

# .38 (feat. Freddie Gibbs)

## Young Jeezy

I don't think they know the time I don't think they know the time I don't think they know the time I don't think  
they know the time I don't think they know the time Heard the streets fucked up, I can see the sign  
Heard they going for the thirty straight  
I can't lie, man that shit got me thirty-eight  
Red hot, on fire  
Glass pot, on fire  
Red dot, on fire  
Five shots, on fire Ooh oh, your boy's back  
And he way to flashy, got my toys back  
Nigga I just left the lot, I ain't come to play  
He pull me from my dealer tag, fuck you trying to say  
Know some niggas doing ten, blame it on the yay  
Clip hold half a hundred, blame it on the K  
Still the realest nigga in it, these niggas CB4  
This is fuck a nigga records, and I'm the CEO  
Got them stack long and wide, like some Lego blocks  
This ain't even my real home, this my Lego spot  
You ever seen so much money in a duffel bag?  
Soon as you open up the zipper, the bitch will double brag I don't think they know the time  
Heard the streets fucked up, I can see the sign  
Heard they going for the thirty straight  
I can't lie, man that shit got me thirty-eight  
Red hot, on fire  
Glass pot, on fire  
Red dot, on fire  
Five shots, on fire I'm in that purple Lam', looking like some dirty Sprite  
Catchin' passes with them birds, yeah that rowdy white  
Where I'm from them things hot, and that talk is cheap  
And ain't nobody hearing shit, cause they trying to eat  
All they can eat, buffet style  
Nigga selling anything, buffet wild  
DB9 stupid grill, yeah that overbite  
Need me nine stupid deals, this shit is overpriced  
Got it vacuum sealed up, that's the hide the scent  
So much that if they pull you over, smell it through the vent  
If them people hit them lights, I be a nervous wreck  
When you don't fear nothing but the lights, now that's a nervous check I don't think they know the time  
Heard the streets fucked up, I can see the sign  
Heard they going for the thirty straight

I can't lie, man that shit got me thirty-eight  
Red hot, on fire  
Glass pot, on fire  
Red dot, on fire  
Five shots, on fire That black tee with them nice hoodies  
The ski mask is my uniform  
You know I heard your homies don't like them  
If they the right price I might go shootin' 'em for you  
Take ya hickies out and you ok  
Niggas took a stand on that dope case  
Got murked out chillin' at a bird house  
Shoulda seen the look on that ho face  
When we kicked the doors off the hinge  
Niggas that don't know walled out to win  
Six feet deep when you catch a nigga 'sleep in the streets  
Man I bet he won't doze off again  
Niggas took a Chevy and blowed off the lid  
Show a hundred pounds and balled off the bitch  
A couple hundred shots will hold off the picks  
'Til my homeboy Will get home off his bid  
I'mma still do stickups  
Two Mossberg pumps in the pickup  
Everybody keep your cool cause if anybody move  
The bust shots will tear your whole clique up  
Niggas get rushed out the ambulance lift up, lift off  
Face in his ribcage, ripped off  
Niggas tax 30 badges for the 36  
I'd rather rob and steal than flip soft I'mma stay on, fire I don't think they know the time  
Heard the streets fucked up, I can see the sign  
Heard they going for the thirty straight  
I can't lie, man that shit got me thirty-eight  
Red hot, on fire  
Glass pot, on fire  
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