

# Mind

Fredo

Tell me, can you read my mind?  
I'm in the trenches with my killers, tryna lead the blind  
Lookin' foward, I ain't even tryna see behind  
Miss my brudda or my mother  
I won't even lie, they tryna read my mind  
How you bruddas gonna read my thoughts (How)  
It's been dark up on the streets, we had to keep a torch (Keep)  
My nigga died, have my mind up in the deepest thoughts  
My akh will drop a body way before he's seen in court (Blow)

Yeah, I'm a young savage, and I fuck with young Clavish  
The gang, gang does damage, then I make them guns vanish  
This is pattern gang, them man are un-patterned  
How you niggas drillers when you only done one stabbin'  
Free big [?], they done him up well (Free)  
Fuck that place it's hell, my guys have done enough cells  
I'm at that stage in my life, where I can fuck your mum or your girl (Which one?)  
If he's rattin', then it's no cap 'n we're cuttin' his tail  
Them man are gangsters on the road, they won't come out the cell  
He went into jail a man, but he come out a girl  
Bitch made, I've seen Sav'O gettin' active with a switchblade  
My niggas drip in jail, while your niggas wait on kit change  
I flip cane, the .32 auto, that's a mid-range  
But I got somethin', that hit your cousin from a big way  
I'm doing 236's in like six days, and I ain't even goin' hardest in the trap  
, I switch lanes (Blow)

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The first time I poked a guy, was opposite my mummy's house  
Don't ask my niggas, ask my opps, 'cause they'll probably vouch  
Youngen on my block, used to run around  
I used to slide with this nigga now, this nigga can't come around  
They only hate me 'cause I'm everything they couldn't be  
She buss it open for me, I remember when I couldn't be  
My nigga got killed, his dad was talkin' 'bout snitchin'  
But I don't want is killer, to get lived off, he shouldn't breath  
Tell me would you ride me for me? honestly, possibly?  
Any yout I stabbed up, could not get an apology  
She from the other side, but she's a one off, that don't bother me  
This gun ain't for opps, it's for the red eye tryna plot on me  
She's too busy tryna read my mind, time is money so my nigga popped a dwelle  
r like I needed time  
I secure the bag, I'm seeing mine  
Tell her pop down, oder, save your breath, I don't need advice

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