

Spaghetti

Fredo

I'm the queen of Harrow Road, if you don't like it, suck me
And everybody's lucky 'cause Fredo put Harrow Road on the map
Put it on the map, ain't nobody else, at least since I've been born
Has ever got old Harrow Road on the map like that, you can watch
No star's ever been from Harrow Road

No, you never feed badders spaghetti (Never)
My neck, my wrist, baguetties (Baguetties)
The bando's kickin', Jet Li (Jet Li)
The chain full of colours, confetti (Confetti)
I'm beatin' the odds, you should bet me (Bet me)
She won't let you fuck, but she'll let me (Me)
Ask 'round town, I'm Freddy (Freddy)
Cookin' a brick for brekky (Breakfast)

It's Freddy (Freddy), yeah, it's Freddy (Freddy)
A lot of them, man, they ain't ready (They ain't ready)
All that gold on my neck gettin' heavy (It's heavy)
Pull up on her, I bet that she ready (Ready, ready)
She ready, course (Course)
Runnin' it like it's a sport (Sport)
Smokin' your bro, he's a corpse (Dead)
You know we're winnin' for sure (We're winnin')
Now show me somebody triller (Triller)
Yeah, she wanna fuck with a winner (Winner)
Her bum fat, her waist slimmer
After the show, yeah, I have to get in her (Have to)
Tell me why all of them in here (Why?)
Why all of them speakin' my business? (Huh?)
Damn, she got a built nigga
But she gonna leave him for litness (Litness)
She fallin' in love with a sinner (Sinner)
Doggystyle, 'bout to spin her (Spin her)
Tell a broke bitch I won't heal her (Heal her)
Yeah, I'm cut clean like a scissor (Scissor)
The heroin's ugly, minger (Minger)
Roc Nation, I'm like Jigga (Jigga)
I'ma whip up, take it out the pot
Let the air touch her top like a slipper

Yeah, yeah, walk in the show with killers
Yeah, don't be mad if your girl know my lyrics
Yeah, VVS diamonds, these stones are vivid (VVS)
Yeah, girl, you're drunk in love, you don't know your limit (Yeah)

Fidget, lockin' up coke, feelin' fidget (Fidget)
Life went smooth, it was rigid (Rigid)
VS-1 diamonds, they're vivid (They're vivid), they're vivid
We got a stick for a snitch, it's like Quidditch (Huh)
Eight ounce on the table, we call that the filet (The filet)
Can't eat if you gotta deal it (Shut up)
These brothers are liars, ain't actual (Actual)
My girl look better natural (Natural)
I made a million, factual (Factual)
Know certain men hate but it's natural (Natural)
Got the drop, shootin' that opp (Boom)
Race car got the boot in the front (Front)

You know that I do this for fun (For fun)
Yeah, I just made a two off of one (One)
Get a brick, let it flip on the flip phone
Little man's on the strip, mum wants her kid home
Yeah, I got all this drip, I don't slip though
Let us catch you slip, put you in a spliff, bro
You guys ain't done it before
Go 'round and leave someone's son on the floor
Junkies wrestle when we come in the door
'Cause 'Do brought the smackdown, I'm comin' with raw
You're suspect, my bro like to gossip, enough said (Damn)
My AP is shattered, it must rest
I can whip it and give it for much less
My cellmate had beef 'bout a bunk bed (Bunk)
We ain't deadin' this beef, they got some dead (R.I.P.)
Smart uni' girl givin' dumb head (Ah)
Don't want the watch if it don't cost a hundred

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