

# Playin' For Keeps

Fredo

Needing it all, we be playing for keeps  
No changing for money, we'll stay in the street  
I'm sining while my mummy's praying for me  
Don't hide how you feel, pussy say it to me  
The scale don't take .9's, I'll weight it in 3s  
Now I'm covered in diamonds, the way it should be  
Freedom is priceless, these haters are free  
The only thing I hate is wasting my weed  
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I can take you right back to my days as a teen  
Everyday we held a chase from police  
Running through country, I'm chasing a fiend  
They say it's a crime but I'm chasing my dreams  
Catch me in Dsquared, I'm painting my jeans  
Spent racks on my chain, you can't take it from me  
Now I'm lurkin' with Asco, might swerve on the backroad  
My shirt is Givenchy, I earn that from crack stones  
And nah, they ain't got no backbone  
Smoking sticky and it's picky like an afro  
My youngen' on the jilly, gettin' dippy with his rambo  
Free my niggas, I'm still whippin' till you land road  
I'm whippin' when you're free  
This was once an ounce but I mixed it into three  
Feelin' like a pro, I might whip it in my sleep  
Think this needs salt how it's chips up in the B  
Taking trips up to the beach

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Truss, I'm blowin' on gelato, sippin high-tec  
Out 'ere, you know, going through life  
Just trapped out, I whip yola in the Pyrex  
I bunked back eight but I only dropped nine zeds  
Truss, real trappers they relate to me

Real talk, it's big cake, no weight on me  
My young boy he-ah catch a case for me  
Broad day, he-ah slap it in your face for free  
As' and Fredo on a track, that's mad  
Young boys on the payroll going ham  
Feds hate me, plain clothes, still a [?] man  
It's still "No comment" if I ever get jammed  
And all the bros know the code  
No snitching no, even on the foes  
I'm still whipping in the kitchen, and cheffin' up the stove  
Still making a killing, no T on the low

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