

# Die Na

Fredo Bang

Vicky vicky, hit him with the fifty  
You don't want to dance, we could get jiggy jiggy  
Vicky vicky, hit him with the fifty  
You don't want to dance, we could get jiggy jiggy  
(Keep it with me)

Draco on the seat and that Glock on my side  
Niggas get to duckin' every time I ride by  
Might pull up in the whip, we still doin' drive-bys  
And we givin' out smoke nigga, you can die now  
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I don't gang bang but my partner 5'9"  
Free Short Mane, he was under 5'9"  
Make sure that he dead, hit him over five times  
Hit him, bent his legs, they looked like some gang signs  
I hope you brought your iron 'cause you know I got mine  
Never leave my shit at home, I learned from the last time  
I wasn't aimin' for no birds, shit I fuck with Matt Ryan  
Give a bitch a dirt nap, that's a long bedtime

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The chopper cook a nigga like some Piccadilly  
They finally freed a nigga, boy I feel like Willy  
Say that he got static, boy you know I'm with it  
And I want all the smoke, bitch I would never kill it  
His partner died but I said nothin' but he know I sent it  
Five years parole, don't talk one instant, I can't get convicted  
Ain't trippin' on a nigga sendin' threats, I keep it with me  
I kill people, draco spittin' red, ain't talkin' Trippie

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