Second Line

Fredo Bang

(Ain't that DJ Chose over there?)
(Look like DJ Chose)
(HardBody)

Yeah
f*ck this [?] second line
I'ma put that Nine on whoever ain't respectin' mine (Baow, baow, baow)
I'm in my bag, nigga, plus I got a drac' in mind
I'ma put that Nine on whoever ain't respectin' mine (Baow, baow, baow)
Yeah, I'ma paint the city red (Red, uh)
It's a bag on they head
p*ssy you got dead niggas, don't be dissin' mine (Bitch, uh)
f*ck them niggas make 'em second line (Baow, baow, baow)

f*ck a hater, cross the line, and get your mind wiped
Dropped a bag but I'm gon' ride to make sure that it's done right
Still thuggin', still posted in the cut
I just bought the block, bitch that was us, yeah
Hit him in his leg, have him walkin' like a pimp [?] (Yeah, yeah)
Catch him down bad, then I'm goin' with my real mood (Yeah, yeah)
Know that I be plottin', I been itchin' for me one more (One more)
I just got this poppin', now I'm lookin' for the huncho
Let the bands play (Woo)
How the f*ck I end up first, I was in last place? (Yeah)
[?] I hopped out of jail and bought another drac'
Niggas know they play me, they see an early grave (Baow, baow, baow, grrrrah
)

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We gon' bring the drop top
Reppin' 'til the drop ball (Yeah, yeah)
I hear a tickin' on his head, that nigga a cop though
Bad bitch in my DM, wanna f*ck her but she [?] though
They play me like I'm dumb, hoe, I'm a college drop out
I pop pills, I'm a Perculator (Woo)
And you ain't gangsta, blood, your momma cuz she raised a faker
A hunnid rounds, I crossed your more times than the f*ckin' Lakers (Baow, ba
ow, baow)
The judge [?] on me, a menace, I ain't even stable
Rock you like a [?], nigga

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