

# Str8 Slammin' (Feat. Juicy J)

## Freddie Gibbs

Can you picture a nigga out here clocking cash and  
Pulling stick ups, I guess I had to Glock and mask it  
Nine zippers, let's bust that open, cut and bag it  
Water whipper, I'm in the kitchen Str8 Slammin'  
Thug niggas, and drug dealers, that's all I hang with  
Puffing Swishers, and fucking hoes, we on the same shit  
In the kitchen, gon' whip my weight up to a mansion  
Eight figures, that's what I call Str8 SlamminG.I. thuggin  
Yes picture this Midwest nigga rollin'  
Hardrock hustling  
Bitches stick to the dick cuz you know a nigga holding  
Living on some pimp shit  
I'mma let y'all chase hoes, I'mma get chosen  
Keep a bitch dick whipped  
Got a whole lotta broads that'll bust that open  
Fresh up off a straight dope stain  
I know my clothes still smell like cocaine  
The real niggas understand  
I ain't trying to be the man  
If you put it in my hands, it'll go mayne  
I keep a whole thing or better pushed to the side  
Got like 32 bells of bubba kush in the ride  
If you wanna get high, all drugs I provide  
Getting my thug on where I preside  
Nigga been bust at, still I survive  
Push packs and I live to tell it in my raps  
Lost a couple homies, I can never get em back  
Life got me stressed, so I'm twisting up a sack  
I'm street certified, nigga -- check my stats  
Back up to the wall cause I'm coming up to bat  
And these little niggas said they got racks on racks  
So the stick up man had to put the tax on the tax  
Got damnCan you picture a nigga out here clocking cash and  
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Eight figures, that's what I call Str8 SlamminFuck what I'm worth

Still out here on the grind

Trying to stack racks

Racks on racks, never caught slipping

Nigga get wrong, it's a toe tag

Fucks with the hood

Still eat good

Hanging with the killers with the black masks

They will kidnap your wife and kids

You niggas don't want that

Do what we gotta do to make it

Hope them jackers won't take it

If a nigga violate me I heard my young nigga's gon erase em

I don't fight over no bitches but I kill for bread

And I don't hang out with no niggas that sleep with Feds

Ride down on your block with that chopper, let that bitch go

If you try to open shop up, that shit closed

Money and the power

What we hustle for?

We already run ya house, ain't no kicking doors

Songwriters

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