187 Proof

Freddie Gibbs

I grew up wishing my life would be like the Cosbys
I go that extra mile to escape this ghetto monotony
See how this vicious cycle could fuck wit you psychologically
You best cooperate with the state or become they property
Bitch my name be ringing bells from the street to the jailhouse
And it ain't no transaction unless I came wit my scale out
Roll in yo college, I just might fuck up and fail out
Fucking bitch after bitch, stacking my chips, all I care bout
Fuck a GPA, bitch I need a CPA, come and count it up
Thousand thugs be always tryna catch him in a crowd around the bus
Guess it's bout to go down, if you down to fuck, then you down wit us
I know hoes that won't smoke, but stay sloppy drunk and get powdered up
This Corporate Thug World, they like you but they love the realest
Straight Gary gangsta shit, didn't come up off no fucking gimmicks, bitch
2Pac ain't back cuz he got set up and shot in the chest
Biggie ain't either, so won't y'all gon let them niggas rest?I'm 187 proof, streets or the fucking booth
I'm hard to kill like Steven Seagal wit yo fucking troops
Yo choppas ain't chopping shit if yo niggas ain't down to shoot
And I'm ready to R.I.P. any nigga that y'all recruit
Cuz I'm 187 proof, streets or the fucking booth
I speak a foreign language, I think y'all call that the truth
It's Gibbs, bitchA walking 187, 187 crazy
Sick like Moammar Gadhafi, straight 187 babies
I reach for that reefer stench and my shit knocking Brotha Lynch
So lock me in correctional, but you can't fix me or fucking see me
You know who you fucking with? A nigga who got shit to lose
I got niggas that rob you and rape yo bitch if they in the mood
Check my record, I been a fool, semi autos all in my locker
Flow stupid like I rode the bus to school with Waka Flocka
187 ways to die, bitch, this the end
6 niggas put 600 holes in yo 600 Benz
Bitch, I'm murder proof, I'mma live forever
Duncan block, Virginia street, bitch, we the clique together
Ask Pill who the real, bet he mention (Gibbs)
Killers in that 4th Ward, shout out to my nigga Slick
Shout out to my nigga Hit, West side murder cat
Some of my niggas flow, but most of them beat that murder repCuz I'm 187 proof, streets or the fucking booth
I speak a foreign language, I think y'all call that the truth
Cuz I'm 187 proof, streets or the fucking booth

I speak a foreign language, I think y'all call that the truth

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