

Bless His Soul

Fredo

Ain't that DJ Chose over there?
Look like DJ Chose
Hardbody

Woadie got a body, he ain't tell nobody
He stuck to the code, hope God bless his soul
Right hand on the Bible, tell the lie straight to the judge
Just 'cause he ain't never fold, hope God bless his soul (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Ain't gotta drop a bag, got niggas to do that shit for free (Grr)
Ain't gotta spend a band, got niggas to do that shit for me
Got a house up in the 'burb, my mama house still in the streets (Ooh-ooh)

Know that we be actin' (Playin'), that AC that I'm packin' is compact ('Pact
)
Ask around my city, I work that ratchet (Yeah)
I'm livin' what they rappin', pull it out like Go Go Gadget (Boaw)
I put my savage on even though he actin' (Yeah)
Get a bag and not a casket (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
I was taught to get it in the old way (Old way)
I was slingin' iron up on that tollway (Tollway)
I been traumatized, I can't let nobody close, babe
Snakes in disguise, told me lies with a bold face

I salute to the real one time
Hoppin' gates, tryna duck one time
Kept it real, ain't think of switchin' one time
You hit a lick to feed your kids, but that's fine

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Let off clips when we drill shit, clap his dome
With some old heads on field trips like chaperones, uh
These niggas vaginal, my niggas animals
From the murder capital where catchin' bodies casual
Keep these angels guardin' me, saved us with a harmony
My daddy saw the star in me when stars seemed too far to reach
I'm perfectin' my artistry, grew up on Tha Carter III
Shoot like we play for varsity, these slugs'll hit his artery
He can't be with gang, we revoked him of his membership
Out here writin' statements like he workin' on his penmanship
Hellcat just for racin', fuck around and bought the dealership
Mama look, I made it and I still got all my killers here

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