

Third Floor

Fredo Santana

I used to sell dimes on the third floor
Now I got bricks by the boat load
I used to sell work by the corner store
Now I can buy that damn corner store
Niggas used to front me fucking packs of shit
Now I got crack like it's '86
And I ain't just jumped off the fucking porch
If you want war we can go to war

Thirty shots or better in my handgun
Nigga we play for keeps, we don't shoot for fun
Them bullets hot like the sun, you better run
Hit you with this forty and shoot you with this tommy gun
The world is mine, I'm looking like Tony son
Fuck a bad bitch, I need a couple of 'em
A chopper with the work, I'm mister double up
Vatos hit me up, he need a hundred of 'em
You know me shit, I tried to fucking smuggle 'em
I got couple guns with a hundred drums
So when a nigga ain't done, this ain't one of 'em
A couple thou' sitting in my shoe box
And I'm so thug life, call me 2Pac
A nigga robbed you and you ain't do nothing

Trappin' trappin' out the bando since a fucking youngin'
Ran into lil Fredo, had to fuck with youngin'
Serving O.J. Mayo, eighty crack one hundred
Quick to make that cake, ol' fuck nigga ain't my mama
Twelve pussy nigga, talking to your honor
A young nigga been out the porch fucking with drugs, serving President Obama
All of my pockets are filled up with dub, the bird, that's still in the bunker
Don't need your favor, I jug every summer
Rolling pharmacy on four or five commas
I got the bands off O.G. marijuana
They asking about me all in Tijuana
keep it one hunna'
You think I'm Chiraq when you play with my money
I smoke a pack, you say you be coming
I'm back to back and Talk to 'em Fredo