

# Something to Rap About (feat. Tyler, The Creator)

## Freddie Gibbs & The Alchemist

Bitch  
Nigga  
Nigga bitch  
Oogie-boogie nigga  
Sniff it up

Fuck nigga came to my section on Sunday, didn't even bring shit or bottles, just ate, drank and dipped, fuck nigga

Ayy, ayoScammin' niggas maxin' out, ratchet bitches actin' out  
God made me sell crack, so I had somethin' to rap about  
Lobster lollipops and crustaceans, ho what you mad about?  
I fucked you twice in Vegas, that pussy wasn't shit to brag about  
And I can't draw for shit, but I knocked a bitch that I paid to sit  
Magnums and some sweet Airmatics, yeah, bitch I came equipped  
I'm don't do no sucker shit, no ho mistletoe and Christmas exchanging gifts  
She don't like it, bitch can punch out, niggas be changin' shifts, yeah

You niggas bringin' out the old me (Old me)  
I'm tryna live to ninety-three and see the old me  
When I touched that crack, I let them crackers take control of me  
Serve the piece, caprice, ain't got no heat, man, it was cold G  
Record labels downed me forty thousand on my first advance  
Fucked up on my taxes, IRS kept me on payment plans  
Crime fuckin' pays, but once you paid, you gotta pay the man  
Straight survival, right hand on the Bible, I won't take the stand, yeah  
VL niggas trap it out

Lord let me hit this ho, so I have something to rap about  
Been through shit with hoes that I look back and I can laugh about  
This shit wasn't no joke, sittin' in that cage, this shit was draggin' out  
Diego trippin' cause I'm sittin', ain't no package out  
You robbed the plug, kicked in the door and cleaned the mattress out  
Right back in the trap, these niggas bringin' out the old me  
I'm tryna live to ninety-three to see the old me

Ayo  
Nail is in the coffin, Freddie sent me this shit  
This sound like the boat I haven't bought yet  
This sound like the moment I jump off it  
Sun shinin', cold water, feelin' in my pocket  
This lake water better than the faucet I grew up with  
We hold our breath like grudges 'til we nauseous  
We hop out, let the sun dry us, like raisins  
We get dressed in some Gucci or Lacoste, shit it's amazing

We look like Polo ads but skin is dark and-  
I gotta move cautious, 'cause niggas malicious, they come from the trenches  
I used to be a Goblin under them bridges, now I'm up in this man  
I started gettin' mula as young and now I got bigger hands  
To hold them, if I got too much on me, I know my niggas can  
I keep my circle tight like tops, nothin' corn, no crops  
You messy and get cleaned up with the mop  
I went to school and I ain't miss it a lot  
So I can be around niggas like you and learn how to keep my distance  
I, cut some niggas off on some hater shit niggas said to me  
R.I.P. T's 'cause these motherfuckers is dead to me  
Nail is in the coffin murder, murder  
I'm sick of y'all niggas and I ain't coughin', I know me  
Y'all often anxious, lost in y'all thoughts and I don't relate  
So keep that energy away from me  
Don't blame me, 'cause you ain't got it figured out  
You ain't got the bigger house, the jig is up  
You jealous dawg, my afro long, I'll pick it out  
Like cotton on some basic, shit is off  
We ain't adjacent  
I'm grounded like the pavement, we ain't linkin' like the bracelet broke  
Better get your wrist that hold, on that thought, you gettin' gold  
The fuck away, 'cause niggas'll get they faces broke  
I just got a thumbs up and niggas go like Good job  
You better find a shoe store and get your sole  
Get it quick and slip it on  
And I'll be in Mykonos, lemonade, sippin' slow  
Jumpin' in the water off that boat I haven't bought yet (Bitch)  
One take  
Let me hear that  
I meant to say Mykonos (haha) I think a thing is dying from alcohol but I'm afraid  
But if you write dope shit, it doesn't do any good what you die  
It is to teach these parents to be civilized people, becau-

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>