

Bomb (feat. Raekwon)

Freddie Gibbs

Slammin

Drugs got me wakin' up in cold sweats
Sometimes I'm slightly off my rocker, but I'm on deck
Got 2 and a baby off my bitches student loan check
She hit my line to get that girl, I call it phone sex
Robbing like my problems ain't gon catch up to me later
Bitch I'm mobbing like OG Bobby Johnson, split your potato
At the table, cooking, shaving and touching base with them basers
Bet they try to make a play for the yay' as soon as they taste it
The amazin' black American Gangster, sinister, corner her
Cuz seeing this nigga shine been annoying me like a muthafucka
This busta owe me, now he act like he don't know me
Forty fo' my closest homie, kill cockaroaches like Tony
Got Montana money
You bought 100 dipped in fluid, yo, I had to smoke it
Pupils dilated like silver dollars, now we loc'ing
Call it devilish how I do bitch
Fuck these niggas talking, I leave they thoughts on my shoestrings

What?

Rolling

Pockets all swollen

Set the record straight, that FNH is what I'm holding
A busta that we know got 15 'bows, bust it open
We came bandana'd up, divide it up, now what's the quotient?
A split with 4 niggas, since I'm a go getter
I think these suckers pussy, I'ma merk the whole litter
Told my girl to leave as soon as I hung up the phone with her
Man, I heard you rob the robbers, look Freddie a cold nigga
Got an ice maker for a heart, made nigga from the start
Life is like a movie, all I did was play my fuckin' part
Cheffing up the crack, the heroin, and the weed a la carte
I call it Fast Freddie's, I should own a fuckin' restaurant
Cuz back when I was 12 threw some bells on a scale and I got a pager
We broke them down and started selling nickels to the neighbors
Eventually the penitentiary gon' see me later
Kiss my momma, told her if I die, then it was part of nature

What?

28 days later we all getting fresh

Got the heart to die for something, flesh to flesh

The Lambo, got her outside, it's a stretch
My bitch half Mexican/Afghan, I'm blessed
From living tough times with rough lemons, a gorgeous watch
My team on a dreadful level, yo
Yeah, we still getting money right
Long as the sun come out, I'll hold these twenties tight
Getting fresh, just cooling, my bitch on my dick
Ba boom yo, you live with your moms, just get a grip
Clip in my pocket, my rocket
I think of the Dips, I need Juelz and Jims, with rough licks
Trips to Africa, shorty tear Saks up
I'm out in Bombay, rebels here actin' up
We real, all G, 7500 of us
Up in the Sprinter bus, fussin' "we need more heat"
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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