

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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