

G Like Dat (Prod By Mr. Tower)

Freddie Gibbs

(Oakland do you wanna ride?)
Oakland, uh, uh (I can't hear ya, Oakland, do you want to ride tonight?)
Yeah, nigga, yeah, yeah, yeah Why it gotta be like dat?
Check it, why it gotta be like dat?
Yo nigga, why you gotta be like dat?
I'm just a motherfucking G like dat, bitch! Hey yo, rollin', pockets all swollen
I got two bitches with me blowin' that Billy Ocean
Oakland Athletics to the left and I'm left coastin'
Pushing a Lexus now I'm in a GS smokin'
Mobbing like a motherfucker, dark to the daytime
Take a bullet 'fore I let a nigga take mine
Sunday night, we 'bout to take it to the State line
You and the baby and a three-eighty in my '89
[?] got me on 9-5 Northbound
Affiliated with the mob figures in the town
Buy a hundred from the hundred put a hundred down
Back when me and Cali Pug(?), we was running pounds
Dope-B's twitching, I feel my fingers itching for cash
These niggas thinking cause I'm rapping I won't put on the mask
Uh, murk 'em up and put my foot on the gas
Gon' die a young 'un cause I'm movin' too fast
And yo it be like dat Nigga, why it gotta be like dat?
A nigga gon' be smoking tree like dat
I told you niggas I would be right back
'Cause I'm a motherfucking G like dat, hey
Nigga, why it gotta be like dat?
They doing niggas in the street like dat
I told you niggas I would be right back
'Cause I'm a motherfucking G like dat, hey, hey I got a four-five in my jeans when I'm on the scene
Don't fuck with the nigga F.G. yeah, yeah, yeah (Eastside nigga)
Four-five in my jeans when I'm on the scene
Don't fuck with the nigga F.G. yeah, yeah, yeah (Fuck y'all niggas) Fuck y'all niggas
I'm 'bout to ash out and dust-to-dust y'all niggas
And really I could cash out and touch y'all niggas
Pay ya cheques on your forehead
Niggas hurtin', down to murder for some more bread
Chopping up the coco with my Cholo
He 'bout to drop a bundle told him I could move it dolo
I'm smokin on this dodo, 'bout to gas on these motherfucking robos

Like Latifah told G-Cube(?) you're loco
I guess I got to choose now
Versace logo on my motherfucking boots now
I mean my sneakers got the freaks in the coupe now
Keep it truest, that's how I do it
About to pull up a sucker through it
Because I guess I got to choose now
Versace logos on my motherfucking boots now
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'Cause I'm a motherfucking G like dat, hey, heyFuck y'all niggas

Songwriters

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