

## Freddie Gibbs

### "Eastside Moonwalker"

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[Verse 1]

Lifestyles of the insane  
Eastside thug nigga  
Iâ€™m the shit, you a shit-stain  
I let the boxframe switch lanes  
Not a pretty nigga, but I got some game for a bitch  
brain  
And I lay it on so thick  
Charge it all to a broad, heard a pimp nigga quote this  
And Iâ€™m allergic to a broke bitch  
I think I need my medicine  
I had to po up before I wrote this  
And doing dirt will keep a nigga with a deep pocket  
Dope fiends and the cluckheads keep shopping  
Steady praying that the yayo keep clocking  
Keep a strap cuz the jackboys keep robbing  
Got me pulling up slow  
Whip another clip and put my pedal to the floor  
Slammin Cadillac doors, working wood like a pro  
Ass sit on nothing but that leather, whatcha know  
How ya livin nigga?  
Lifestyles of the insane  
Roll the kill, pop a pill, crack a seal, I resist pain  
Niggas looking for that big stain  
Dirt weed, dog food, fine kush, niggas flip caine  
Think I lost my religion  
Stepping on a pack, break em off in the kitchen  
Chevy topped off with the chrome in the engine  
Niggas gotta floss, thatâ€™s the cost of this pimpin  
Iâ€™mma pull up slow

[Hook]

Iâ€™mma pull it up slow  
Candy paint dripping from my Cadillac door  
Iâ€™mma pull it up slow  
Iâ€™mma pull it up slow  
Run up with the mask, put them hoes on the floor  
Iâ€™mma pull it up slow  
Iâ€™mma pull it up slow  
Run up with the mask, put them hoes on the floor  
Iâ€™mma pull it up slow

Iâ€™mma pull it up slow  
Candy paint dripping from my Cadillac door  
Iâ€™mma pull it up slow

[Verse 2]

Itâ€™s the money cut moonwalker  
Nightstalker, motherfuckin white chalker, mightâ€™ve  
caught ya  
In the streets with your pants down  
Tell em call the paramedics, nigga man down, ease up  
If ya thuggin get ya Gâ€™s up  
And never fake, never fraud, never fold, never freeze  
up  
A black mask, black teeâ€™d up  
The motherfuckin dope game feed us, how ya livin  
nigga?  
And rest in peace to my motherfuckin homeboy  
But hold ya tears, he ainâ€™t die, he just a fuckboy  
You might as well be a dead man in my eyes  
2-2-3 sucker free when I ride  
Freddie Kane, Freddie Corleone  
Selling thangs to the smokers in the mobile homes  
A pack of backwoods  
Dirty styrofoam and a pocket full of stones  
And my cadillac broham, lma pull up slow

[Hook]

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