

Back To Basics

Fredo

My hoes in contour
My clothes are Tom Ford
My bro's, they want war so lock when I'm on tour
Yo, tell your guys (Guys)
It's funny, I'm gettin' to the bag
Got these nigga's mad, they just wanna' start tellin' lies (Tellin' lies)
Tom Ford box with seven-fives
Since I got racks, I musta' heard every lie
There's a long list of rappers, I didn't get in line
I said "I'm comin' and you nigga's better step aside" (Step aside)
It's 45 for the kilo, ain't no bargaining me (Bargainin')
Put Fred on your song and it'll be charting quickly
Every week I put a model in a car to Brickz to True Flavours, get my pepper
steak fast and quickly
I need the lemonade
Oh, you ain't seen a hundred racks? Well, I can demonstrate (Freddy)
Young nigga blowing up the flat, I detonate
Glass AP has shattered my wrist, it needs a rest today
I got a way with words
Any black yutes in ... man will make it burst
No white yutes, my G, we're going on some racist works
In '016 I got my first music project placed on Earth
But on the opp-block, I taped it first
I think I'm made of her
'Cause she's an animal lover, my jackets made of fur
Sometimes I can't believe just what I made off words
Still I ain't cutting from the opps
Nigga's know that Fred will run for Mayor first
Little man, I need a 40 just to lay a verse
Baby girl's mad I move, but that's how a playa work
The plug lost trust, now I gotta' pay him first
Took food off hella' man, now he won't even take my work
But still time in tickin'
My girl got a good brain, you know her minds the sickest
But at the same time, she won't ever mind her business
Told my guys when they slide bear in mind the witness
Yo, my lady woke up with bruises tryna' find who did it
Silly girl, you must not realise how my diamonds hittin'
Last night you could've easily lost your sight or vision
I believe in God so you could say I'm kind of Christian
But going Hatton Garden every Sunday's my religion
You was up in college, pussy boy, go write and listen
I was outside the plug's doing my revision (Facts)
Baby girl you're not my main, you're my side addition
So I'm gonna' need some "shh" when the wife is ringin' (Ringin')
Nigga's gotta' keep the "shh" 'cause my ice in blingin' (Blingin')
Got a suttin' with the "shh", do a silent drilling (Drilling)
Yeah, I poked up "shh", cah I don't like them niggas (Pussys)
You think I read comments?
I'm a bad boy with street problems
AP, Patek and a Rolex, I keep options
Fifty thousand for a festival, I keep shottin'
Catch me countin' twenty in the morning while I eat porridge
Babygirl you look good, let me see suttin'
I was stuck up in the hood, had to be suttin'
Niggas show respect in the place when my teams comin'
I'll shut when I get to the place, I don't need loving

I got your girl on top of me, I don't need covers (No)
It's bicarbonate soda up in these cupboards
I get emotional every time I see hundreds
Gonna' make my eyes water when I'm choppin' these onions

Real shit
Make my eyes water when I'm choppin' these onions