

# Many Men

Fredo Bang

(Ayo, Lari, this shit fye)  
(Wonder Boy)  
(Ooh, that's a Hardbody beat)

Two, two brand new Glocks, these bitches fresh up out the pawn shop  
Ain't sparin' shit, they get caught lackin', then they all shot  
Let that door swing, uh, I'm in all black just like Bruce Wayne  
Propane, hit him with that fire just like Duke, man

We killed many men, spin a bend, spin a bend  
I'm killin' with these ends, drop a ten, drop a ten  
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I'm killin' with these ends, drop a ten, drop a ten

I put 'em through a nigga chest and tell him, "Vest up" (Tell him vest up)  
I keep this bitch up on my side, that's for my dick, uh (Grrah)  
A nigga see me, they know it's murder, better have they stick up  
You tryna get that shit in blood, you better not pick us  
Pull up all black like Akon with a stick tucked (Stick tucked)  
Spin a bend in windows tinted, this a pickup, hmm (This a pickup)  
Lay him face down, tell him stay down, he can't get up (Pussy bitch)  
Hit him by his spine, he ain't have time to pick his blick up (Yeah)  
I put a nigga on a shirt and pray to God I beat the charge  
Flip that boy with two Dracos like a lil' bitch in a ménage  
Line him up, send a bitch, hundred shots, cut the clip  
He worked that stick and got a check, but he ain't even got no job

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Yeah, heard he at the 'telly, then we pop him in the lobby  
Hundred in this bitch, if it don't jam, it ain't no stoppin'  
I been flashin', showin' my ass, might drop a bag just 'cause I got it  
Caught him broad day, that burner melt him like some chocolate  
I been spinnin' since a jit, got more bloods than the OGs  
Get on my nerve, I bend your curve, all of my opps, they know me  
Move to the 'burbs, we still gon' swerve, the opps ain't gettin' no sleep  
I say the word, put twenty-four across his chest like Kobe

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