

# Who the Shit

Fredo Santana

Pull up I'm like who the shit  
My Porsche truck sittin' on Beautises  
Thinkin' you can fuck with' me, man you must be ludicrous  
Fall back I do this shit my trap house got me super rich  
Dominican bitch she super thick no goofy shit I'm with the shit  
Like who the shit? Like who the shit?

No ballin' shit  
Go to the mall just coppin' shit  
Pickin' shit, I on really care just gettin' shit  
In my trap, I ain't sellin' nothing but them chickens bitch  
Really just be coolin' motherfuckers say they be kickin' it  
Riding with the squad and we got Michael Pippen bitch

Capo the Barbarian  
We sending shots, you bury em  
Them hoes I one night and fuck you wife em up and marry em  
I shove dick all in her mouth she's calling me Sean Merriman  
I ain't worried bout no fuckin opp this 4-0 that I'm carrying  
Squad Bitch  
Tweak. You get robbed, shit  
Swear to God caper boy, I'll call him he on his job quick

Squad shit, GBE on that mob shit  
Pullin' 30's totin' weapons  
And we lettin' them spark bitch  
Say you don't want no smoke  
Then why you start shit?  
If I catch an opp lackin', smoke his ass  
Comin' out that apartment

Duffle bags full of work  
Catcg molly carrying  
Bury em, money got me buying shit not wearin it  
Big blunts of the earth and no bitch I'm not sharing it  
I money get, young nigga flex on bitch like Money Mitch

Come through they like who the shit  
SD he got hoover clips  
Come through with the biggest 40 don't make us have to do this shit  
I be in the back with your bitch jus coolin' it  
Don; t make us spread the word, I have the whole town moving it  
Goofy bitch, when I'm on the block you know them beams lit  
Usually, I be with the squad just kickin' it  
But if you think it's macaroni you gonna make us empty clips  
Common sense we ride with the mobs just takin' shit

Cautious Cautious these niggas best be cautious  
I got a couple shooters they X you like a marksmen  
Get down bitch! Fore I let this fifty spit  
Designer shit, designer shit all I rocks designer shit

Trap house running stupid loose  
Couple pints of drink so you know we need a sprite or two  
Crib with a mountain view  
Racing to the money so you know I ran a light or two  
No fighting ain't no wrestling ain't nobody in this bitch bulletproof

Foreign whips with Forgi's too fuck her like the pussy new  
No bitch you can't spend no night I might just one hour you  
Trappin is a must so I'm just winning like the winners do  
Cooler than a cooler with a mac that got a cooler too