

Outro

Fredo

We ain't them bad guys they say that we are
A lot of bruddas want my shoes, they'll never make it this far
I see snakes in the grass but I'm a lion in this ting
He was talking hard and now his mum's crying in this ting
Yo I've been smoking weed till I feel them feelings go
A lot of people round me so why do I still feel alone?
I ran my money up so high, these days I can't keep it low
I used to see right through the lies, now I don't even know
I'm hearing all them rappers saying "Stay down till you make it"
And preaching silly shit like "Grind till you shine"
But in reality most people in life been grinding for time
And life don't ever improve, it's like we grind to survive
My first deal was for half a mill, at the time that was fine
But next time I need a tan when I go sign on the line
What you been doing for your hands? Cause I'm providing for mine
The same man that used to plug me, I'm consigning a nine
I've been thinking bout Saint-Tropez, the third of July
Story of my life, you speak and I ain't heard of the guy
Yo them man there think bout hoes when I've got murder on mine
Free Melo, free B.A., they're my surgical guys
Now I don't care about the old days, who was running the ends
Cause they ain't do it like we done it man, them bruddas pretend
If you're disrespect, we're coming, facts, it doesn't depend
I buss my neck down, my wrist down and flooded the ends
Joe just bought a full pack, I bet he's coming again
Them man got plain Rollies, these days that's nothing to Fred
Every six months I pay a Rollie cover in rent
I done a grow view, got nicked for it then done one again
They wanna talk but there's nothing I can say to them
Why they call him Gucci when his funeral at H&M?
Capping on the net, that's some typical guys
Man can trill you on the streets or with these lyrics of mine
It was big fat racks a brudda had in my dreams
But I didn't know where to find 'em, like my dad in my teens
Yeah we all suffer from suttin round here, don't happen to sneeze
Man got sick of being broke and called that trapping disease
Yeah I've got girls flying from L.A., they're packing for weeks
Ten hour trips to fly across the world and go back on their knees
Had the plain Rollie yesterday, I'm back on the freeze
Bro's on his last three, going for Category D
Life sentence, that's Category A
We never had shit back in the day but still miss back in the day
Girl you like me or you like me cause the fact that I'm paid?
I used to know but now I can't cause all these racks in the way
Nah we ain't the same if you've been slapped in your face
All that funny shit with feds to avoid catching a case
You know it's war on the road, a man got clipped down and -
Corn in his neck, that was awfully close
They see what I do, they go copy after
Got my younger shaving heads, guess he's a proper barber
Heat the nine up in the water then it's locking faster
Fredo stay with them bits, I'm like some Tropicana
They've been tryna drill me out but tell them niggas to stop
Cause I don't reply to no drillers that ain't killing their opps
Blaze niggas up, know we do that for sure
Shoot up the car like he's 2Pac Shakur