

Freddie Gibbs

"BFK"

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[Hook x2]

East side niggas stay bout it
West side niggas stay bout it
North side niggas stay bout it
South side niggas stay bout it bout it

[Verse 1 - Freddie Gibbs]

G.I. niggas stay bout it
Take a nigga life don't doubt it
Church and the liquor store crowded
911 is a joke don't dial it
We ain't really trippin' when the money stay pilin'
Money comin slow then mothafuckas get violent
I just want a crib and a coupe low mileage
Gon' hustle dope with a yellow bone stallion
So high, and niggas wanna know why I, ride
With semi automatic by my, side
Cause I got niggas comin at my, head
But I won't let them bitches stop my, bread
A mothafucka wanna short my, dough
I hit him twice with the black fo-fo
The witness, courtroom don't, show
And what a nigga don't know, won't, go
A'Dro, hoes and the dope game made me
On the front page magazine, no label
Industry don't want 'em cause the niggas too gangsta
Probably never heard em on ya radio station
Way too thug for these mothafuckin' rappers
Rap way better than ya neighborhood trapper
Man came down on the uppity bitch
I be fuckin' the bitch, let my niggas smash right after
Dope in the kitchen gotta get it stretchin' n whippin'
Know some niggas that slippin, we can hit a lick if you
with it
Then I ship and deliver, I ain't took a trip in a minute
Now i'm in the position, I can give it to my lieutenant
Need a mothafucka robbed i'm the nigga for the job
Peace to the Slam and the 5-Trey Mob
What you know about that life in the mask
Them Gary, Indiana niggas gift wrap the casket, how
you love that?

[Hook x2]

[Verse 2 - Freddie Gibbs]

Yea, I ain't got time for these bitches
Ain't gotta dime for these bitches
Breakin' it down for 3 bitches
Duffle stuffed with 3 6's
Heat under the pillow, I sleep wit' my Mrs
And I'm havin' dreams that's bigger than 6 digits
Nickels while I rest, possessed to whip chickens
Livin' though you addicted, to hit the next shipment
So high, and niggas wanna know why I, ride
With semi automatic by my, side
I need a nigga that's fosho gon' bust
And really I'm the only nigga I, trust
And really I'm the only nigga that, cold
New shoes, Cadillac on, vogues
Shine for the dimes and the rat, hoes
Check a pack, write a rap, crack, sold
And my trunk leave cracks in the pavement
Chevy only carry heavy weight, Lord save 'em
Just another victim of the game, can you blame 'em
And he stay paid, can't a lame nigga fade 'em
And most of you niggas in the rap game dick blowers
But at the end of the day, don't get shit for it
But me and mine's gotta eat, so I'm beatin' up the
street
Dinner time, man, I gotta hit a lick for it
Send 'em to God, tryna rob the godfather
And if you scared of catchin' a murder then why
bother
I'm peelin' off a knock for pots of hot water
Niggas wrote me off and it made me grind harder
Peace to the East, nigga peace to the chief
Got a slug for the judge, bringin' heat for police
And a book full of sins that I read when I sleep
Then I wake up 'n I put 'em on a beat, how you love
that?

[Hook x4]

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