

# Death Row (feat. 03 Greedo)

## Freddie Gibbs

Yeah, Kane season  
Twinkle on the beat, yeah  
Twinkle on the beat, yeah  
Whoa Kenny  
Yeah yeah yeah Smoking with a package then the package get you fucked off  
When they sent the po-po to my door but y'all was ducked off  
Fuckin' up a plate of sushi wontons with the duck sauce  
Sent the pack of doggy to me, walkin' fuckin' buff soft  
Pick your phone up, I just touched down with the bow wow  
Pick your phone up, I just touched down with the puppy chow  
Puttin' zones up, got a brick,  
I'm 'bout to bust it down, pick your phone up  
Bet that rat ho wanna fuck me now, fuck me now  
Busy button down, bust it down  
Fuck the month, throw some hundreds down  
Hundred pack, fifty pack, shippin' twenty piece  
Chicken bucket, chicken nugget, bitch I feed the streets  
Chopper block, mix that dope up with that Fetty Wap (1738)  
Watch it drop, bitch I started sellin' ready rock, fuck a pot  
You don't make a G a day you can't sit in the spot  
Ho keep lookin' at me, you gon' suck this dick or not?  
Take a bag, bust a lick, and run a check ho, a check ho  
Bet them VV's in my neck glow  
I just might go throw a Rollie on my next ho  
Beat the pussy in the studio like Death Row, Death Row  
Chopper give a nigga Death Row, Death Row  
Fuck a rookie, need a vet ho  
I just might go throw a Rollie on my next ho  
Hundred kilos in my trunk, I might get Death Row Cruisin' through the city in my oh-eighteen  
(skrrt)  
Sendin' the bitches, servin' the fiends (ooh)  
Ridin' through the street, just caught a lick (yeah)  
Take that flip and I caught my first brick (ayy)  
I'm a Baby Loc cri-ni-nip, role model ni-ni-nip  
I ain't got the swag and got the sauce, I got the dri-ni-nip  
I can do a feature, do a show, and hit the dealership  
Ask Channel 7, people say I'm really dealin' shit  
Brrrt my ad-lib, Drummer Gang, we generous  
We gon' give your ass the blues 'cause we ain't never givin' shit  
Everybody generals 'cause everybody militant  
Drummer Gang the Army, the Navy, we killin' shit, ooh  
Take a bag, bust a lick, and run a check ho, a check ho

Bet them VV's in my neck glow  
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Beat the pussy in the studio like Death Row, Death Row  
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Fuck a rookie, need a vet ho  
I just might go throw a Rollie on my next ho  
Hundred kilos in my trunk, I might get Death Row  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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