

Givin out Smoke

Fredo Santana

I got thirty shots with me and you don't want no smoke
And these bitches want to fuck but I only want the throat
All my niggas savages I swear we ain't no joke
All these bitches on my dick everywhere I fucking go
And these niggas ain't know shit, man I swear these niggas hoes
And for these niggas acting tough man, I'm giving out smoke
Giving out smoke, I'm giving out smoke
I can't see you lil niggas 'cause the money in the way
You ain't get no money, boy you know you in the way
And I'm getting so much cake, every day my birthday
"Fredo you that nigga, " that's what them bad bitches say
Turn up on a fuck nigga, fuck yo squad it's just me an my nigga
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I see I got a problem, pass my shooters my pistols Got some brand new toys trying to see if they work
Called up Mac he put a nigga on a shirt

I'm giving out smoke
Money over all got me buying by the boat
In love with the game learned the hustle from my folks
No love for a bitch but I could use your throat
New spots got me giving out dope
Got shooters all around and we giving out smoke
Money counters count the cash, naked bitches bag the dope
They say the money come with problems
But my problems come with smoke