

No Hook

Fredo Santana

Fuck the law, fuck the judge
Tell them free all my guys
Been doing this since a young nigga
Don't know nothing about you other guys
Rob a nigga, serving packs
Folks know I'm catching homicides
Turn your back, cross me, well let's call it suicide
Mama tied, yeah been with the shits
Let's get the dramafide
Mama crying, couple bodies dropping from the other side
Couple british plugs, so that means I got London ties
Couple british plugs, so that means I'm serving London pies
No new nigga I swear we don't fuck with ya'll niggas Fake niggas
I try to stay away from fake niggas
Bad bitches, I love me some bad bitch
But never love her, but she can take my cash with her
Ball hard, cause when I die, I can't take this cash with me
Still in the trap, trapping hard like I ain't got a penny
Niggas sneak dissing, acting like I won't pull up with that semi
Gun shows, young niggas, shoot till the clip empty
Mob life, trap life, acting like I ain't got it in me
Bad bitches suck my dick in the kitchen where I'm water whippin
Seal all my work cause the dogs always sniffing when I'm road to
ripping
Cut a couple bad bitches off, cause they be golddigging
Real street nigga, I guess I was no different
Heard of hardhead making so fast, I was different
Front on me, that's when you gonna meet that cold feeling
Leave you on the ground stretched out, with some holes in you
If you real, you ain't even got to phony kick it
If it's beef, it's nothing, I'll just find out where your homies
kick it
Put some money on your head, boy you better pay attention
Dope fiends call my phone when they need a fixing
I swear I don't trust a motherfucker
I'm getting money like a motherfucker
And I don't trust a motherfucker
I'm getting money like a motherfucker
Fuck ya'll [x5]