

Extradite (feat. Black Thought)

Freddie Gibbs

Took his order then I served him a quarter like five nickels
Man, I'll stay on point like icicle
Niggas can't decode, or figure my rhyme riddles
Took my money to the source and said fuck the man in the middle
Talkin' hard, soft, heroin, green, that's what we had boy
Erica was the bag lady, I was the bag boy
Option was that minimum wage, live in a cage
Buildin' a prison everyday, man they cultivatin' these slaves
In this new age
Dude's wage is fugaze
I'm the whole gallon and half pint like school days
I been killin' 'em since Kool Moe Dee, Ra, Cool, Face
Zero dollars zero tolerance, lettin' that tool bang nigga Yeah, nigga
And if the devil die today, I'mma treat it like it's a holiday
Bout the Michael Jackson, beat it, I mean it, I got a powder day
And nothin' funny, but I play with the money like it's Monopoly
And if the devil die today, I'mma treat it like it's a holiday I used to lay in bed starin' at the ceilin' fan
Feelin' cramps, wishin' I could get a killer gram
Tryna understand why I wanna kill a man
With high hopes like rubber tree, plants, and ants
We cheat death with each breath
The only one who make it last forever is Keith Sweat
You ever see a body lyin' dead in the streets yet
Then eat breakfast?
Swallow forced beliefs like police justice
If my city is like yours then cereal scratch
Fingerprints is wiped off
If people seem to always have somethin' to fight for
But still end up in the state pen or the psych ward
It's lights off
They catch so many casualties it's like war
That's the reason I don't believe in the hype y'all
The devil talkin' bout he wanna extradite y'all
Now I'm the nigga they shinin' the search light for Yeah, nigga
And if the devil die today, I'mma treat it like it's a holiday
Bout the Michael Jackson, beat it, I mean it, I got a powder day
And nothin' funny, but I play with the money like it's Monopoly
And if the devil die today, I'mma treat it like it's a holiday Here we come now, here we come now
Yeah, freestyle nigga Homie showed me a 9 milli and 9 nickel

Man, I'll stay on point like icicle
Say you got that yola, your fishscale lookin' fickle
They like Jordans out of the gas station, they ain't official
I got thousand dollar jeans on my ass cheek
Cousin got her lights and her gas cut last week
How that make me look if I don't help her get up on her feet?
She keep a different nigga, now she end up pregnant every week
I pray you take these devils out our life, lord
That's our vice, lord
Baby momma's come with the drama, made her my wife lord
Lord know I'm goin' hope you see I'm trying to do right, lord
Shake 'em up and blowin' the dice
I pray the price, lord Yeah, nigga
And if the devil die today, I'mma treat it like it's a holiday
Bout the Michael Jackson, beat it, I mean it, I got a powder day
And nothin' funny, but I play with the money like it's Monopoly
And if the devil die today, I'mma treat it like it's a holiday Yo, my memoirs are like the Anarchist's Cookbook
Meets the time, fall, spring, summer look book
Some people wanna see me hanging from a good hook
Instead I hang with a language and slang in the anguish
And pain fit as well, cause it came with us
After all these years carrying this shame with us
Now the entire planet is going insane with us
Seven year old kids carrying flame spitters
Fortified fences, mortify senses
Crossfire miss my little daughter by inches
Chemical dependence, medical expenses
But no amount of money on earth can buy vengeance
Writing a life sentence, sirens fire engines
Tyrants seen through the eyes of the wide lenses
Senseless crimes, cause some of us want to drive Benzes
But are you tryna ride with us, or against us?

Songwriters

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