

Double Up

Fredo Santana

Smokin' so much God damn weed cause my nerves bad
Looking like the God damn police? I ain't gone serve your ass
Sippin' on the double cup, yeah, that purple splash
Nigga thinkin' boxin' me? Shit I'm a pop his ass
Finessin', jugg, double up, get my money up
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Mary Jane, Mary Jane, Mary Jane
God damn, I love smokin' Mary Jane
In the trap house whippin' cocaine
I love all my bitches ain't got no man
I turn your T-Shirt red boy
I put them killers on your head boy
One phone call and you dead boy
Shit, I put that on my dead boy
Money talk and I talk that
I look like money when I walk past
War time, let's spark fire
You don't wanna cross paths
Cross me then down
Real street nigga, no cosign
Got a bad bitch on my Facetime
Talkin' 'bout givin' me face time
Smokin' on this Kush weed
And I got this shit from Cali
Totin' on this 30
Don't need no suckers around me

Finessin', jugg, double up, get my money up
I'm trappin', what's good, big bank rolls my money out
All my traps hot as fuck but Marley just don't give a fuck
Double up, break it down, bag it up
Trunk loads, I be crammin' 'em
In my trunk, grams in 'em
And Nike bags with cash in 'em
And since I'm Gino Marley off my name, I be taxin' 'em
High speeds chasin' down the E-Way I just laugh at 'em
All my pockets, cash in 'em
And all my thots, ass on 'em
Talkin' work nigga? Then you know I spend my last on 'em
up, nigga, then you know I take from him
Gotta get your money up or get the fuck away from us
And if we ain't grow up with you nigga, ain't no shakin' up
I been a hood nigga, guess that's just the way they raise me up
Young trap nigga, from sun down till it's comin' up
Double up, double up, double up
Turn one to a couple 'em
Double up, double up, double up
Finessin' shit, my money up