

# They Don't

Fredo

(They don't love you, bro  
She might hug you loads  
But she don't love you, no  
I know that they don't love me, though)

You don't love me, no  
You don't love me, bro  
You said you'll visit me in jail  
But you didn't come here, no  
You don't love me, ho  
You won't keep it one hundred  
But you'll fuck me, though (Huh?)  
No, that ain't love, you know?  
It's been a funny road  
I met a ton of hoes  
I don't want none of those  
They love my money mo'  
I'm in a foreign car  
She said she want a star  
But she ain't got no heart  
No, that ain't love, you know?

And I don't love them back  
I'm really done with that  
The last eight weeks  
I spent a hundred stacks  
So they really hate me and I really understand  
But this was nothin' planned  
I had a couple grams (Huh?)  
I stuck a couple man (Couple)  
No, I don't love the can  
But I been in and out  
My trap's been gettin' so big that I been in and out (Huh)  
I had to bring us all a rack when we was in a drought  
Pretty girl ring my phone up, now I'm in her mouth (Mouth)  
Grab her's in the house (House)  
Niggas talk like there was smoke with the gang  
That's why I broke Jovan's nose with my strap (Punk)  
He was short, more froze than my traps  
Probably wonder if he spoke to the chaps  
'Cause he's shook like that  
Yeah, I'm whippin' up a whole ki' of coke like that  
Plus my girl wakes up on fleek, she's good like that  
I'm in the hood like that (The hood don't love me, though)

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I been back and forth, tryna get packs off this youth  
And the second that he drops them, I'm ditchin' him, too  
My friend, he talk right now, just pictures my mood  
He said he's my nigga, but tell me, is this the truth?  
We mashed up that boy dread in the prison for you  
And they put back that boy's head with stitches or glue  
I seen piles of cocaine that's bigger than youths  
And there's nothin' my youngins they ain't willin' to do (Nuh-uh)  
Yo, it's fucked up livin' (Fucked)  
I lost my nigga young, and I can't buck up with him  
Just visited my other dog, was locked up with him  
For real, But he ain't yet learn  
Got a brick stretchin' with my best hand  
'Nother brick whippin' with my left hand  
My little pinky cost me ten grand  
Touch it, you're a dead man  
Have you go to sleep  
Have most crackheads in Hartfordshire, they're phonin' me

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