

# Off the Meter

Fredo Santana

Ooh, damn, damn, damn, ayy  
Ayy, ayy, Fredo, big boss  
Ayy, pull up to my trap and it's off the meter  
Say pull up to the, pull up to the

Pull up to my trap, I swear it's off the meter  
Pull up to the back, I serve you with my heater  
I can't trust a soul, that's why I be squeezin'  
And if a nigga wanna rob that's where I'ma leave him  
Pull up to my trap, I swear it's off the meter  
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I don't meet with suckers, meet my desert eagle  
I'm so conceited, so rude to people  
If you ain't talkin' money I don't wanna meet you  
Got a lot of plugs but only fuck with Migos  
Got your main ho in the trap, she don't want to leave  
Now she on my dick 'cause I be movin' keys  
I been gettin' money since like sixteen  
I been catchin' cases since like thirteen  
I get themb rick sin and they dirty cheap  
Couple bodies gon' drop, come between my cheese  
Niggas soft as fuck, they don't want beef  
See 'em in the street, they be screaming peace

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We got cocaine, we got hella bricks  
Think I'd be a fool if I wasn't with the shits  
I do it, dripped fresh in the Gucci fit  
Shoot a nigga block, don't care who I hit  
Let my money talk man, I don't talk for nothin'  
I don't do drive-by's, only walk-ups  
Disrespect the squad, you better have some luck  
'Cause if we catch you lackin' you gon' get chalked up  
Pull up to my trap man, we got hella shit  
Pull up to my trap man, we got hella bricks  
Pull up to my trap, my niggas with the shits  
AKs in my closet, we got hella clips

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