

# Twos and Fews (feat. Young Jeezy)

## Freddie Gibbs

I do it for the  
Thug niggas and bitches off in my neighborhood  
Bout to hit that pop with that product, make sure ya paper good  
Statistics ain't in my favor, but I'mma make it through it  
Don't work no job, man a nigga can't even get insurance  
How you supposed to take ya babies on a doctor visit?  
These conditions validate my excuse for this type of living  
Gotta watch these cops cause I'm pushing poison like Michael Bivins  
Running in your spot where you have them chickens is my religion  
The Stick Up Man, so cut me in or cut it out, bitch  
Quick to walk my dog up to your doorstep if you doubt this  
Bury me with Swishers and at least an ounce to bounce with  
Corporate Thuggin Mafia, you bout that life, or you ain't bout shit  
Picture me rolling that brand new Ferrari California  
And the sex was great, fuck a second date, it was nice to know ya  
A bougie bitch that can't take the smoke, she ain't like the odor  
Fresh off the dopehouse with geekers tweaking off my aroma  
Fuck your artists, pistol charges, man I got like two of those  
Better know when it come to them choppers, got quite a few of those, nigga  
A few of those get me right for the  
nighttime  
Getting gone til I see the sunlight shine  
Yo pick to stay with a pack of bitches, that's super cold  
That OG kush and them platinum cookies, I'm stupid blown  
So whatcha need out the trunk, cause I got like two of those  
And when it comes to them choppers, got quite a few of those  
Nigga I said I'm fresh off my flight, nigga, New York City  
Had the tool in the club like I'm Shyne and Diddy  
Said this shit can get ugly like Craig Mack  
And my niggas in ya crib asking where that bread at?  
Club, that means a few bottles, a few shots mayne  
Live and die in LV, 2pac mayne  
Thought they had me boxed in, boxed in the corner  
I guess they didn't know my momma had me on the corner?  
All I know is crack rock, crack spots, nigga, crack pots  
They say hit the dealership and buy the whole lot  
See I'm irresponsible, I lost the whole top  
And this shit I'm smoking on, it cost a whole lot  
Give my niggas 20 grand, shoot up your whole block  
Catch ya slipping on the porch, knock off ya whole top

It's the world motherfucker, next the universe  
Counting paper hurt my hand, I need a fuckin nurse  
It's Young Jizzle motherfucker, I get it how I live  
You pussy niggas getting love, there go Gangsta Gibbs A few of those get me right for the nighttime  
Getting gone til I see the sunlight shine  
Yo pick to stay with a pack of bitches, that's super cold  
That OG kush and them platinum cookies, I'm stupid blown  
So whatcha need out the trunk, cause I got like two of those  
And when it comes to them choppers, got quite a few of those  
Nigga

Songwriters  
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