach ya bout this thuggin'  
Keepin' it thourough, keep your mouth closed, nigga  
Keep it one-hundred  
Keep yo head up out my goddamn pocket and keep it  
pushin'  
Keep the reefer keep the white keep the sulfur just  
keep it cookin'  
But keep in mind that any given day you can die for  
this  
As I bag this dope I'm prayin' one day that I could  
just  
Make an honest piece of change  
Prolly change the way I live  
MJ, fadeaway  
I'm something niggas can't defend  
Gangster Gibbs, straight out the fridge, forty below  
No introduction needed cause niggas already know

You already know this  
But I'm the motherfuckin' coldest  
You sayin' that you did that, lived that  
But you ain't quite this, nigga  
Cause you already noticed  
But I'm the motherfuckin coldest  
I keep it really real  
Sayin' what the fuck I feel  
So let me talk my shit  
So what you talkin' bout, bitch?

Really ain't shit if you ain't talk bout this  
I'm runnin' raps around these rappers scratchin' em off  
my lists  
She off that rocker so it's hard for her to stay off my  
dick  
Tryin' get rich and let the dollars flow throughout my  
clique  
So we can break bread  
And never ever be broken  
Yak tosin, these ID bitches on my balcony, smokin  
We turns them out without a doubt they mouth about to  
be open  
She put her tongue on Valerie while I'm strokin'  
But I Jack Tripper  
I'm that nigga playin it simple  
Fresh out the G, the MTV, check her credentials

Hey been a nigga figure since the Jacksons left the  
city  
Reppin' the hardest niggas ain't know that we was  
rappin' in my city  
And regardless if I got supporter backin' from my city  
They'll remember me as the the nigga that got it  
crackin' for my city  
Nigga  
And on the mic I never have off nights  
Cause every line I write is straight frostbite, nigga

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I'm on fire  
To keep the streets hot, that's my desire  
And to hell with the labels  
Till it's time for us to sit down at the table  
If I don't focus on me  
Tell me, who will?  
And I speak from my heart  
So you know I'm a keep it real  
So much bullshit in the last six months tried to take  
my focus  
But on a lotta situations them people have to hocus  
pocus  
If anybody ever asks a dumb question like "Will BJ make  
it? "  
Give them a dollar and say "God bless you, cause you  
must be a basehead"

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[Outro]