

Off the Meter

Fredo Santana

Ooh, damn, damn, damn, ayy
Ayy, ayy, Fredo, big boss
Ayy, pull up to my trap and it's off the meter
Say pull up to the, pull up to the

Pull up to my trap, I swear it's off the meter
Pull up to the back, I serve you with my heater
I can't trust a soul, that's why I be squeezin'
And if a nigga wanna rob that's where I'ma leave him
Pull up to my trap, I swear it's off the meter
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I don't meet with suckers, meet my desert eagle
I'm so conceited, so rude to people
If you ain't talkin' money I don't wanna meet you
Got a lot of plugs but only fuck with Migos
Got your main ho in the trap, she don't want to leave
Now she on my dick 'cause I be movin' keys
I been gettin' money since like sixteen
I been catchin' cases since like thirteen
I get themb rick sin and they dirty cheap
Couple bodies gon' drop, come between my cheese
Niggas soft as fuck, they don't want beef
See 'em in the street, they be screaming peace

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We got cocaine, we got hella bricks
Think I'd be a fool if I wasn't with the shits
I do it, dripped fresh in the Gucci fit
Shoot a nigga block, don't care who I hit
Let my money talk man, I don't talk for nothin'
I don't do drive-by's, only walk-ups
Disrespect the squad, you better have some luck
'Cause if we catch you lackin' you gon' get chalked up
Pull up to my trap man, we got hella shit
Pull up to my trap man, we got hella bricks
Pull up to my trap, my niggas with the shits
AKs in my closet, we got hella clips

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