

Demons

Fredo Santana

What the fuck is that man?
What? what the fuck is that?
Kill that nigga man, we gone man, on fo'nem

Weighing up work on the triple beam
Scraping up work off the pyrex
I been getting money since sixteen
I don't give a fuck about a rap check
I ain't even gotta go to the gym
Been in the trap, lose weight, watch the process
We don't give a fuck about no vest boy
We be shooting shit, damn where your head at?
Your ass out here looking broke boy
Goddamn lil nigga, where your bread at?
You can catch Fredo everywhere
But never where the feds at
Niggas wanna kick it like kung fu
I don't fuck with niggas, man they been fu
Niggas be fake, straight see through
Yeah tints on the whip, it ain't see through
These bitches be thots, they too through
My money so long, can't see you
Rich nigga only eat seafood
Gotta watch these hoes, they'll use you
Every day I wake with a new boo
Wait wait, every day I wake with a new two, yeah yeah
These hoes say that I'm too cool, yeah yeah
Shooters on the squad and they shoot, fire fire fire