Robes

Freddie Gibbs

They often see what we can't see
Wearing a smile
You never ever find a frown...You ain't shit if you ain't ever struggled
You gotta put in hard work before you flex your muscles
I see where niggas fall off tryna perfect the puzzle
You ain't gotta like my work shit, respect my hustle
I was a solid hearted mind before I had to grind, my swagger fine
I never had to pack my lines with plastic rhymes
Diamond in the rough, give it time, you'll find your light and shine
This little light of mine, these are our highest times
My third eye divine, I see my skies aligned
I feel like one with the moon but that's some other shit
I stopped caring how people see me and I'm loving it
But no desire for your input, I does my shit
Say what you want but know my ignorance is fucking bliss
Pardon the scents
Checking press releases off the beeper like a pimp
Smanging lever off the strength, threw his demons off the cliff
The scenic route below, tires screaming in the mist
And like the key open the door I twist
The weed I bought because I don't know how to cope with shit
Be easy I could three hit 'em right where his shoulder sit
Maneuver throught the swamp like a four-wheeler
Hitting it quickly after a coarse greeting
Leave like the father I never had or a low Caesar
The son he had but ain't never wanted like cold pizza
Skull and bones out the same closet I grow reefer
The team eatin', cold-hearted, spit feces
Fuck every rapper and his entourage
Fuck up the stage and blow dodi smoke on his bodyguards
Nothin' but Cutlasses, Cadillac coupes in my garage
Make foreign bread, get some morning head on the Autobahn
Faces, smiling faces, they keep me motivated
And I got plenty fans but I ain't shit without my haters
Know this pussy A&R that threw some bullshit cross the table
Then next year I still be rappin' and he be fired from his label
Damn, bitch, I'm in the mob, I always got a job
Breakin' down the Keisha gettin' Brandon Marshall for the quad
Brett Favre for the zone, five bands for the whole

Wrist piece solid gold, neck piece arctic froze
Give you the smarts and the parts and also regarding hoes
He chase a bitch but I was chose
I only think of you, on two occasions
That's when I'm drunk and when I'm blazin' up
My Filipino bitch she fly me to LA to fuck
I weigh my options, I'd rather be cookin' cuttin' and weighin' up
Bitch, it's Gibbs!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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