

Extradite (feat. Black Thought)

Freddie Gibbs

The devil is a motherfuckin' liar
Straight kill 'em
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Here we come though Took his order, then I served his quarter like five nickels
Man, I'll stay on point like icicle
Niggas can't decode, or figure my rhyme riddles
Took my money to the source, and said "Fuck the man in the middle"
Talkin' hard, soft, heroin, green, that's what we had boy
Erica was the bag lady, I was the bag boy
Option was that minimum wage, live in a cage
Buildin' a prison everyday, man they cultivatin' these slaves
In this new age, dude's wage is fugaz'
I'm the whole gallon and half pint like School Daze
I been killin' 'em, since Kool Moe Dee, Ra', Kool, 'Face
Zero dollars, zero tolerance, lettin' that tool bang, nigga
Yeah, nigga
And if the devil die today, I'mma treat it like it's a holiday
Bout the Michael Jackson, beat it, I mean it, I got a powder day
And nothin' funny, but I play with the money like it's Monopoly
And if the devil die today, I'mma treat it like it's a holiday I used to lay in bed, starin' at the
ceilin' fan
Feelin' cramps, wishin' I could get a killer gram
Tryna understand, why I wanna kill a man
With high hopes like rubber tree, plants, and ants
We cheat death, with each breath, the only one who make -
It last forever is Keith Sweat, you ever see a -
Body lyin' dead, in the streets yet, then eat breakfast?
Swallow forced beliefs like police justice
If my city is like yours, then cereal scratch
Fingerprints is wiped off, if people seem to -
Always have somethin' to fight for, but still end up -
In the state pen, or the psych ward - It's lights off
They catch so many casualties; it's like war
That's the reason, I don't believe in the hype, y'all
The devil talkin' bout, he wanna extradite y'all
Now I'm the nigga, He shinin' the search light for
Yeah, nigga
And if the devil die today, I'mma treat it like it's a holiday
Bout the Michael Jackson, beat it, I mean it, I got a powder day
And nothin' funny, but I play with the money like it's Monopoly
And if the devil die today, I'mma treat it like it's a holiday Here we come now, here we come
now

Yeah, freestyle nigga
 Homie showed me a 9 milli, and 9 nickel
 Man, I'll stay on point like icicle
 Say you got that yola, your fishscale lookin' fickle
 They like Jordans out of the gas station, they ain't official
 I got thousand dollar jeans, on my ass cheek
 Cousin got her lights, and her gas cut last week
 How that make me look, if I don't help her get up on her feet?
 She keep a different nigga, now she in there, pregnant every week
 I pray you, take these devils out our life, lord - That's our vice, lord
 Baby momma's come with the drama, made her my wife lord
 Know I'm doing, no hope you see I'm trying to do right, lord
 Shake 'em up and blowin' the dice, I pray the price, lord, lord
 Yeah, nigga
 And if the devil die today, I'mma treat it like it's a holiday
 'Bout the Michael Jackson, beat it, I mean it, I got a powder day
 And nothin' funny, but I play with the money like it's Monopoly
 Yeah, yeah, and if the devil die today, I'mma treat it like it's a holiday
 Yo, my memoirs are like
 the Anarchist's Cookbook
 Meets the Tom Ford spring/summer look book
 Some people wanna see me hanging from a good
 Instead I hang with a language and slang in -
 The anguish, and pain fit as well, cause it came with us
 After all these years, carrying this shame with us
 Now the entire planet, is going insane with us
 Seven year old kids, carrying flame spitters
 Fortified fences, mortify senses
 Crossfire, miss my little daughter, by inches
 Chemical dependence, medical expenses
 But no amount of money on earth, can buy vengeance
 Writing a life sentence, sirens, fire engines
 Tyrants, seen through the eyes, of the wide lenses
 Senseless crimes, cause some of us want to drive Benzes
 But are you tryna ride with us, or against us?
 As long as they kill us
 And go to Wendy's and have a burger and go to sleep
 They gon' keep killing us
 But when we die and they die
 Then soon we gon' sit at a table, and talk about it, retired
 We want some of this earth
 Or we'll this goddamn country apart!
 Assalamualaikum!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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