

Independence Day Freestyle

Fredo

It's big waps, bad B's, phones and yay
If the good die young then I'll be old and grey
They want advice, tell me really what I'm supposed to say
When I got here from drug deals, sales and motorways
Yo, all the gang's wild, can somebody tame us
Gotta step with the stick like we got gum on our trainers
All them yutes I robbed must hate it when I come on the playlist
At least that you can say that you was robbed by somebody famous
Go ask in the hood I'm who they call for the tings
But we still go to war with swords like it's Lord Of The Rings
Pateks, Rolex's, Audemars, it's all on the skin
Call me Fredo, but I'm also known as lord of the bling
Yo, his mum and dad weren't 'round, he got closer with the gang
Had no bread up the kitchen, got that toaster in his hand
Nah, my opp's don't need no holidays with lotion and no sand
Just go stand up on your block, you'll be closer to a tan
Since the last one got blazed, they don't chill in estates
Need to know where you stay, get the drizzy, no Drake
What you bringin' to this table? I'mma listen and wait
I bring so much food in this place, you'll never finish your plate
Where I'm from, I can't even lie, them prisons are fate
But it's a big mansion next time I live in them gates
Drilling ain't jumping out the car and waving knives
If you man are drilling then why ain't you guys takin' lives? Baby guys
I got big waps, no baby .9's
Girl with big back giving uck 'til I got lazy eyes
Stro got nicked for his kidnap, but it made him wise
Then he bucked the plug in jail and that really changed his life
Yo, I wouldn't lie, know there ain't no feeling like when bullets fly
Running on the other side, gang gang and my hoodie tied
Wondering if a pussy died when I'm getting back on ends
Had some olders, pressured them, they ain't coming back again
They say that life's priceless can't put a price on that
But if the price is right, you'll die, I'll put my guys on that
Fly to Dubai I'm with the same guys, it's a crazy setting
More foreign cars lined up here than in an Asian wedding
Yeah my brudda's catching years, they ain't got a month
Everyone sitting down, it's like I'm from a block of Monks
Heard he got a watch, but he don't put in, watch us rob the punk
Bet that prezi won't even last as long as Donald Trump
Yo, new problems that I'm faced with when the guala come
Picking out the Rollie or the AP, that's a common one
Look at what you've gone and done
Yeah, I rap about them trap spots and all them times on the block
But, believe me, it wasn't fun
Every time I drop, just know I'm rising, akh
It use to be ten a show, now you can times it that
A lot of man stayed the same, I really find it sad
Forget rap 'cause I was lit up in my times of crack
Nah, I don't even draw I'm using words as art
So if I do draw that girl, then she's a work of art
Mum went up in my drawer, she found that work and dark
Check the score, it's not a draw, I'm from the dirty 'Zart
Can you name another brudda out here rippin' these beats
With food sellin' on these roads, and drillers kill in these streets
I can drop it, but there's also a delivery fee
Came far from a damn nitty, no Sterling, it's Man City

They say I fell off, them man there are hella haters
If I fell off, must've fell off stairs into some elevators
Got a young boy you can look at, tell he's hella dangerous
Them man are talking, but my bruddas, we're the demonstrators
Young nigga's killing 'em, free my nigga Simion
He went to jail, I had a ten, when he's home I'll have some millions
And everything is real rap, so everybody feel that
How them man try step on my toes when they're steel cap?
It's a roadman trackie when I slide in them streets
No, I don't even own a suit 'cause all my ties in the streets
Them man hide and we seek, I put the grind on repeat
Ten tonne pressed aside down like reclining a seat
Yo, I hate when I hear rappers talkin 'bout pressing and mixing
Same pussy cappers never even stepped in a kitchen
Use to run it up in crackheads 'til they get an eviction
Yeah, I made a lot of money due to stress and addiction
Who's real? I use to do the nights for two bills
Now I make sure my blocks straight before the news spill
Before all this rose gold, I really had a few steels
Now the chain froze, watch froze, and I'm due chills
I don't give a fuck about how you feel
Put me on a beat like this, shit gettin' too real
I said it's no more freestyle, and that shit was true still
But if I don't go this hard, then tell me, who will?