

# Bomb

## Freddie Gibbs & Madlib

Slammin

Drugs got me wakin' up in cold sweats

Sometimes I'm slightly off my rocker, but I'm on deck

Got 2 and a baby off my bitches student loan check

She hit my line to get that girl, I call it phone sex

Robbing like my problems ain't gon catch up to me later

Bitch I'm mobbing like OG Bobby Johnson, split your potato

At the table, cooking, shaving and touching base with them basers

Bet they try to make a play for the yay' as soon as they taste it

The amazin' black American Gangster, sinister, corner her

Cuz seeing this nigga shine been annoying me like a muthafucka

This busta owe me, now he act like he don't know me

Forty fo' my closest homie, kill cockaroaches like Tony

Got Montana money

You bought 100 dipped in fluid, yo, I had to smoke it

Pupils dilated like silver dollars, now we loc'ing

Call it devilish how I do bitch

Fuck these niggas talking, I leave they thoughts on my shoestrings

What?

Rolling

Pockets all swollen

Set the record straight, that FNH is what I'm holding

A busta that we know got 15 'bows, bust it open

We came bandana'd up, divide it up, now what's the quotient?

A split with 4 niggas, since I'm a go getter

I think these suckers pussy, I'ma merk the whole litter

Told my girl to leave as soon as I hung up the phone with her

Man, I heard you rob the robbers, look Freddie a cold nigga

Got an ice maker for a heart, made nigga from the start

Life is like a movie, all I did was play my fuckin' part

Cheffing up the crack, the heroin, and the weed a la carte

I call it Fast Freddie's, I should own a fuckin' restaurant

Cuz back when I was 12 threw some bells on a scale and I got a pager

We broke them down and started selling nickels to the neighbors

Eventually the penitentiary gon' see me later

Kiss my momma, told her if I die, then it was part of nature

What?

28 days later we all getting fresh

Got the heart to die for something, flesh to flesh

The Lambo, got her outside, it's a stretch

My bitch half Mexican/Afghan, I'm blessed

From living tough times with rough lemons, a gorgeous watch

My team on a dreadful level, yo  
Yeah, we still getting money right  
Long as the sun come out, I'll hold these twenties tight  
Getting fresh, just cooling, my bitch on my dick  
Ba boom yo, you live with your moms, just get a grip  
Clip in my pocket, my rocket  
I think of the Dips, I need Juelz and Jims, with rough licks  
Trips to Africa, shorty tear Saks up  
I'm out in Bombay, rebels here actin' up  
We real, all G, 7500 of us  
Up in the Sprinter bus, fussin' "we need more heat"

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>