Str8 Slammin' (feat. Juicy J)

Freddie Gibbs

Can you picture a nigga out here clocking cash and
Pulling stick ups, I guess I had to Glock and mask it
Nine zippers, let's bust that open, cut and bag it
Water whipper, I'm in the kitchen Str8 Slammin'
Thug niggas, and drug dealers, that's all I hang with
Puffing Swishers, and fucking hoes, we on the same shit
In the kitchen, gon' whip my weight up to a mansion
Eight figures, that's what I call Str8 SlamminG.I. thuggin
Yes picture this Midwest nigga rollin'
Hardrock hustling
Bitches stick to the dick cuz you know a nigga holding
Living on some pimp shit
I'mma let y'all chase hoes, I'mma get chosen
Keep a bitch dick whipped
Got a whole lotta broads that'll bust that open
Fresh up off a straight dope stain
I know my clothes still smell like cocaine
The real niggas understand
I ain't trying to be the man
If you put it in my hands, it'll go mayne
I keep a whole thing or better pushed to the side
Got like 32 bells of bubba kush in the ride
If you wanna get high, all drugs I provide
Getting my thug on where I preside
Nigga been bust at, still I survive
Push packs and I live to tell it in my raps
Lost a couple homies, I can never get em back
Life got me stressed, so I'm twisting up a sack
I'm street certified, nigga -- check my stats
Back up to the wall cause I'm coming up to bat
And these little niggas said they got racks on racks
So the stick up man had to put the tax on the tax
Got damnCan you picture a nigga out here clocking cash and
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Eight figures, that's what I call Str8 SlamminFuck what I'm worth
Still out here on the grind
Trying to stack racks
Racks on racks, never caught slipping
Nigga get wrong, it's a toe tag
Fucks with the hood
Still eat good
Hanging with the killers with the black masks
They will kidnap your wife and kids
You niggas don't want that
Do what we gotta do to make it
Hope them jackers won't take it
If a nigga violate me I heard my young nigga's gon erase em
I don't fight over no bitches but I kill for bread
And I don't hang out with no niggas that sleep with Feds
Ride down on your block with that chopper, let that bitch go
If you try to open shop up, that shit closed
Money and the power
What we hustle for?
We already run ya house, ain't no kicking doors

Songwriters
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