

Careless

Freddie Gibbs

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeahYeah, gold crown, top down as I cruise with a bad ho
Yeah, I-9, from Chicago
I got the weed and the pussy, but the money on my mind though
I got a line on the flat pack
A hundred thangs on the scale, motherfucker, can you buy that?
She pop the pussy and rewind that
And suck a dick as I get twisted and listen to Do or Die rap
Freddie Kane, young Corleone
I been off the band wit' the bowls of the strong
Nigga gettin' paid from the shit that I record
Here, My Lord, wit' the pack when a nigga came home
Told my nigga we be smokin' and chokin', rollin', it's all the same
Druggin' and still thuggin', it's all a game
Real nigga 'bout to cash out
I need my rims on my cars when I pull them bitches off the lot
Fuck the cops, cop the drop
And these hoes be on my jock for my high
Cops out watchin', but this pimpin' never stop
Ta-da-da, what you totin'?
And this paper turn 'em out
What she know? Ain't no doubtThank God I got a lot, I got a lot, I got a lot
And these hoes, I got a lot, I got a lot, I got a lot
These hoes, I got a lot, I got a lot, I got a lot
And she know I got a lot, I got a lot, I got a lot
Thank God I got aAnd I don't mean to be so careless, baby, eh
One thing on my mind, it's the way I came up
So don't catch no feelings
Girl, you playin' wit' the motherfuckin' realest
I'm a tell you that one more timeI got a lot, I got a lot, I got a lot
And these hoes, I got a lot, got a lot, got a lot
These hoes, I got a lot, I got a lot, I got a lot
And she know I got a lot, I got a lot, I got a lot
Thank God I got aYeah, gold crown, top down as I cruise with a bad ho
Yeah, I-5, on the West Coast
And I done been around the world
But in Cali, they roll the best dope
Bitches and palm trees, I'm on when I came here
'Hood was up north, I pushed to the yay then
Shout-out my niggas, I got a ton when the weight in

Feed my thugs, I'm pullin' dubs in the state pen
Fuckin' with Federico Soprano
Niggas actin' monkey, my clip, I got a banana
Rollin' with guerillas, these niggas don't want no banter
I just might go flippin', go back and forth with them hammers
Nigga, we be smokin' and chokin', rollin', it's all the same
Druggin' and still thuggin', it's all a game
Full clip on the K thing
I got a shotty in the motherfuckin' trunk, nigga, don't get popped
Fuck the cops, bodies drop
And these feds be on my block, roundabout, stop and watch
But this thuggin' never stop
Get that rock, what you thought?
And these haters talk a lot, ain't gon' pop a hundred shots
Thank God I got a lot, I got a lot, I got a lot
And you know I got a lot, I got a lot, I got a lot
And these hoes, I got a lot, I got a lot, I got a lot
These hoes, I got a lot, I got a lot, I got a lot
Thank God I got a lot
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