

# My Pistol Make Ya Famous

Fredo Santana

You could find me in the trap on map  
So much lean, I might collapse  
You could find me in a bank  
So much rank  
So much stank  
I'm finna faint  
You can find me in a trap  
Gang banging  
Smoking stank  
Pistol hanging  
I'm on the block, gang banging  
Chain dangling  
My pistol make you famous

My choppa make you famous  
Want beef? I got the Angus  
This [?] is ancient  
Where is the recipe, I'm planting  
I got this foreign stanking  
Man now this service spanking  
I'm in here eating ramen noodles with banger  
I'm always on the ketchup  
Pour it without it measured  
I am the young flexer  
All this gold on look like treasure  
All these fucking pints  
I am a professor  
But don't make my shooters  
Put you on a stretcher  
I'm smoking on this dough  
Counting all these bandz  
Big ass four nickle  
Yeah this in my pants  
Fucking up my stands  
I'm fucking up these bandz  
When you get a glance you see I don't do the playing

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Basic man, ya'll basic man  
I'm the king of trapping, embrace it man  
Have them killers pull up and straight change your plan  
They will kill you first then they will wack your mans  
Niggas think it's sweet till I pull up slaying their mans  
Number posted on the block off the exit rim

[?] and I think I lost a kidney  
I nigga wanna box, what? he don't see my [?]  
Beat his ass up, smoke his ass like a chimney  
Cooling with some thots and they gon off the Henny  
But I smack one of these hoes if they ever try to offend me  
I'm shooting shit like the old Michael Fendley  
Bought a [?] but I could have bought a Fendi

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