

Want A Nigga Dead

Fredo Santana

If I want a nigga dead, I just come with the price
See my kush, money and lean havin' more than ya life
In my trap go crazy, like it came with the right
And we ain't sellin weed, all we sell is the white
A nigga disrespect then he dying tonight
I swear a lotta mommas they crying tonight
And shooters on the roof, like they came with the snipes
If I want a nigga dead, I just come with the price

I got shooters on the roof that will take your life
and if you holding on the guns my niggas will take your pipes
and if you cop around the squad, better tuck your ice
cuz there's some hungry savages around
and they ain't playin that nice
I got some real killers wid me right now
and if you lookin kinda crazy they will blow ya ass down
hit his ass with the niner four five
send his ass to heaven, about fourty rounds
see these niggas talking crazy, but they really ain't no shit
and they whole life, ain't even worth more than my bitch
and what chu say your whole life I spend that on my wrist
and what chu spend up on your? I spend that on some kicks

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If you wanna be a boss that shit come wit a price
Trap going crazy like it come wit the hypes
Pay me by the sums, so don't play wit ya life
And is a fucking gunfight, don't come here with a knife
It's cheaper over there, I comment on the fly
I remember stashing bundles, off a saturday night.
Graveyard shift they fellin along with the nights
Dope money trap, it's part of my life
Got shooters on the roof, ak's or the snipes
It's choices to this shit, so don't gamble your life
Got shooters on the roof, ak or the snipe
And since I'm Gino Marley we habit your life

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If I want a nigga dead, I let the squad take his life
I got shooters on the roof, they'll sail with the snipes
If you playin wit my money, then you dying tonight

But we do homicide, that'll lead mommas crying tonight
Got bundles full of white, we even trap on the bikes
We a 24 hours, don't get caught with your wife
There's some gunshow, you might wanna ride with your pie
Cuz my boys catch you lackin', this the end of your life
Got my people across the border, transportin' the white
And these niggas talkin crazy, must not care bout their life
And this money added up, my bitch cost more than your life
We got guns by the crates, you better come with the price

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