

Property Picking

Fredo

Property pickin', properly drippin', I'm
Poverty driven, I'm not gonna listen
Feds want me locked in a prison
Breathin' but not really livin'
'Cause I started with rocks in the kitchen
Now Fred's in a foreign, you're not gonna miss him

Look, what you tellin' me, bro?
This ain't no loud, what you sellin' me, though?
Last two weeks, ten in a row
None of them sleep here, I'm sendin' 'em home
They get shot up for gettin' involved
And get on the phone like I never did know
Most of these rap boys never did road
So look at me wrong, man, I'm gettin' 'em poled
Yeah, I just bought a yard, I went property pickin'
You know me, I'm properly drippin'
I'm drivin' the Bentley but poverty driven
Mummy said that I'm not gonna listen
All of them feds want me locked in a prison
Where you're breathing but not really living
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I'm about, the top of it's missin'
Smokin' loud and I'm with the don's missus
High in the clouds but she's droppin' her knickers
This is 'cause I'm a popular figure
Yeah, I'll run up in Fendi, no robbery
All the sexy ones tell me they're on to me
Twenty racks in my pocket, I'm out on a shoppin' spree
I beg you, don't bother me
Is that the police tryna follow me?
My nigga, let's switch up the route
My girl just wants me to give her the truth
But if I do that, we'll be finished for true
Stomp the boy in my Jordans, 4 in the morning
When I should've been touring
Yo, I got more trainers than sense
And and I got more paigons, no friends

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Send my youngins in cabs with the hammers
Put it down with the slags and the badders
Talkin' smoke, that ain't nothin' to me
I flooded the piece, spent a hundred with ease
Look, my youngins want guns and they're comin' to me
But if you ask mum, I'm the son of her dreams
Fendi bag on her tea, covered in fleas for a hundred a piece
Listen, I'm known for blowin' them racks
Facts, but I used to be homeless and that
If that's your girl, go and hold on to that
If I roll in and snatch, she ain't phonin' you back, no
My niggas are frozen in black
Little V Dotz came holdin' the wrap
His shotty is bookey, not just a slap
So I told him don't bring it no closer than that

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