

Fried

Doe Boy

Zone 6, nigga, Pyrex whippa (Pyrex)
Yeah, Doe Beezy
Doe Beezy, yeah
Fried, fried, tweakin' out, tweak out my mind
Fried, I ain't lie (Yeah)

Bitch, you fried (Yeah)
I made her cheat on her nigga, I gave her some money, now bitch, you mine (Mwah)
Say she ain't goin' then she see no hundreds, stop cappin', bitch, you lyin' (Oh, really? Bitch, you lyin')
Play like a [?] thought I'd be rappin', bitch you done
Step in the building with niggas who be killin' (Gang, gang)
They be like, "Bitch, you fried"
Geekin' off pills, I be tweakin', I'm fried out my mind
If I wasn't rich I would rob (Let's go)
I do not hang with no pussies, he say he be lookin' but my whole clique outside (Gang)

Fried (Fried), fried (Fried)
Fried (Fried), fried (Fried)
Fried (Fried), fried (Fried)
Whole clique outside, bitch, we fried (Gang, gang)

My whole gang outside, we fried (Yeah)
Soon as he step outside, he die (Let's go)
VVS diamonds, he on (Boom)
But he know better, he tried, we fine (Brrrt)
Soon as I wake up, got pills on my mind (Yeah)
I'm one of one, bitch, I'm one of a kind (Yeah)
I got that stick, I can't stand in no line (No)
Brought it inside, stop hidin' your shit outside
Walk up in the club, Gucci bucket (Gucci bucket)
My youngin shootin' his buckets (Swish)
Said he want smoke but I seen him, he ducked it (Pussy)
Your gangster points just got deducted (Hah)
Young nigga fried, I ain't worried 'bout nothing
Racks in your head and I don't have a budget (Freebandz)
She wanna fade like she boujee, I pull this dick out and I bet she'll suck it (Mwah)
So please, stop cuffin' (Yeah)
That pussy boy wanna beef with me so I just brought his bitch over (Let's go)
But if I catch him in traffic, I'm blastin', I make his 'Rari flip over (Skr rt, boom)
She was dick ridin' the gang, we drove her (Yeah)
Speed in the lane then they can't switch over
Ain't have to tell her I'm rich, I sold her
Pockets so heavy, fuck around, tip over (Oh, really?)

Fried (Fried), fried (Fried)
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Fried (Fried), fried (Fried)
Woo, Beezy, gang

Real fried nigga, I came out the trenches
I ran up them digits, ran up some minutes (Fried)

Real hood gangster, give a fuck who really
Bitch, I'm the G in this Givenchy

Bitch, you fried (Doe Beezy)
I made her cheat on her nigga, I gave her some money, now bitch, you mine (M
wah)
Say she ain't goin' then she see no hundreds, stop cappin', bitch, you lyin'
(Oh, really?)
Play like a [?] thought I'd be rappin', bitch you done (Brrt)
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Fried (Fried), fried (Fried)
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Whole clique outside, bitch, we fried (Gang, gang)

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey