

Round 'Em Up

Fredo Santana

Assassins blasting
I make this money fly and shit
It's looking like magic
I be high as fuck, riding dog, mounted up
You lie and stuff
I go down to the mall and I buy it all
My home boys, I buy it all
Exes, mounted up
Racks up in my pocket and you know these bitches rounded up
Fuck niggas frown and stuff
But we don't care, we round them up
Knock them down like dominoes
Bullets shoot they fly and stuff
Please don't challenge us
We shoot all your challengers
We the squad, hammered up, we too busy turn it up

Chief sosa not average,
I call up Tray Savage, you get robbed for your carrots
Goon me, that's embarrassing
My boys send you to Never land
And they keep them techs in hand
While Chief Sosa keep checks in hand
This money I'm inheriting you slow like promethazine
I love getting off on promethazine
Erto G and swishers they keep me in the heaven land
I love getting off on promethazine,
Erto G and swishers they keep me in the heaven land

Fredo in the cut, hell that's a scary sight
Play with us you lose your life
We take your life not thinking twice
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Fredo in the cut, hell that's a scary sight
Play with us you lose your life
We take your life not thinking twice
Fuck with us, you die tonight, all we do is carry pipes
You ain't with the shit well God damn you live a scary life
High as fuck, dump it up, ride around in Beamer trucks
Problem with us? We up them poles, then fucking shoot your momma up
Ball hard, my dollars' up
Rep my set I throw it up
Who is you? Can't roll with us
We don't fuck with fuck niggas
Hell nah, that ain't us
GBE my squad I trust
Big guns we rock your stuff, we shoot shit, dropping stuff
Bad bitches topping us, 300 gang no stopping us
Bad bitches topping us, 300 gang no stopping us