

National Anthem (F*ck the World)

Freddie Gibbs

Back when I was younger
Very ambitious but often blinded by my hunger
Some say I dream too big
And my dream gon' take me under
Beneath the streets of Gary
Would I make it out, I wonder
Could my obituary be the next they read amongst the
Niggas I came up with and fell victim to this dope game
Poverty stricken so our economy is cocaine
Ecstasy, heroin, marijuana ain't no hope man
Absentee fathers and dope fiend mamas
Got my hood turned out to the point that a nigga wanna go and get paid
Fuck sittin' on the bench I'mma go on
To the next lick til I'm goin' in my grave
Then I figured after that I could make a livin'
Off makin' words rhyme it was all in my mind
Everybody in the G went to Finger Roll studio
Nobody had a flow quite like mine
But along with the fame came a whole lot of
Hate from the hood, everyday I would fight
Mama can't sleep cause I'm way to deep in the streets
She would pray through the night
Every rhyme that I spit's real shit
Cause its just another day in my life
Niggas better keep a vest test to my testicles
They be vegetables, they gonna respect the flow 'til I'm gone
One for the money
Two for the motherfuckin' haters keep my name in the game
(I'm screamin' fuck the world)
I keep three bad bitches for all my niggas
Wave your fingers if you're feeling the same
(I'm screamin' fuck the world)
One for the money
Two for the motherfuckin' haters keep my name in the game
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Player haters fuck'em
Record label fuck'em
Radio fuck'em

All my shit still be bumpin'
Never change my style up for any of them
I'm strictly thuggin'
Lotta niggas made a name off banging
And hustling but really wasn't
I built my name with no features
Or some expensive budget
Go for mine cause a co-sign can't coincide with the shit I'm bustin
You see more fear and your pockets start to see a reduction
See how true your crew is, never new they was frontin'
And I bet a nigga told you, that whatever
You go through, we got your back 'til the end
When I came upon a deal, niggas that I never knew
I could blew, wanna come be my friends
Then the boy got dropped and the friendship stopped
In a flash I was back on my own
Put a strap on my lap and the stash in the back
Cause the fact I was wrappin them stones
Got back to the rap cause its all that
I got in the mid west streets be my voice
I dont think another dude could do what I do
So it seem like I ain't got no choice
Then the hoes gon' choose the dudes that come through
Get them groovin and get that shit moist
Niggas knowin, I be runnin them hoes, and never lovin them hoes
You be up under them hoes, I hit up buncha them hoes and im gone
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Wave your fingers if you're feeling the same
(I'm screamin' fuck the world) I'm GI thuggin', I'm Chi town thuggin'
I'm Detroit thuggin', one time fuck'em
I'm NY thuggin', I'm Illadelph thuggin'
I'm DC thuggin', one time fuckin'
I'm Englewood thuggin', I'm South Central thuggin'
I'm O-town thuggin', one time fuck'em
I'm ATL thuggin', I'm Memphis Tenn' thuggin'
I'm H-town thuggin', one time fuck'em
One for the money
Two for the motherfuckin' haters keep my name in the game

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Songwriters

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