

# Rappin' & Trappin'

Fredo

My nigga picture it  
My whole wrist is lit  
Used to take them pissy lifts  
Was sleeping in my niggas crib  
Still putting packs up in the microwaves  
Customizing diamond chains  
Man we was lost and had to find a way  
Smoking on gelato, these Louboutin's got the sparkle  
I started with a half O with the dreams to be a narco  
Still, I can't wife a chick, married to my Lyca chip  
Sold a Z while writing this, my youngers shoot while cycling  
I'm stuck up in this city full of flashy lights  
I keep it humble cos I never really had a life  
Now my shoes, top and jeans cost a pack of white  
Still I trap at night, when will I be satisfied?  
Guess it's just a trappers life  
Cooking up them nina's, Z's get sacrificed  
And if my brother's patronised, somebody's getting Channel 5'd  
Look I've got two scales I'm balancing  
Two scales I'm patterning  
As for this rappin' ting, it's sorta just happenin'  
Should I hit the booth or go and whip the twos?  
Got mad love for them little yutes that's hitting shoots, I did it too  
He's getting smoked if we're in the mood  
Little brother can't get to the hand ting told him bring the broom  
But I ain't rapping 'bout no dip dips and four doors  
Just touched up on four raw and now I got four more  
Johnny's got six-o looking for four-scores  
Told him just link little bro by the fourth floor  
Man I just beat the case  
So can somebody tell Latesha-Grace  
That Fredo's tryna giver her D for days  
I'm smoking weed and eating steak  
Thinking that I need a break  
But I won't stop 'til all my G's are straight  
Sitting down with Dotz chatting to him in the cemetery  
Telling him that now I rap everyone remembers me  
Miss the days when it was 'bout the fun and it was never P's  
I know you're smiling down when I spend five bills on a Fendi tee  
But maybe heaven is the place that Fredo's meant to be  
Cos down here on earth it ain't nuttin but fakes and jealousy  
Still I'm loyal to the rules that's something you will never be  
You want the fame so much so it's something you will never see  
She's clubbing every week, that's suttin' I will never breed  
My own friends stole my gun, that something I will never leave  
Now he's round with pagans and that's fucking with me mentally  
But I'm an Ace of Spades and them niggas come like Cherry B  
That pussy stabbed me in my back and it was very deep  
Then I got locked for a shooting, three stabbings and a hell a tee  
But I'ma let it be  
Cos if my lawyer hears this rap due to wanna lecture me 'bout why the feds a  
re vexed with me  
Workers said Nick robbed him for some B  
So I told him for a couple weeks you're shotting it for free  
Same time I had his big sister dropping to her knees  
She bust it open quick cos I'm popping in the street