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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