

# Dark Hearted - Freddie Gibbs lyrics

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## “Dark Hearted”

[Intro]

Yeah (Space Rabbit)

Yeah-yeah (Yeah)

Yeah-yeah (Space Rabbit push a space coupe straight out of Monaco,  
yeah)

I pray the choppa never jam on me, yeah

I pray the Lord put his hands on me (Yeah), yeah-yeah

I pray the choppa never jam

[Verse 1]

Dirty .30 in my hand

DEA and detectives, they got me cuffed on that ambulance

Nigga, ain't no solvin' no murders, welcome to Murderland

Send a hit and scratch off a hit, bitch, I'm the murder man

Pray the Lord put his hands on me

And I know I took a risk with this shit when I put my hands on it

All my enemies watchin', they plot and plan on me

They gon' end up one of them dead homies

[Pre-Chorus]

'Cause how can niggas stand on it when it ain't the truth?

Pussy niggas ran on me when it's time to shoot

Motherfuck a friend, got them bitches out my crew

I know you wouldn't fuck with me if I didn't have no loot

'Cause I'm the one that push a hard line

Tell me what niggas know about hard time

Empty stomach give you the heart to go do a homicide  
I know some bitch niggas that snitch, niggas on my side  
Still a rich nigga with mob ties

[Chorus]

'Cause, nigga, we was locked in  
Me and six of my niggas in one apartment  
We was pushin' that molly, powder and hard then  
Back when bitches, they used to play with my heart then  
Police might shoot me and kill me over my dark skin  
Man, this game got me dark-hearted  
Smoke and drink like a alcoholic, don't get me started  
I thought we was gon' thug it out 'til the end  
But I guess that shit just wasn't in the plans  
I pray this choppa never jam

[Verse 2]

Dirty .30 in my hands  
Shoot him, if he ain't DOA, we shoot up the ambulance  
Nigga, ain't no solvin' no murders, welcome to Murderland  
Bulletproof my shit, they might hit it, bitch, I'm the murder man  
Dead nigga put his hands on me  
I'ma pop another bottle and pour one out for your dead homie  
Swear my friends turnin' fed on me (Bitch)  
Man, these pussy niggas might take the stand on me

[Pre-Chorus]

Well, how can niggas stand on it when it ain't the truth?  
Pussy niggas ran on me when it's time to shoot  
She think I'm her man, baby, I'm just knockin' boots  
I know you wouldn't fuck with me if I didn't have no loot  
'Cause I'm the one that push a hard line  
Tell me what bitches know about hard time  
Empty stomach give you the heart to go do a homicide  
Know some bitch niggas that snitch, niggas on my side  
Still a rich nigga with mob ties

[Chorus]

'Cause, nigga, we was locked in  
Me and six of my niggas in one apartment  
We was pushin' that molly, powder and hard then  
Back when bitches, they used to play with my heart then  
Police might shoot me and kill me over my dark skin  
Man, this game got me dark-hearted  
Smoke and drink like a alcoholic, don't get me started  
I thought we was gon' thug it out 'til the end  
But I guess that shit just wasn't in the plans  
I pray this choppa never jam (Uh, yeah-yeah)

[Outro]

I pray the choppa never jam (Yeah-yeah)  
I pray the choppa never jam on me (Yeah-yeah)  
I pray the Lord put his hands on me (Yeah-yeah)  
I pray the choppa never jam  
I pray the choppa never jam (Yeah-yeah)  
I pray the choppa never jam on me (Yeah-yeah)  
I pray the Lord put his hands on me (Yeah-yeah)

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