

Scorpion

Fredo

(The Beat Boss)

Yeah, Scorpion, Scorpion, Scorpion

Pussy boy changed on me
And now he's lookin' like a scorpion
No, my dargies ain't playin' hand tings
Dem man pull up with Škorpions
Pull up on it in so many whips
The mandem think that I've been torturing
Got Vs on my wrist, I'm deep in this shit
Fans ask have I been smokin'? Yeah, yeah
My niggas be shottas on the opp block
Dem man are recordin' it
Got hands tings that look like they're fresh out the box
My shotties are ornaments
Got so many numbers and commas in my bank
They look like coordinates
I'm droppin' the price when everyone's got food
But I cannot forfeit cheques

He's a scorpion
My darg left the cage I bought him in
But my other one hates, I can't talk to him
And it's makin' me sick, just the thought of it
For real
See my young boys all in a stolen car
And it's fact that dem man 'bout to go to war
Dem yutes chat, we slide like a photo, darg
Gotta shop, think twice before you go to store, yeah

The trap was the love of my life
Me and my pack used to cuddle at night
My savage needs cake and I cut him a slice
'Cause when we go ravin' he snuck in the pipe
Out in the back, covered in ice
Only thing melting's the love of your life
He mentioned my name a couple of times
I can't wait to show him what my brothers are like

Bullets flyin', mums cryin', windows smashin', it's a ricochet
When it's time to slide, you know that's just how my n***** play
Fuck a nine-to-five, we're outside, show me the quickest way
Money is time, man, I can't waste mine up in the prison, mate

Yo, she wanna chew it (Chew it)
I walked in with sixty and blew it
Nah, this ain't no fake rap, I do it
They're hatin' on me 'cause they knew it
You're lady with me and she choosin'
You ain't with the team and you're losin'
Play with my G, leave you snoozin'
You guys say you're drippin', I'm oozin'

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I'm droppin' the price when everyone's got food
But I cannot fall for tricks

Me and my brothers, we got it (So)
We only run from the law
I got some money from rap
Now it's a fact that I think I'll be comin' for more
I flooded my wrist, I flooded my neck
I flooded my fingers, I flooded my jaw
My darg got three phones to work for the summer
So he ain't comin' on tour

They know Fred when I come in Dior
They know that I turn one into four
They know that the coke's nothin' but raw
They know we see opps and leave blood on the floor

She wanna chew it (Chew that)
I walked in with sixty and blew it (I blew that)
This ain't no fake rap, I do it (I do that)
They're hatin' on me 'cause they knew it (Yeah, yeah)

I run up a hundred, I run up two hundred, I run up a half ticket
I'm talkin' 'bout guns and drugs and landing myself in the chart with it
Someone got slapped all in the ends and I heard that the dargs did it
I let the food go cook in the trap, keep my eye on it just for the last minute
Pussy, don't ask me shit, I left niggas way in the past with it
360 cameras on my car and shit
I don't look out the window when I'm parkin' this
Old heads still gettin' large with it
They ain't shot no one since Prada kits
I try use my mind, but my heart's in it
If my bro needs, he can ask for it

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