

Front Street

Fredo Santana

[Fredo Santana:]
Front Street
Savage Squad
Ay Gleesh what's up man
(808 Mafia)

Standing outside on Front Street
Yellow-black Charger it's a Bumblebee
Them niggas down there don't wanna run with me
Them niggas done they don't want none of me
A hundred keys up that's a hundred key
A hundred P's up that's a hundred piece
Thank God the Lord for trapping this weed
Thank God the Lord for trapping this weed

[Yung Gleesh:]
I said I'm down the street on Front Street
A hundred P's don't want beef
If niggas want to beat me
Niggas just don't wanna be
30 rounds and 30 rounds
The clip's holding 50 rounds
400 thousand shove it down
Still trying to calm me down
Pulling out, pulling out
Up and up the van's loud
Dropping off, dropping off
Box of bullets copping out
Work with the working mobs
Niggas they just copping out
Dirty block, dirty block, that's a dirty block
(Woah, woah, woah, woah, woah)
That's a dirty cop
All you niggas sit there with the dog
The worst kind in the world
The best time [?]

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A hundred squeeze up that's a hundred piece
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On the corner selling marijuana, Gleeshy in that Charger
Man we just hit a robbery
Been selling crack since I was eleven, I'm a triple OG
Man ain't nobody hard as me
I'll put this paper on your head, I'll tell my niggas kill you
And they best not do it sloppily
I got my Ruger to my Eagle, told my tank I keep my shooters
And they do it for monopoly
You don't want war boy, nigga check the scoreboard
Pull up in a two door, pull up in a four door

Shoot you in your front line, leave you on your front porch
Pussy ass nigga, I told you you don't want war

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