

# McDuck

## Freddie Gibbs

Birds chirping in the morning  
Phone blow 4 in the morning  
'44 Blurtin' till the morning  
Then re-up workin in the morning  
Used to sell [?] in the street life  
Now a nigga droppin' 4's on the street side  
I got a ghetto bitch been fucking me for three nights  
I got her outfit, nails and her weave tightDiamonds in my piece, that's the G-code  
P-89 when I lookin' through the peephole  
'Cause Tuesday and Thursdays, they in sweep mode  
A hundred-round drummer, I ain't gotta reload  
I ain't got a, I ain't got a clue, ooh  
What the world might do, what the world might do, ooh  
I just gotta stay cool, ooh  
Lord take me away from hereHood shit  
Platinum in the motherfuckin street nigga, thought you knew this  
Fuck a four door, ridin' solo in the new coupe bitch  
Leather with the motherfuckin' wood, told the dealer no roof bitch  
I told the dealer no roof bitch  
They got a nigga like, oh lord  
Tell them niggas who they really fuckin with  
'Cause I don't think they know lord  
'Cause ever since a nigga got a deal been a killer with the flow lord  
And if you think I'm lying then I'm flyin'  
Strikin niggas to the floor lord  
Throw a young nigga overboardDiamonds in my piece, that's the G-code  
Ak when I peep through the peephole  
'Cause Tuesday and Thursdays, they in sweep mode  
A hundred-round drummer, I ain't gotta reload  
Diamonds in my piece, that's the G-code  
Ak when I peep through the peephole  
'Cause Tuesday and Thursdays, they in sweep mode  
A hundred-round drummer, I ain't gotta reload  
Lord take me away from hereI ain't got a I ain't got a clue, ooh  
What the world might do, what the world might do, ooh  
I just gotta stay cool, ooh  
What the world might do, what the world might do, ooh  
I just gotta stay cool, oohThat's what you did  
'Cause you came out of left field

When I started hearing bout your name  
The name had me like you know what I'm sayin' checkin' for this  
Then I started hearing you bustin', I'm hearing you on this song  
I heard you on the shit with BJ the Chicago Kid, I heard you on this  
Oh, this nigga got flavor!  
Nigga didn't know you was from Gary  
And that ain't no disrespect  
You just sound like you not from nowhere  
Yeah, you gotta think about what do a Gary nigga sound like  
You ain't ever heard it  
So it's like you know, I kinda created that sound  
That sound Yeah I created that sound  
Yeah, this is what it gone be  
Right, exactly, right  
After me, there will be you  
Yeah, exactly

Songwriters

Frederick TiptonPublished by

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