

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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