

# Insecurities

## Freddie Gibbs

Tell the streets I've been down for a minute  
Chop it up and let my real niggas finish  
Had the kitchen or the stove, pockets on swole  
Choppin' up them O's, I was gettin' it on the road  
I was ready for whatever man  
I remember I was sellin' things  
I let it go, I let it go  
Said I was ready for whatever man  
With some niggas, they don't ever change  
I let it go, I let it go Yeah, Cadillacs, Impalas, nigga we ride Vogues  
This for you pussy ass niggas and you weak ass hoes  
I candy coat it, triple dip it, nigga, three times gold  
Dip through in traffic, smoking dope, like I don't see 5-0  
License to spend it, I was livin' ignorant  
Careful blocking, pop some shots just to impress my niggas  
Insecure about my looks, wouldn't pop it with the bitches  
Rob and stole for diamond jewels, I thought I needed attention  
Why I was starvin' for attention? All she wanted is my attention  
All I wanna do is smoke and fuck her  
Thug it out and keep shit undercover  
Told myself that I would never love her  
But I cuss her out, blow up her phone  
Get mad if another nigga touch her  
Insecure and in my motherfuckin' feelin's  
Thought that I was chasin' money, I was chasin' bitches  
But when the Lord gave me my daughter  
Helped me paint the picture  
Man all the shit I did, I'm blessed the streets ain't take a nigga  
Nigga I stay Ready for whatever man  
And some niggas, they don't ever change  
I let it go, I let it go  
And I remember I was sellin' things  
I was ready for whatever man  
I let it go, I let it go Bentleys and Beamers, Impalas, Caprices  
I scope up Diego, my nigga, we beepin'  
My day run, we gang bang, we run off, we throw weight  
I murder for my dogs, we eat off the same plate  
We masked up, all my niggas masked up  
Did a show in Brooklyn, niggas tried to get me blast up

Thought you was my nigga, hate to see me get my cash up  
Then some niggas hit me, hollows almost tore my ass up

Your shooters was some actors

Actin' ass niggas

Scared to squeeze the trigger, some amateur ass niggas  
Used to hit the road and get stacks of them cash with them

Only time I let me know when you were stabbed in the back nigga I remember we was sellin' things

Came to you, I'd do whatever man

I let it go, I let it go

I was ready for whatever man

I remember I was sellin' things

I let it go, I let it go

And I was ready for whatever man

With some niggas, they don't ever change

I let it go, I let it go, yeah Yeah, yeah, yeah

Cadillacs, Impalas, nigga, we ride Vogues

Fuck you pussy ass niggas and you weak ass hoes

I candy coat it, triple dip it, nigga, three times gold

Dip through in traffic, smoking dope, like I don't see 5-0

License to spend it, I was livin' ignorant

Careful blocking, pop some shots just to impress my niggas

Insecure about my looks, wouldn't pop it with the bitches

Rob and stole for diamond jewels, I thought I needed attention

Why I was starvin' for attention? All she wanted is my attention

Fuck you bitches

All my daughter want is my attention

All she want is my attention, yeah

So why am I starvin' for attention?

All she want is my attention, hmm

Starvin' for attention

My daughter wants my attention

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