

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 Hartfordschire, they're phonin' me

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