

# Pulling Up

Fredo

(Young Magic on the beat)

Yo its Fredo, shout my nigga Blade Brown

HRB, Pattern Gang, BXB, free all my little homies man, free all my big bro's too

Oi Blade come and show dem how we livin' bro

While you was doing Netflix and chill, I was doing Z flips and deals

I top my Lyca up by 20 quid, I'm 22 I'm selling bricks, my hoody cost me seven-fifth

These bits don't work out I'm gonna pebble it, my bitch she in a red dress she looking devilish

My face is hot, but my neck be cooler than a beverage

I was sixteen, filling stash box with seven quid

Them bankrolls, my young boy on the back road for the cash flow

I've never introduced my dear mother to a bad hoe

That's my queen, in my teens, it was nuttin' but fiends

Now I'm shopping in Balmain, it's nothing but jeans

And in the jailhouse I'm keeping up nothing but greaze

And every time I come home, gyal get on nothing but knees

Cus she's a hooker bitch I'm in my kitchen cooking shit

Her ass is so fat bet my life you gotta look at it

This is Fredo and I'm fucking round with Blade B

You see the diamonds round my neck you see it's AP

Were pulling up in foreign cars these ain't no A3's

I'm giving little nigga's pictures they don't say cheese

And Blades a real OG, he don't say please

These are cookies we ain't smoking on the same tree's

Something ain't right if you ain't with the same G's

And if a pussy get shot, please don't say me

It's BXB, Pattern Gang, One Call, Package Land

Everybody in my team got AP, that's Hatton gang

Sideman keep chatting man, don't take man for no rapper fam

One page to that young boy and that (brap brap) will just flatten man

It's like the industry wan be friends, I swear to god I can't pretend

I'm really from the deep end, where my niggas just beat skengs and they move packs to the weekend

Niggas wan watch my ting but I swear to god I don't pree dem

Outcome is the in-ting, niggas rapping like they're kingpin

Only got one dead line and that dead line don't ring ring

Yeah I talk that plug talk cus I'm plugged up and I'm linked in

Never seen and I rinse him, bare food we gotta rinse him

Everybody just sound the same, everybody just sound the same

If I bang my hammer, you bang your hammer man I swear to god it won't sound

the same (man I swear to god it won't sound the same)

Man this rap tings going down the drain

If them boys run in the trap yeah everything's going down the drain

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