

Come Thru

Fredo Bang

I lost some old friends I had to tell no
The streets they washed up most of these niggas hoes
Can't see be going out sad oh no no no

When you ain't having nothing watch how they treat you
At my lowest all I had was God, don't ever think I need you
Count up a hundred bands of dirty money out the mud nigga
Showed you the move and you tried to work it on me

And I'm like I swear to God fo I got outi wanna shoot
Clap rods like it ain't nothing else to do
Keep a stick on me better have it on you
And if you got the drop nigga
Fuck it come on through

Pull up
Nigga fuck it come on through
Know we outside nigga
Nigga fuck it come on through

We don't give no fucks play you out of luck
I keep it on my side like my 40 was a crutch
I working with a pair but bitch I ain't the one
Might pop one in your head talking about a one on one
Never catch me slipping got it tucked right by my belly
Ask around the city since a lil one I been stepping
I stay out people business because that shit be getting messy
Cause soon I flash out you gotta check it or respect it

I pray to God that my dawg come home
I keep it gun just to make it home
I hope my mom know I love her soul
But you raised a child with a troubled soul

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