

Anything to Survive (feat. Freeway & Adrian)

Freddie Gibbs

I was gone before he hit the ground
Saw his body shiver and get spinned around
He might be out for the count, them hollow tips pinned him down
Now I ain't slept in two weeks, I'm up like
I'm tweaking
Serving geekers, man it's hard to get paper up when you beefing
Niggas know my face
Niggas know my name, where I stay at
Is they gonna bitch up or is they gonna be patient and get they payback?
Fuck a sitting duck, we just gonna clip up and go where they stay at
Add the pressure til them hoes get the message, I'm gon' relay that
I got five thousand, a couple ounces and plenty burners, bruh
TV and a microwave for my dro, fuck the furniture
And my homie sister a geeker, should I be serving her?
It's like we feed each other's addictions
I'm out here earning a living off of killing my own
Flipping, pitching them stones
Niggas gonna listen cause I'm living this shit in my songs
If I should die before I wake
Just know some busters ran up in my spot and shot me in my face
Cause I'm a motherfucking gangster
And I move through the day, carry on through the night
What I do to get paid? Anything to get by
And I move through the day, carry on through the night
What I do to get paid? Anything to survive
Young, black, violent, Islamic, that's how they painted me
Forgot seasoned and polished, plenty knowledge from scholars
Globe trotter, I be in the ZaZa in Dallas
Doing my daily routine with a queen from Hollis
Know that I came from the bottom here, for the challenge
Not trying to cause mileage, try to maintain the balance
But it's kinda hard when
Niggas that swore to be made men just can't maintain they silence
Central minds under storm, make it rain violent
Sodom and Gomorrah style, hurricane island
Hit em with the 4-5, if it get homicide, matter fact suicide
Wonder if his crew will ride?
Who am I?
It's the one and only bitter Wyatt Earp, acquire work, I do oblige
Get the work to you asap, through the dodge
These other niggas telling fairytales, but we them guys
Yeah
And I move through the day, carry on through the night

What I do to get paid? Anything to get by
And I move through the day, carry on through the night
What I do to get paid? Anything to survive
High rollers send the yola down to Minnesota
Money is the motive, niggas know I go scrotum
Getting cabbage is a habit
If we establish any suckas ain't cut from my fabric
You can clearly see I'm messing with another stylist
We the best and we ain't never met DJ Khaled
Certified head bussa, so above your average
They comin from Texas, I'm balling like a Dallas Maverick
If you ever middleman me cause I'm shopping through ya
Money on your head is how I send ya profits to ya
If ya snitching, then I gotta send them choppas to ya
Fuck a witness, hit the shooters on the prosecutor
I'm talking digits, seven large on my debit card
Never been a thief, pussies fuck with credit fraud
My heart's colder than a popsicle
Give you more shots than a hospital
Cause I'm a motherfucking gangsta
And I move through the day, carry on through the night
What I do to get paid? Anything to get by
And I move through the day, carry on through the night
What I do to get paid? Anything to survive

Songwriters

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