

Tell Me

Fredo

Tell me
Would you stay if I had to go jail?
If I didn't have no phone, would you chat through the mail?
Would you be out on the road, while I'm trapped in my cell
I don't know when I'm home, and it's actually hell
If I booked you a visit
Would you come through or miss it?
Would you take hella long when I'm asking for pictures?
Would you lie to the feds, if they asked for a witness? I need to know
Would you still be around, if my p's were low?
Yeah my Moncler's warm, but these streets are cold
Would you leave if you heard that I've beaten a few?
And you know for a fact I don't treat 'em like you
Would you leave if the judge said I'm looking at 5?
And forget bout the times that you looked in my eyes
You know what it is and I'm cooking them pies
So don't act up or be looking surprised

Just tell me what it is, I swear I'm needing to know
If it ain't suttin' real, then I'm needing to go
I don't need the stressing, you ain't seeing my phone
And I gotta keep stuff, I got beef on the roads
And I know you hate when I spend time in the trap
But I like that you'd rather spend time with my stack
I just need to know, if you're riding for man
Cos I'm living life fast, so I'm likely to crack

Yo the whole city's on me, so they're likely to chat
Would you listen to them rumors, or silence the prats?
I told you it's music, I'm writing them raps
So when you come round, I be hiding the crack
And just over insta, you try and get mad
Like I don't treat you good and be buying you bags
Don't be surprised when I finally snap
If I fucked up my show, would you try get me back?
If I got your yard spun, would you try let me back?
Always ringing down my phones, like you try get me mad
Yo I'm just needing to know
Can you roll up the weed, if I'm needing to smoke?
Would you bring me my ting, if it's peak on the roads?
If my friend tried a ting, would you speak to my bro?
Would you tell me the truth, or be keeping it low?
And I know it sounds mad, but I've seen it before

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