

# The Real G Money

Freddie Gibbs

As these drugs alter my heartbeat  
Ain't been taking my medication, don't get me started, G  
Hustling, jacking, murder, and macking been such a part of me  
Such an evil seed, wonder what will my son or daughter be?  
Killers  
I'm too crazy, ain't fit to raise 'em  
Streets might send yo daddy off on vacation or early grave him  
Asked my pastor, is there some special place in heaven for gangsters?  
In the eighth grade I was selling eight-  
balls off that pager, put it on my nation  
I'm done living out my shoebox  
Crack rock cooking on two pots  
Came up in the school of the ski mask  
Where you quick to make a punk bitch move out  
I'm raised way deep on the east side  
Right next to the Dorie Miller projects  
GDs, Vice Lords on the same set  
Wear ya hat the wrong way, you get popped at  
And I got a hundred round drum on the AK  
Killed a nigga and his homeboy the same day  
Now I'm looking for the third motherfucker cause I burn motherfuckers in the  
rap game same way  
And the label never gave no fucks  
Tell 'em only thing that dropped was these nuts  
Thinking that I'm playing with niggas cuz I don't cater to niggas  
I just be taking from niggas and I be waiting for niggas to get

[Hook:]

Let's get it started  
Ho, we don't need no water, burn 'em  
Let's get it started  
Ho, we don't need no water, burn 'em  
Let's get it started  
Ho, we don't need no water  
Cause I woke up, lit my smoke up, cooked my dope up, and said fuck the world  
Woke up, lit my smoke up, and said fuck the world  
Woke up, cooked my dope up, and said fuck the world  
Woke up, lit my smoke up, and said fuck the world  
Woke up, cooked my dope up, and said fuck the world

If you gangsta and you know a nigga stacking bands  
Whether you knee-deep in them kilos or you sacking grams  
This life we live, man, it's so cutthroat make you clap your friends  
No ambulance, they just took their bodies in matching vans  
Please call the coroner, left some trash on my corner, bruh  
I was on tour for the summer, every bitch I fucked was a foreigner  
And your bitch was a bust it, met the whole click, fucked, and recorded her  
Got some top at the Marriot, dropped her off in the morning  
Girl, my morning cup of coffee is a double cup of syrup  
Don't take orders from no nigga, fuck your boss and fuck the world  
And I'm good in every hood, don't need no passes or referral  
Me and crack go way back like starter caps and jheri curls  
Whip it girl

[Bridge x2:]

From a G to a kilo  
To a mill from a motherfucking zero

4-5 when I look through the peephole  
Nigga, I'm the real G Money, no Nino

[Hook]