

High Off Gun Powder

Fredo Santana

Ayy man, y'all know what the fuck goin' on, man
Sniper gang shit, man big Z's, 26136, man
Savage squad, Glo Ganged up
You dig, you dig?

Staying sober tryna drop albums
But I get high off of gunpowder
All this money keep a nigga calmer
But it ain't nothin' to hit your whole block up
But I ain't tryna go back to the bottom
About the jewelry, I'ma die about 'em
I'm glowed up, put that on my Z
I'm poured up, I'm on promethazine

I'm poured up, I'm on codeine (lean)
That bitch want me, she gotta do my team (my team)
We ride with 30s with them green beams (green beams)
Kidnap a rapper ass, label gotta pay the fee
I'm super savage, niggas know not to play with me (play with me)
Kick that bitch out, nah, she can't lay with me (fuck that thot)
Niggas switchin' teams, what? Like they K.D
But I'm really in the field like I'm A.B. (what)
Touchdown, hundred pounds up in AZ (let's get it)
It's goin' down, you out of bounds if you want beef (you know it)
Shoot a nigga down, hundred round in my heat (grrrra)
I fuck my bitch and pop some Xannys just to go to sleep (ya dig?)

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The only stretch I'm doin' from a nap
Turn a fuckin' crap to some craps
Bitch give me face, if you gon' do it, do it 'SAP
You say you want codeine, grab a cup and get a tap
Blunt of that 'lato, always kickin' ass, catch a combo
Zoom past faster than a bullet out a gun hole
I ride, patrol out to get me, gotta dodge 'em like a pothole
Told her that I'm on my way to crack her like a taco
My flag with no stand, how I'm mothafuckin' tiltin'
Livin' in the Hills, when you park, turn your wheel in
Do a bitch bad, someone take me to detention
All this fuckin' loud, someone take me to the incense

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Sniper Gang, man, GD, you know how we rockin', man
Whole lot of gang shit, ya dig? Ya dig? Ya dig?