

Keep It Gangsta (Prod By The Worlds Freshest)

Freddie Gibbs

(The Worlds Freshest you bitch)Uh, yeah, fa sho
Uh, yeah, uhUh, uhh, yeah
I hit ya bitch with my Nikes on
Take off my jewellery and beat it up with the lights on
Say Gibbs getting sloppy on the bay bridge
By a Phillipino part Jamaican bitch
Headed to the trap house
Looking for that pack now
See me in the trenches even though my shows packed out
Nigga made a living off this gangsta shit i rap bout
Motherfuck every single police and what they ask bout
Shoutout to my niggas in the FED
The county to state
My niggas said when i come home Fred i'm gon buy me some weight
Sit at the table with the mob i bet i have me a plate
Just keep it gangsta mane and then we'll be straight
It's real shit baby, uh, yeahJust keep it gangsta mane and i'mma be straight
It's real shit baby, uh, yeahYeah, uhh
I need another pack of that
Make em run it for a hunnid, is you backin that
Know every ?? cause his old lady i was ?? that
It's Makaveli status, I just smashed it you can have it
It ain't no cabbage for a ratchet bitch that asks
Automatic, blow it back out in her ??
I can backseat Cadillac it, yeah
Pussy stamps on my passport
Foreign and naked man
What more could a nigga ask for, my god
If she don't gotta speaka no english
I gotta million different ways that i can get in between it
They say them ghetto motherfuckers like to love it and leave it
Bitches on top of bitches, you should have seen it
Better believe it, bitchJust keep it gangsta mane and i'mma be straight
It's real shit baby, uh, yeah

Songwriters

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