

# Gambino (Freestyle)

## Lil Bibby

I don't know what the fuck these pussy ass niggas talking 'bout  
As soon as I got that muthafucking check, I went and bought me 20 guns

Nigga I don't bullshit...

I'm not worried bout a muthafucka, not worried bout a soul

If a nigga lookin' for me, he know how to find me

I'm riding... I'm riding around North 10th

I just want to make sure I go out like Tony

I want to go out like Tony Montana

Look...

They calling me Bibby Gambino

Trap out the corner like Nino (Trap out the corner)

These rappers be stealing the lingo (For forty I'll get you a kilo)

I heard that you work with the people

I don't want to meet you my verses are lethal

I'm riding with birds in the regal that eagle

You gon' need a hearse when I see you

Like Trae tha Truth, bitch I'mma asshole

All you fuck niggas Donnie Brasco

I get mad tho, drop the cash flow

Let the Mac go, keep 'em masked tho

And most of these niggas is phony

They pussy I call 'em jabroni

My lil baby choppa is on me, I pray that I go out like I'm Tony

I pray that I end up like I'm Diddy

Young nigga got keys to the city

Riding around town with the fifty

Ready to die bitch I'm Biggie

'Bout to go cop me a Bentley, hollow tips all up in the semi

Ay who that is riding in that new Benz right there

It's that fuck nigga Bibby

That be the fuck niggas hatin'

Hate to see young niggas make it

Them games my niggas don't play it

Threaten my life Imma spray it

Going for the home run fuck a base hit

Where the cash at, I'm young and impatient

Niggas hate I'mma stunt in they faces

Run the check up and throw it to they faces

And we use to stash some guns in the basement

Young nigga sell jugs out the vacant  
Lil Chris in the cut, he gon' blaze 'em  
Pussy nigga try to run we gon' chase him  
Dope spot had the whole east baking  
Free G Gill out the feds he face it  
25 years cause the police racist  
For bucks who up you know he'll take it  
No limit ass nigga, and I'm grinding  
Young nigga got the city all behind me  
All these rappin' ass niggas try'na sign me  
In the hood with the killers where you'll find me  
I am not a rapper, I am just a trapper  
You are just an actor, you are not a factor  
If a bitch try'na set me up I'mma wack her  
Pop wasn't around, I'm a young fresh bastard (Aye)  
Hurry up and kill me, fuck you nigga...  
Na-na-nah, "Hurry Up And Kill Me" is an album  
"Hurry Up And Kill Me" is an album  
Aye...  
Aye...  
Aye, Aye

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>