

# Boom Boom

Fredo

Yo, I'm charging my phone  
I just flipped all this white now I feel like the dark's gotta go  
Just started my show  
And man this chick took a glance at the pole now she's asking to go  
She's feeling the kid  
In some jeans with the rips  
Whip 3 into 6 anytime that I'm feeling the mix  
Give my young guns straps niggas know Fred's feeding them kids  
I got a message for them kids  
If you hit the trap make sure you're whipping and you're stretching on them bricks  
Cos I was up on Harrow Road pebbling this shit and I'll tell you right now you'll be never getting rich  
He used to have P's now he's begging for a quid  
Trying to bring a young little qwenger to his crib  
Speaking of young  
I'm the youngest in charge and my young dargs won't [?] and run in your yard  
They came for a shoot and found slugs in my yard and they said I stacked criminal in front of his marge  
Kept my mouth closed I was busting the charge  
Was stuck in the yard, now I'm stuck in the chart  
My AP looks like it's been flooded with glass  
Use the gloves and the masks then I'm running a bath  
I've never been that guy that clubs in the dance  
I'm shotting on Friday, there's drugs in the car  
Man she listens to Fred and she's loving my bars  
But she said the blocks hot can she come to the Shard  
Her back end is huge like she's stuffing her ass  
But everything's real that's my suttin' from France  
I'm the man of this house so there's grams in this couch  
Hella food in the kitchen like grans in this house  
Little homies in [?] with grams in their mouths  
Was sliding to Kilburn with bags in their pouch

Like boom boom  
Bro slide in that foreign like boom boom  
Niggas straight to your face likes who's who  
Stole a half box of coke and bought a new coupe  
Man I'm a loose yute  
Any gyal you see me riding with is too cute  
Can't help looking at that back man, it's too huge  
I just spent four racks on two Loubs  
And walked to court and told the judge I don't move food

But these Nike's on my feet cost the price of my weed  
If she said she's my gyal then she's lying on me  
She's trying to be, so what it's likely to be  
Gun shots ringing off man it's likely my team  
Still I swear down I'm keeping up fuckery in Gucci, they love me in Louis  
By age 16 I was stuck up in juvie  
Now I fly OT in fucking Jacuzzi's  
You can't talk to my chick cos she's stuck up and boujee  
Shout outs running from [?]  
21 days lost is bunning my doobie  
Caught him on free flow and spun him to Tuesday  
When I stepped in this game I was lit and flooded  
I put that on my little cousin

Niggas talk the trap and ain't whippin' nuttin'  
Bro don't rap but my niggas busting  
And why these Gucci clothes make groupie hoes just lose their mind and go and do the most  
I didn't choose the road  
But my shoes were old and big bro was getting it from moving O's  
Man I can't lie, I was feeling that shit  
When this plug drops a half brick, told myself have to be easy with it  
Cos when he drops 36 O's I'm leaving with it  
Then it's onto the next cos I'm cheeky with it  
That's why all of my ladies are freaky with it  
Check my phone while I'm bathing, she's sneaky with it  
We just smacked up some pagans and legal visits  
So free up my bro cos he's evil with it  
My cell got some B and a needle with it  
Still he can't find a vein cos he's feeble with it

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