

# Rob Me A Nigga (Feat. Big K.R.I.T. & Alley Boy)

## Freddie Gibbs

Rob me a nigga  
Rob me a, rob me a nigga  
Cause the bills too high, this nigga right here too fly  
And right now I just might rob me a nigga The liquor got me lurking and looking for a lame nigga  
To set up for my next lick  
In the Chevy, about to roll up the stress, with a Tec  
And what he got on his neck, got him a death wish  
It's kinda funny cause he used to be my nigga tho  
We was breaking bread, flipping bricks like a year ago  
Shit can get into a nigga's head when his digits low  
Make you wanna send one of your friends to his funeral  
Maybe me and him was never friends in the first place  
Don't mean a thing cause we share the same birthplace  
Same city, same hood, but we down to kill each other for a dollar  
Cause we want it in the worst way  
Money talk and bullshit gon walk a marathon  
And I ain't scared of getting killed cause I'm getting mine  
And if they ever try to raid, I'mma hit the fuckin pigs with the K's  
I ain't tryna do a lick of time  
Spend all my last money, the bills too high  
His jewelry, his whip game, the wheels too fly  
I'm thinking about murder every time we cruise by  
Heard he got like 84 elbows of blue fire  
In the basement, muthafuckas still think basic  
Thinkin' I'mma show up and erase 'em, but I ain't gonna chase 'em  
I'mma be up in his crib waiting  
"Bitch where the cash? I can taste it"  
Put em on their faces: what you know about kidnapping  
And holding a nigga's whole family for ransom?  
When your stomach empty it's easy to understand it  
Got me out here taking them penitentiary chances  
"Born in this world of tears, will die laughing"  
Put that on the headpiece right above my casket  
Still in the game, my batteries still lastin  
Bout to put some gas up in my Caprice Classic, and...Rob me a nigga  
Rob me a, rob me a nigga  
Bills too high, this nigga right here too fly  
Right now I just might rob me a nigga As I look at the charm, thinking of a strong arm  
Seen his watch as he reachin for his car alarm

Bet this hundred round drum pussy nigga thinkin twice  
Fore he try to run, shots spit, and the cops come  
All they seen was my golds and a black mask  
Throw the car round the corner, tinted up with no tags  
All these niggas wanna flash, Ima put it to they ass  
With the K out, ask a nigga, "Where da sack at?"  
Give it here, you wanna die for that rolex?  
You can either get your life or that watch back  
Ima shoot you point blank, I'm just hoping you think  
You can take it as a loss, you can get it back  
Nigga, buck and get shot, that's the street code  
I'm leave you there, do you, that's how the shit go  
Just another episode, A-K explode  
In his head, left a smoke hole  
Be a shamed if you died over fake shit  
But that's a lesson, if you out here on some fake shit  
Come and robbin everyday, know the young nigga hungry  
They be murkin for a quarter brick  
Know they kill a whole fam for the whole thang  
All the shooters up in Gary on the same thang  
All the little homies strapped, so they look plain  
Gun shots rang out, nigga, see flames  
We be takin so much, now the shit fun  
We be lookin for your shit fore your shit come  
Forty eight hours, nigga round my way  
Everyday nigga lookin like a sitcom  
In this game of lose or draw nigga  
You can be the one that get robbed  
Or be the one to rob a nigga  
But we all gotta eat, so we get no sleep  
We gon wait it out and kill a nigga

Songwriters

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