

# Robes

## Freddie Gibbs & Madlib

They often see what we can't see  
Wearing a smile  
You never ever find a frown...You ain't shit if you ain't ever struggled  
You gotta put in hard work before you flex your muscles  
I see where niggas fall off tryna perfect the puzzle  
You ain't gotta like my work shit, respect my hustle  
I was a solid hearted mind before I had to grind, my swagger fine  
I never had to pack my lines with plastic rhymes  
Diamond in the rough, give it time, you'll find your light and shine  
This little light of mine, these are our highest times  
My third eye divine, I see my skies aligned  
I feel like one with the moon but that's some other shit  
I stopped caring how people see me and I'm loving it  
But no desire for your input, I does my shit  
Say what you want but know my ignorance is fucking bliss  
Pardon the scents  
Checking press releases off the beeper like a pimp  
Smanging lever off the strength, threw his demons off the cliff  
The scenic route below, tires screaming in the mist  
And like the key open the door I twist  
The weed I bought because I don't know how to cope with shit  
Be easy I could three hit 'em right where his shoulder sit  
Maneuver through the swamp like a four-wheeler  
Hitting it quickly after a coarse greeting  
Leave like the father I never had or a low Caesar  
The son he had but ain't never wanted like cold pizza  
Skull and bones out the same closet I grow reefer  
The team eatin', cold-hearted, spit feces  
Fuck every rapper and his entourage  
Fuck up the stage and blow dodi smoke on his bodyguards  
Nothin' but Cutlasses, Cadillac coupes in my garage  
Make foreign bread, get some morning head on the Autobahn  
Faces, smiling faces, they keep me motivated  
And I got plenty fans but I ain't shit without my haters  
Know this pussy A&R that threw some bullshit cross the table  
Then next year I still be rappin' and he be fired from his label  
Damn, bitch, I'm in the mob, I always got a job  
Breakin' down the Keisha gettin' Brandon Marshall for the quad  
Brett Favre for the zone, five bands for the whole  
Wrist piece solid gold, neck piece arctic froze  
Give you the smarts and the parts and also regarding hoes  
He chase a bitch but I was chose

I only think of you, on two occasions  
That's when I'm drunk and when I'm blazin' up  
My Filipino bitch she fly me to LA to fuck  
I weigh my options, I'd rather be cookin' cuttin' and weighin' up  
Bitch, it's Gibbs!

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