

# iPhone 6

Fredo Bang

iPhone 6  
Juugin', I'm juugin' off this iPhone 6  
Juugin', juugin'  
I'm boomin' off this iPhone 6  
Juug!  
Say thug... ay, um  
You know  
Pull around the back, mane  
Come roun' there  
You, know, yeah. I don't serve in the front  
Nuh-uh  
Nah  
Say, who that is?  
Ay, ay, where you goin'?!

(Dumb!)  
I'm boomin off this iPhone 6 (Dumb!)  
I'm juugin off this Android, bitch (Dumb!)  
Hit the backstreet, I give it to ya quick (Dumb!)  
I'm on the front street, tryna hit a lick (Dumb!)  
I'm boomin off this iPhone 6 (Dumb!)  
I'm juugin off this Android, bitch (Dumb!)  
Hit the backstreet, I give it to ya quick (Dumb!)  
I'm on the front street, tryna hit a lick

(BLVD Mel!)  
Hello? Hello? Who is this? (fuck is this?)  
Got lil' Fredo wit me yeah he do his shit (he do his shit)  
BLVD Die hard we with the shits (we with the shits)  
If a nigga play with youngin he get split (pah)  
Gee Money out the roof with the dick (brrrrrr)  
Murder 1, homicide, this whole clique (this whole clique)  
And I'm still booming off the i6 (i6)  
Trap phone doin' number that's a brick (that's a brick)

Hello, hello, hello?

Fredo!  
Bitch I'm Fredo Bang  
Listen wit ya ear (Yuh, yuh yuh!)  
Pharmaceuticals, I'm livin' off of pills (I'm eatin' good!)  
Pussy talkin' messy, I could get it clear (Huh?)  
Hit up Mel, bullets rip 'em from the rear (Drrrrrr)  
I got tabs, I got bars, I got lean (Bitch I keep it!)  
I keep a rod, murder run up in my jeans (Bitch I keep it!)  
I hit the parish, I am trippin' in them bars (Nah!)  
Gee Money caught a sale, I make bail, fuck tha charge (I'm flashing out!)

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(Da Real Gee Money, you know)  
Flexin' and finessin', bitch I'm juugin' in yo section (Juug!)  
Serve it to you raw but I can't come without my weapon (Never!)  
Don't fuck with too many I run with the same niggas (Squad!)  
Try to throw a cross and I'm bussin' ya brain nigga (Brapp papp pap)  
I pop tabs, not no bars (Yea!)  
Never slippin', keep my rod (I keep it!)  
Just in case, it's on my waist (Huh?)  
I promise you won't make it far (Nah!)  
Fredo trappin' out the back (Trap!)  
Juugin tryna flip the pack (Juug!)  
I'm in the front, with my gun  
Tryna see who I could jack

Let me get 'em, Gee  
Look  
Juugin and finessin'  
Comin' back from Texas  
Got a yeah with the yeah told me meet him off [?]  
Other line jumpin' (Brrrt!)  
Nigga bitch say she want sex me  
But I can't say her name cause this tax season she gone bless me (Shh)  
Hello?  
This the plug  
I done made a plug order  
50,000 dollar bond  
On the run from drug charges  
XD, I love 40's  
If it's war, I got guns  
Would have been went and got Kwan, if he woulda had a bond (Run it up!)

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