

# Menace II Society (feat. Dom Kennedy & Polyester)

## Freddie Gibbs

Slammin'

Freddie pull up in some '84 shit

Wrote this flow while smoking on dope, so call me the dopest  
Crush these niggas feelings, then come right back in some mo shit  
Different colors diamonds, I'm about to stunt on my old bitch  
And slide out...

Black Macs and Cadillacs when we ride out  
Man these bitches gon' stay attached when I slide out  
We relax and take 'em back to my hideout  
Big stacks, give me the racks when I ride out  
Black Macs and Cadillacs when we ride out  
Man these bitches gon' stay attached when I slide out  
We relax and take 'em back to my hideout  
Big stacks, give me the racks when I ride out  
East Gary Indiana, bitch I'm puttin on  
Get my weed out on the west cause that's my second home  
Before you try to check a nigga, check out who you checkin on  
Robbing on my resume, bitch I'm invading homes  
Niggas call me Freddie Forgiato, I'm on low pros  
Can't be sleepin on these streets, bitch it's no doze  
Shouts out to the gang bangers, cain slingers flippin o's  
Piru's, Hoover's, 8-tre's and 6-O's

Ride out

Plenty bitches got em undressin in my hideout  
Bet she wishing I got her pregnant once I slide out  
All my bitches is perfect 10s, nigga dime'd out  
Keep it goin until her baby daddy find out  
Keep a weapon, I'm never stressin  
Shout out to G Malone, Jay Rock and 211  
The peoples say my potna's is killers, menaces, dope dealers  
Gangsta Gibbs, just a neighborhood thug nigga  
Ride out  
Black macs and cadillacs when we ride out  
Man these bitches gon' stay attached when I slide out  
We relax and take em back to my hideout  
Big stacks, give me the racks when I ride out  
(How about you and I  
Hit the sky  
Let's take a ride  
Come on let's go)

Big stacks, give me the racks when I ride out  
Gold D's and purple trees, let me fire up  
Red Bull and Grey Goose til we wired up  
She tell me she wanna see me, but I'm tied up  
Shit I got a personal driver, put ya ride up  
Yeah, a nigga shooting them dice, put ya five up  
Say what we doin tonight, make ya mind up  
Look I got this lil Cristal  
To get you out of them drawers  
I'mma keep it raw  
After I do hit, I'm probably never'll call on some rap shit  
Yeah I used to work at the mall on some black shit  
Selling these hoes clothes, I'm a mack bitch  
Can't you tell in my flows?  
Gold rings on, Chanel Platinum all in her nose  
That's my theme song  
And you can't play the homies cause the team's strong  
Girl we can't do nothin with them jeans on, on  
So let them legs slide out  
Ride out  
Black macs and cadillacs when we ride out  
Man these bitches gon' stay attached when I slide out  
We relax and take em back to my hideout  
Big stacks, give me the racks when I ride out  
(How about you and I  
Hit the sky  
Let's take a ride  
Come on let's go)  
Big stacks, give me the racks when I ride out

Songwriters

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