

Freddy Krueger

Rich Homie Quan

I can't even sleep, I've been having bad dreams, I been seeing Freddy Krueger man (yeah, yeah, yeah)
I told my young step it up, she gotta do the same thing for me that my cougar can (yeah, yeah, yeah, hey)
No hesitation if a nigga run up on me I ain't playing I'mma shoot his ass
Barrel extra long where the ruler at? Cut them niggas off 'fore they do you bad (aye)
Get the clip load up, never ever fold up, now it's time to go up
Pussy nigga you a hoe bro, when folks call roll up you gon' have to show us
50 for the watch, 50 for the whip, 50 for the hitman too
Put a [?] on your head little boy now I show you what a hitman do

I sell hundred fast watch me get that back
I might fuck that pussy [?]
Gave a couple bands to the trigger man
Told him kill 'em all time to get 'em back
Put him on a shirt make 'em miss his ass
I don't do transaction with no middle man
All these percocets I'm on the mad life
Took a couple L's but yeah my head high
Had to focus on my future get my bread right
Smoking all the time to keep my head high
Spending all this money when I feel like it
I didn't cut her off because she still like me
I didn't fuck her friend 'cause they real trifly
You will never find another nigga like me
I made everybody rich why they hate me
I paid all my dues no late fees
You might like it like that, if I do it like this
Do it on a headstand, do it on a dick
Baby make a ice cream, banana split
Baby make a snap pop, 808 hit
No condoning fuck shit, we don't do the lip
Trap spot [?] we just run out of ziplocs
I don't do the back and forth I'mma let the clip talk
G.O.D. the only thing that scare me I don't feel y'all
I won't take a man for my work 'cause I'm a big boss
I don't like a hoe that do too much it make my dick soft
I ain't with the back and forth, R.I.p. to Kriss Kross
If we get bitches playing with herself she tryna get off
I put it by myself who gon' be there if my shit fall
Nobody be there when a nigga only [?]
Stay down too long we ain't stopping 'till we [?]
I was broke now I'm fixed y'all (yeah, yeah, yeah)

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I know a couple hitmans, do it for some little shit man
And he don't even really want a whole lot of money he'll do it for a brick m
an
And I'm leaning like a kickstand, feel like I'm in quicksand
Fuck around with [?] to have you walking with a shit bag
Riding with it on my I don't need to pop truck
[?] ain't gon' never support support Trump
How she want that sloppy toppey and I want rump
When I got my dough you know I had the bottom bunk
Never ran from no nigga always stood up, yeah
We just gon' keep grinding hoe one day we gon' be up there
Still showing love to the hood 'cause we grew up there
We gon' throw that shit up we don't care 'bout who the fuck up there
Niggas say I changed, I probably did change
I made myself a million now tell me how you expect for me to fucking be the
same
I can see the hate, through these Cartiers
I been doing better but the man ain't perfect
I'm tryna go to sleep, [?] ain't working (yeah, yeah, yeah)

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