

Ya Heard Me "Complex"

Fredo Bang

(Uno got the streets goin' crazy)
Ya heard me? (Yeah)
(Evan, turn me up)
Ya heard me?
Ya heard me?
(Ayo, Flex, you wllidin')
Ya heard me?
Ya heard me?
Ya heard me?
Yeah (This is GD Beats)

I might pull up bare-face like nigga, fuck a mask
You know I get it back in blood with my lil' shiesty ass
Okay, he talking on the net, I'm right back on his ass
Every time we get a drop you know we do the dash
Skrt, skrt
Hold on, where the fuck the opps at?
Adderall, okay, I just got my bop back
Rich nigga, he still comin' through the projects
Last nigga played games, he got his issue, he ain't bounce back
I might let 'em talk but they can't fuck with us
Bob the Builder, just walked in, I got this hammer tucked
I put my hood up in yo face, you know I throw it up
I come three deep up in the city, who gon' play with 'em?

You know I'm 'bout mine
Raw shit
Yeah, bitch, don't look at me wrong, I got a complex
Paranoid, I ain't the type you want some smoke with
I been standing outside like a protest
You know I'm 'bout mine
Raw shit
Yeah, bitch, don't look at me wrong I got a complex
Paranoid, I ain't the type you want some smoke with
I been standing outside like a protest

I'm from that South, we get it in, bitch, you heard me
We spin a bin and take his friend, bitch, you heard me
I got my pistol right on stage, ain't got no worries
187 how we coming in that diety
I tell a bitch, "Don't try to kiss me, I like hoe sex."
She down to ride, she clutch my Glock and plus her throat wet
I ain't never been the type you want some smoke with
Chopper work a nigga ass just like a Bowflex

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You know I'm 'bout mine
Raw shit
Yeah, bitch, don't look at me wrong I got a complex
Paranoid, I ain't the type you want some smoke with
I been standing outside like a protest