

Shit Real

Fredo Santana

Smoke about a zip a day boy this shit real
Niggas kill every day boy this shit real
Nines, AKs in my trap boy this shit real
Try to play me you get whacked boy this shit real
This shit real Pouring up a pint of lean boy this shit real
Everything ain't what it seems but this shit real
This shit real

Pull up on your block boy this shit real
Hop out with them 30s and just letting off shells
Whipping chickens and I whip them bitches as well
I'm a hitter by myself cause niggas a tell
Niggas goofy as fuck, you can't confuse me
Do a drill with this nine or with this Uzi
These niggas little niggas I swear they where my shoes
Just ate, still hungry, where the food be?
You say you getting money nigga can't fool me
Ain't going in the club unless I get in with my tooly

Try to play me I let off that fucking Glock quick
With a mop stick and aim it at your conscience
I go crazy for the gang I go crazy
I'm riding in a foreign with a thot smoking lazy
Put me and Fredo on the drill we go crazy
And all that sucker shit you talking just don't faze me
Got the fucking SK with 100 so amazing
Smoking out this pound, yeah I'm steady flaming
Got the fucking chopper I hit your block and get the spraying
Leave your fucking block with bodies just laying