

# On Me (feat. Problem)

## Freddie Gibbs & The Worlds Freshest

Road, pockets on bruise bruise by Louken  
Coming from colours like fruit loops remove goose  
Whole rather have me like 2 groups they too blues  
Ballin on me running through niggas bitches that shoot loops cruise  
Not even magic blue or Shaq feet  
Back like the bitch ran track ass like athletes  
Quite up in the peace so wait on that pass me  
Falling on that ass bitch, striptease be last week  
I guess I got the dick so I make the rules  
When they let the mothernigga play the rules  
Strapped up motherfucker better pledge luv  
Even H57 that's my favourite tune  
I'm a fool dog ass nigga  
So go play with your kids I'm a grown ass nigga bitch  
I'm a fool dog ass nigga  
So go play with your kids I'm a grown ass nigga bitch  
It's all on me I put it on me  
Until the day I die fuck hoes smoke tree  
We bustin up the gag you probably no OG  
Got bottles under table the tab they 4G  
And I put it on me, me, me  
I put it on me, me, me  
Said It's all on me, me, me  
Then put it on me, me, me  
Said I put it on me Come to California that's where I'm from  
Fuck the girl pussy until it's none  
Do my damn thing and I shake like a petrify  
Fake a state hate long as real niggas are recognizing  
I'm good, yeah yeah I'm good  
Taking care of my day ones and feeding on my wolf  
2 3 6 files ago I was live you know  
Yeah I got off more tree than woods  
Nigga used to real, ace spades a deal  
It ain't what you say it's how you say what you feel  
I do it from the chest I reek of succes  
You ain't seen a nigga this cold out the west in a long time  
Boy say you wanna problem it's a long line  
Super high boy push a cold line  
Shawty starring at a gold mine  
I'm on now, showtime  
It's all on me I put it on me  
Until the day I die fuck hoes smoke tree

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Got bottles under table the tab they 4G  
And I put it on me, me, me  
I put it on me, me, me  
Said It'sall on me, me, me  
Then put it on me, me, me  
Said I put it on meWe smoking on G  
I meet up with my nigga  
We chopping the whole key  
I slap it on a fire I'm stabbing on a G  
Be order still my folks be close it's 9 3  
Money over bitches running with my niggas  
Hooving with the squad the robbers the dope dealers  
Without these permissions I'm german the cold killers  
Open on the streets don't got mercy on broke niggas  
I'm thugging to the east bay and my nigga jack of 7  
I'm on the freeway I need another pack of that  
You know how beef lay hit the liquor flip the zippers  
I told the girl I'm just the type of nigga  
Got my killer from the east way  
Hit the lay I got some weight to the 8th tray  
You broke it down I hit my money at the next hay  
Hit a liquor flip the zippers,  
Told my girl I'm just the type of niggaIt's all on me I put it on me  
Until the day I die fuck hoes smoke tree  
We bustin up the gag you probably no OG  
Got bottles under table the tab they 4G  
And I put it on me, me, me  
I put it on me, me, me  
Said It'sall on me, me, me  
Then put it on me, me, me  
Said I put it on me

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