

Freddie Gibbs & Madlib - Gat Damn

Bandana

Yeah, pour some liquor, yeah, yeah, yeah
Free my niggas, yeah, yeah, yeah
Pour some liquor, yeah, yeah, yeah
(This shit, nigga, for real though), yeah
Man, I miss my nigga Greg, pour some liquor, yeah, yeah
I got homies in the feds, free my niggas, yeah, yeah
I just wrapped a hundred cash, zipped it in the air, yeah
I'ma go fuck up a bag, know that ho can't stand that
Yeah, I got shooters but I'm duckin' shooters
Pop 'em up, they hit the homie sister, guess we both the loser
Po-po pull me over with a half a kilo and a Ruger
I can't move the same, I gotta readjust how I maneuver
I reminisce that feeling when I think about it
A million in the bank, I used to dream about it
No heat up in the whip, I used to sleep up out it
Up in the morning whippin' cocaina 'bout it, yeah, yeah
I got bags, ho, is you fuckin' with me? Yeah, yeah
Time to blast, ho, is you fuckin' with me? Yeah, yeah
Let that yayo dry on the table, droppin' fat slabs
Porsche Spyder look like a spaceship, they like, "Goddamn"
Ah, goddamn, I'm callin' Lam'
MoneyGram, go send the bail, I'm in a jam
In the jail, I'm in the cell, can't see the fam
Say my prayers, alhamdulillah, no bacon ham
Bacon ham, and cold salami, that's all they serve us
Stomach hurtin', the devil working, but I ain't nervous
Beat the verdict, but lost a milli', guess life ain't perfect
Whippin' birdies, the devil working, but I ain't nervous