

Tables Turn

Fredo

Good weed and bad girls man I'm calling that a setting
Couple man switched, but I'm calling that a lesson
It's all good g, you see I'm touring while you're stressing
Coat cost a car, I can't afford another sentence
And you can ask around we had to live this shit
Bout to go and flip this brick, and go and take a business trip
You say you're trapping hard, nobody's ever witnessed it
The APs on my wrist, that used to sleep in whips and shit
Treat the coke just like some cake mix how I'm whisking it
Love my freedom so I ask myself still why I'm risking it
Guess it's life and my brudda's due to get a 5
True he's on his second strike
This shows are on my 7 coke, it's on my second line
She's been hatting 90 minutes, we're in extra time
And I got bricks but my pebble line's my second grind
But my life is getting hectic, never get the time
And shout my mum
Wrote them letters when I went to jail everytime
And every school I went to gave up, bro they never tried
And I can't even blame them, I was selling weed when it was lesson time
When I met Charlie, she showed me a better life
And you never know what's next, in this life full of sin
All I ever wanted was my Lyca to ring
Calm then I switch, like I'm fighting within
Need a break, I'm bought to take a flight with my ting
Yeah I'm rhyiming and ting
But I still back my nank out and slide it in him
Ain't going back, no more hiding my sim
I'm fighting in gym, wasting time on the wing
Next week, might put 5 on my ring
GDotz my pendant, that's right for a king
They bagged bro's phone, so I'm writing to him
He caught 5 years, putting rice in the cling
Now he's up in Wano and there's mice on the wing
Niggas still snitching it ain't right what you did
We all want money, that's the meaning of life
I gotta watcht the older niggas cos I'm beating their price
Raw coke on the block, I ain't deetsed in my life
This coke ain't tryna lock, I'm needing some ice
She's horny, she said I'm what she needs in her life
So when I link her, guesss I'm needing some wipes
Her pussy's tight still, I ain't sleeping the night
I've gyal eat the pie and try be the wife
Let me speak in the mic, bro these streets are my life
And I'm chasing my dreams, ain't been sleeping at night
There's no rest for the wicked, catch me stretching this midget
And way before shows we were selling them tickets
Gave bro a couple grams at the end of the visit
You won't believe the profit if you, sell it in prison