

History

Fredo Santana

It's all about the Glory man, these bitches ain't shit to me
Pull off in a rari man, I left my top history
Nigga run up on me I'ma leave his ass history
His mama lookin' for him, Man i made left his ass history
I keep it too hood, I'm what you fuck nigga's pretend to be
Sit down class, pay attention, this is history
Young livin' legend, Man I'm givin' out history
In my pocket, dead folks, Nuttin but history

I keep it too hood, I'm what you fuck niggas pretend to be
I don't need new no friends, Just give me all enemies
Never trust a thot, man you know how these bitches be
Maybe fuck her once or twice but never three
Too weeks, no sleep, trappin hard, tryna move a couple keys
You should wana get tough with me
Put some money on ur head, all it cost me was a couple G's
Only hang with gang bang killa's and a couple thieves
Smokin OG, poppin pills, sippin lean like it's tea
Told my niggas kill that nigga when they see him bring him to m
e
Watch what you say when you talkin'
When you talkin' to me
Ain't no rat ass nigga but i be chasin cheese

Stunt so hard, make these pussy niggas sick of me
Bad bitches, Sicily, my plug come from Italy
I be where them killas be, I send em killas where you sleep
Put rollie on my wrist and that bitch cost me twenty G's
Hours in my pocket on my neck thats bout 20 keys
Couple shots to the face, you think bout robbin me
I don't smoke no other weed, all I smoke is OG, I come from oh
six one
Bitch that is front street, pass came from my gun and watch tha
t nigga dump heat,
Pass came from my gun and watch him knock his target off
All these niggas say they bout that life, shit knock it off
Got yo bitch ridin, trappin, shown her how to top a boss