

.38 (feat. Freddie Gibbs)

Young Jeezy

I don't think they know the time Heard the streets fucked up, I can see the sign
Heard they going for the 30 straight
I can't lie, man that shit got me 38
Red hot, on fire
Glass pot, on fire
Red dot, on fire
5 shots, on fire Ooh oh, your boy back
And he way to flashy, got my toys back
Nigga I just left the lot, I aint come to play
He pull me from my dealer tag, fuck you trying to say
Know some niggas doing 10, blame it on the yay
Clip hold half a hundred, blame it on the K
Still the realest nigga any, these niggas CB4
This is fuck a nigga records, and I'm the CEO
Got them stack long and wide, like some Lego blocks
Say you need a real home, this my lego spot
You ever seen so much money in a duffle bag?
Soon as you open up the ship, 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 30 straight
I can't lie, man that shit got me 38
Red hot, on fire
Glass pot, on fire
Red dot, on fire
5 shots, on fire I'm in that purple Lam', looking like some dirty Sprite
Catch them bastards with them birds, yeah that rowdy white
Where I'm from them things hot, and that talk is cheap
And aint 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 9 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
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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