

# Extradite (feat. Black Thought)

## Freddie Gibbs

The devil is a motherfuckin' liar  
Straight kill 'em  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Here we come though Took his order, then I served his quarter like five nickels  
Man, I'll stay on point like icicle  
Niggas can't decode, or figure my rhyme riddles  
Took my money to the source, and said "Fuck the man in the middle"  
Talkin' hard, soft, heroin, green, that's what we had boy  
Erica was the bag lady, I was the bag boy  
Option was that minimum wage, live in a cage  
Buildin' a prison everyday, man they cultivatin' these slaves  
In this new age, dude's wage is fugaz'  
I'm the whole gallon and half pint like School Daze  
I been killin' 'em, since Kool Moe Dee, Ra', Kool, 'Face  
Zero dollars, zero tolerance, lettin' that tool bang, nigga  
Yeah, nigga  
And if the devil die today, I'mma treat it like it's a holiday  
Bout the Michael Jackson, beat it, I mean it, I got a powder day  
And nothin' funny, but I play with the money like it's Monopoly  
And if the devil die today, I'mma treat it like it's a holiday I used to lay in bed, starin' at the  
ceilin' fan  
Feelin' cramps, wishin' I could get a killer gram  
Tryna understand, why I wanna kill a man  
With high hopes like rubber tree, plants, and ants  
We cheat death, with each breath, the only one who make -  
It last forever is Keith Sweat, you ever see a -  
Body lyin' dead, in the streets yet, then eat breakfast?  
Swallow forced beliefs like police justice  
If my city is like yours, then cereal scratch  
Fingerprints is wiped off, if people seem to -  
Always have somethin' to fight for, but still end up -  
In the state pen, or the psych ward - It's lights off  
They catch so many casualties; it's like war  
That's the reason, I don't believe in the hype, y'all  
The devil talkin' bout, he wanna extradite y'all  
Now I'm the nigga, He shinin' the search light for  
Yeah, nigga  
And if the devil die today, I'mma treat it like it's a holiday  
Bout the Michael Jackson, beat it, I mean it, I got a powder day  
And nothin' funny, but I play with the money like it's Monopoly  
And if the devil die today, I'mma treat it like it's a holiday Here we come now, here we come  
now

Yeah, freestyle nigga  
 Homie showed me a 9 milli, and 9 nickel  
 Man, I'll stay on point like icicle  
 Say you got that yola, your fishscale lookin' fickle  
 They like Jordans out of the gas station, they ain't official  
 I got thousand dollar jeans, on my ass cheek  
 Cousin got her lights, and her gas cut last week  
 How that make me look, if I don't help her get up on her feet?  
 She keep a different nigga, now she in there, pregnant every week  
 I pray you, take these devils out our life, lord - That's our vice, lord  
 Baby momma's come with the drama, made her my wife lord  
 Know I'm doing, no hope you see I'm trying to do right, lord  
 Shake 'em up and blowin' the dice, I pray the price, lord, lord  
 Yeah, nigga  
 And if the devil die today, I'mma treat it like it's a holiday  
 'Bout the Michael Jackson, beat it, I mean it, I got a powder day  
 And nothin' funny, but I play with the money like it's Monopoly  
 Yeah, yeah, and if the devil die today, I'mma treat it like it's a holiday  
 Yo, my memoirs are like  
 the Anarchist's Cookbook  
 Meets the Tom Ford spring/summer look book  
 Some people wanna see me hanging from a good  
 Instead I hang with a language and slang in -  
 The anguish, and pain fit as well, cause it came with us  
 After all these years, carrying this shame with us  
 Now the entire planet, is going insane with us  
 Seven year old kids, carrying flame spitters  
 Fortified fences, mortify senses  
 Crossfire, miss my little daughter, by inches  
 Chemical dependence, medical expenses  
 But no amount of money on earth, can buy vengeance  
 Writing a life sentence, sirens, fire engines  
 Tyrants, seen through the eyes, of the wide lenses  
 Senseless crimes, cause some of us want to drive Benzes  
 But are you tryna ride with us, or against us?  
 As long as they kill us  
 And go to Wendy's and have a burger and go to sleep  
 They gon' keep killing us  
 But when we die and they die  
 Then soon we gon' sit at a table, and talk about it, retired  
 We want some of this earth  
 Or we'll this goddamn country apart!  
 Assalamualaikum!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>