

Gold Rings - Freddie Gibbs lyrics

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“Gold Rings”

[Intro: Freddie Gibbs]

Yeah

Yeah, yeah, CoKane (Hahaha)

You feel that? (If you're my down-ass bitch)

Yeah-yeah (Uh, yeah, down-ass bitch)

Yeah, yeah, yeah (Big Rabbit)

[Verse 1: Freddie Gibbs]

No gold rings, this shit just my main squeeze

Coming to the crib, breaking down a set of keys

Back in the days, I admit, I had some issues (Yeah)

Took twelve on the chase, I jumped out, I crashed the rental

But you my down-ass bitch (Yeah)

The one that'd never fuck up or snitch

I fled the scene, a hit and run, I left the Glock with the switch
Police gon' press you, we got lawyers, baby, don't tell 'em shit (Don't say
shit)

And I be rock-rock-rockin' 'til the cops come knockin' at my
College girl, got her stressin', she got a jail record (Damn)

I put the Range in her name and I'm fuckin' up her credit
The judge gave her probation, he had knots in her stomach
After the case, she wiped her Instagram and changed her number (The
fuck?)

Damn, bitch, thought we was gang, I would've killed for her

**Ex nigga got you engaged, that nigga kneeled for her (You running with
this nigga?)**

**Heartbreak most thug niggas ain't built for it
Tears steady droppin' 'til the cops come knockin' at my**

[Chorus: Freddie Gibbs]

**Tattoos that's some war wounds (War wounds)
Loudest nigga in the room, you ain't a killer, you a cartoon (You a
cartoon)**

**Caught a new body in my old school (Old school)
I saw you at your homie grave, well, tell that nigga you'll be home soon
(You'll be home soon)**

**'Caine whippin' hard, that's a hard sale (Hard sale)
Bet I won't pay them bitches back, I play my cards with the cartel (Cartel)
It's us against the world, it's all well (It's all well)
Bet I'll be rock-rock-rockin' 'til the cops come knockin' at my**

[Interlude: Pusha T]

Yeah

**My cocaine novela
Soap opera shit
These are days of our pies**

[Verse 2: Pusha T]

**So many RNs I done made, waitresses I done saved
The blow drop-off for bitches who ain't learn to braid
Matured all the sorors and every AKA
Michelle's blueprint showed the error in their ways
All the rent I paid, you know I play it fair
Just leave an extra key so I can weigh it there
Bribe money so your boyfriend wouldn't lay up there
Dope game, I'm the ultimate create-a-player
2K21, Savage like 21**

Fridays are draft night, you bitches is one-and-dones

I am the one of one, I am the summer son
I am the street dream, Nas with the cummerbund
Jewelry Supreme Team, anchors is done and hung
The dope floats on a boat, now come give the drummer some
They going for thirty-three, I just let the numbers run
The king of the kilo, I don't believe none of 'em

[Chorus: Freddie Gibbs & Pusha T]

Tattoos that's some war wounds (*Except Gibbs, war wounds*)
Loudest nigga in the room, you ain't a killer, you a cartoon (You a cartoon)
Caught a new body in my old school (Old school)
I saw you at your homie grave, well, tell that nigga you'll be home soon
(You'll be home soon)
'Caine whippin' hard, that's a hard sale (Hard sale)
Bet I won't pay them bitches back, I play my cards with the cartel (Cartel)
It's us against the world, it's all well (It's all well)
Bet I'll be rock-rock-rockin' 'til the cops come knockin' at my

[Outro: Gerald "Slink" Johnson]

*As always, your safety and well being is of premier priority here at the
Triple S*

You will be notified when our conditions change
Gibbs, what's up, man? This is your boy, Jesus, man
Gibbs, where you at, man?
Usually, it's the world looking for me, I don't go looking for the world
I mean, I'm just saying
I just came from the Appalachian Mountains
I was up there chilling, smoking some weed with some Buddhist monks
We was having the bestest of times
Then all of a sudden my pager go off
And I gotta come straight down here to holler at you, Gibbs
And trust me, man, I am the way and the light

And speaking of lights, you got one?

**'Cause I wanna light this bomb-ass Kush
Matter fact I'ma come by there with this Kush I got for you
We gon' break bread, I got some fish, I got some bread**

**And we just gon' have a whole feast right now
And talk about this, Gibbs, I love you, brother
Holla at your boy, it's Jesus**

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