

**Freddie Foxxx****"Str8 Killa"**

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[Verse 1: Freddie Gibbs]

Five shots to the face, that'll do the trick

But I'll before I do you, bitch

[?] for the 223 for the fuck niggas you moving with

And it feel like 'em when I'm on this robbing spree [?]

Snatching on these simple-ass niggas claim they gon'  
murder something

Niggas been talking bout murkin' the Gangster, you  
hoes ain't murkin'

Nothing

To the street shit a nigga never been no stranger,  
choppers? Keep a couple

Dozen

Never been the bird man, but I done robbed a couple of  
'em

I get such a rush as I watch 'em beg for they fucking  
life

Reaper came down and hit the switch and turned off  
your fucking lights

Bitches be like, "Don't talk to Freddie, that nigga crazy"

When I first jumped off the porch older niggas tried to  
play me, but I got

Big balls, big paws on a small puppy

Now I'm the big dog and you mutts ain't got nothing for  
me

Fresh out the guts, most niggas fear it, few niggas love  
it

Just give me my motherfucking money

Cause all I got is...

[Hook:]

Straight killa, no filla

No sipping for a ho

Ain't taking shit from no nigga

I came up in the fingers with jackers and dro dealers

Sorry partner but I can't be rolling with ya

I gots to get my cheese...

[Verse 2: Big Kill]

Been in the streets too long, nigga I gotta shine

Yeah, I might hate doing wrong but bitch I gotta grind

Daughter need shoes, my sons need clothes  
Two baby mamas fussing, I ain't stunting these hoes  
I'm slamming them Chevy do's  
Lord Kill behind the wheel  
Gittin' mo' and sliding them boulders out the  
Bonneville  
You say [?] go hard, but his momma will  
Jacked him for his package, dropped his body off  
behind a mill  
Big Kill! Bitch I'm known to pull a 211  
Them Gary police are scared of that 187  
I see 'em on me so I [?]  
San Antonio to Dayton, get back on the feds  
Nigga got that straight drop, hand block stay hot  
Girls say he bought to flesh a nigga, bitch I think not  
.45 sands [?] leave you leaking out your tank top  
Fuck with me I'm down to let them things pop  
Cause I got that...

[Hook:]  
Straight killa, no filla  
No sipping for a ho  
Ain't taking shit from no nigga  
I came up in the fingers with jackers and dro dealers  
Sorry partner but I can't be rolling with ya  
I gots to get my cheese...

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