

# 1985

## Freddie Gibbs & The Alchemist

My bro said Don't say that  
I said Fuck that, I'm gon' be gettin' wooping anyway  
Don't make no goddamn difference  
Fuck that, I'm not one to find shit  
What your mom say? Take the garbage out, fuck  
(Yeah) Yeah, don't lose the beat motherfucker  
Take the garbage out  
Yeah-yeah, I just upped the flows to the God level  
Yeah  
Yeah-yeah  
Finna up the flows to the God level, nigga, what  
Yeah, check-check  
Yeah, mic check-check  
Yeah, nigga, check-check  
Yeah, bitch, check-check  
Yeah, yeah  
Quarter thang to a whole thang, whole gang workin' (Yeah)  
Hit a bitch with that extended clip or that revolver  
Shit'll serve the same purpose (Bang, bang)  
Keep them beamin' up to Scotty in my crack lobby  
I can smell the 'caine burnin'  
Michael Jordan, 1985, bitch, I travel with the cocaine circus  
Put them F and Xs on your clowned ass  
Catch a nigga up and leave him down bad  
I go get a pack and take a nigga town  
And fuck his bitches with my out of town ass  
Bomb on niggas like Nagasaki  
Rocket next to my pocket, I like hibachi  
Drop the check on the bitch  
Man, these niggas be lookin' like baby mommas in these Maseratis  
Bitch, I fuck up your face with a razor  
How I make sure your motherfuckin' family can't view your body  
Nigga thuggin' and shit, put my blood in his shit  
Break my finger, Alfredo, Illuminati (Illuminati)  
Joe Pesci, push your product  
You niggas is sweeter than Joe Exotic  
On the run like Assad, and so above the police  
It's some niggas be chillin' and hoppin' out the box (Hoppin' out the box)  
Police caught him with a whole thang  
Now they snitchin' man, whole gang workin'  
Gangland, made a lane in it  
Dip my name in it, it's some gang murder

All my reps in the crack files, bitch, I got 'em up out the vault  
I'm the reason your mama be smokin' that Brillo and be rippin' them contenders off (Them  
contenders off)  
Yeah, keep them beamin' up the Scotty in my crack lobby  
I can smell the 'caine burnin'  
Gangland, if you put a hit on Freddie 'caine it'll be a gang murder  
1985, Michael Jordan, bitch, I travel with a cocaine circus  
Flow God level, like when Hov speak  
I make a song, weep, I got the game hurt  
Bitch, yeah-yeah  
Flow God level, like when Hov speak  
I make a song, weep, I got the game hurt  
Yeah, yeah-yeah  
Yeah, check-check  
Check-check  
Mic check-check  
Check-check  
Niggas need a check, check, yeah  
We got everybody in the house, tonight  
I'll wait for my DJ to get ready  
Nah

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>