

# It Don't Make No Sense

Fredo Santana

Phone plug from his six  
So much money it don't make no sense  
Once I fuck a bitch, a name, I forget it  
And if she suck me good I might pay her rent  
It don't make no sense  
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Got 100 guns nigga, I am with the shits  
It don't make no sense  
It don't make no sense  
How I'm trapping and I'm rapping it don't make no sense

Got 100 fucking guns and I be on dumb shit  
Got my mama texting me like Fredo that don't make no sense  
But I can't be lacking man you know how shit is  
I'm gonna break in your damn crib trying to pay my damn rent  
Now I'm all up in and getting what I spent  
Trap, smoking dope I'm just cooling with this little bitch  
She like: "Fredo why you got tats up on your face?  
You know goddamn well that don't make no goddamn sense"  
I'm like shut up little bitch  
Before I smack you into some goddamn sense  
Sneak dissing me, get flatlined quick  
Money coming fast you

That work be gone before I bust it out the package  
I don't fuck with rappers cause half these niggas actors  
Money in the closet and these bitches on my mattress  
Bitches kissing on me leaving lipstick on my boxers  
Thirty all on me, nigga I don't do no boxing  
Smoke a lot of swishers man, I need a couple of boxes  
What you staring at? Are you a fan or an OPP  
Don't make me paranoia, I'm gonna reach for my chopper  
I think the nigga hating cause I fucked his baby mama  
0-6-1 front street, posted waiting for the drama  
Killing anything that come between my commas