

## 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, baow,  
ow, baow)  
The judge [?] on me, a menace, I ain't even stable  
Rock you like a [?], nigga

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