

# Anything To Survive

Freddie Gibbs

I was gone before he hit the ground  
Saw his body shiver and get spinned around  
He might be out for the count, them hollow tips pinned him down  
Now I ain't slept in two weeks, I'm up like I'm tweaking  
Serving geekers, man it's hard to get paper up when you beefing  
Niggas know my face  
Niggas know my name, where I stay at  
Is they gonna bitch up or is they gonna be patient and get they payback?  
Fuck a sitting duck, we just gonna clip up and go where they stay at  
Add the pressure til them hoes get the message, I'm gon' relay that  
I got five thousand, a couple ounces and plenty burners, bruh  
TV and a microwave for my dro, fuck the furniture  
And my homie sister a geeker, should I be serving her?  
It's like we feed each other's addictions  
I'm out here earning a living off of killing my own  
Flipping, pitching them stones  
Niggas gonna listen cause I'm living this shit in my songs  
If I should die before I wake  
Just know some busters ran up in my spot and shot me in my face  
Cause I'm a motherfucking gangster

And I move through the day, carry on through the night  
What I do to get paid? Anything to get by  
And I move through the day, carry on through the night  
What I do to get paid? Anything to survive

Young, black, violent, Islamic, that's how they painted me  
Forgot seasoned and polished, plenty knowledge from scholars  
Globe trotter, I be in the ZaZa in Dallas  
Doing my daily routine with a queen from Hollis  
Know that I came from the bottom here, for the challenge  
Not trying to cause mileage, try to maintain the balance  
But it's kinda hard when  
Niggas that swore to be made men just can't maintain they silence  
Central minds under storm, make it rain violent  
Sodom and Gomorrah style, hurricane island  
Hit em with the 4-5, if it get homicide, matter fact suicide  
Wonder if his crew will ride?  
Who am I?  
It's the one and only bitter Wyatt Earp, acquire work, I do oblige  
Get the work to you asap, through the dodge  
These other niggas telling fairytales, but we them guys  
Yeah

High rollers send the yola down to Minnesota  
Money is the motive, niggas know I go scrotum  
Getting cabbage is a habit  
If we establish any suckas ain't cut from my fabric  
You can clearly see I'm messing with another stylist  
We the best and we ain't never met DJ Khaled  
Certified head busa, so above your average  
They comin from Texas, I'm balling like a Dallas Maverick  
If you ever middleman me cause I'm shopping through ya  
Money on your head is how I send ya profits to ya  
If ya snitching, then I gotta send them choppas to ya  
Fuck a witness, hit the shooters on the prosecutor  
I'm talking digits, seven large on my debit card

Never been a thief, pussies fuck with credit fraud  
My heart's colder than a popsicle  
Give you more shots than a hospital  
Cause I'm a motherfucking gangsta

[Hook]