

Who Are U

Fredo Santana

I be wondering man
Who the fuck are you?
Who are you? I don't know

I got powder, bricks and yayo, who are you?
Lotta shootas on the payroll, who are you?
Bitch I'm running through a check, who are you?
Hood nigga with respect, who are you?
Who are you? Who are you?
Keep some shooters on deck, who are you?
Grab the nine or a tech, who are you?
Who are you? Who are you?

Shoot that nigga man, stomp that nigga
He ain't Front Street, man fuck that nigga
Wanna go to war? What, you upset nigga?
Guess how many run when I up my pistol
Gettin' head when I'm counting them Benjs
I swear the Lord can be my witness (I swear to God man)
Hundred thousand off the chicken
My niggas eating, no Thanksgiving
Shoot that nigga, expose that nigga
Shit get real, fold ass nigga
I don't fuck with no old ass niggas
All I fuck with them young ass niggas
Dumb ass nigga, cock gun back nigga
Got my team like a runback nigga
Pop a couple Xans and I roll a lot of swishas
Forget evrrythang, I think I shoot four niggas
Don't go anywhere if I ain't got my fucking pistol

I'm Fredo from Front Street, who the fuck is you? (Big Boss)
Got a hunna fuckin guns, I ain't even gotta shoot
And I'm high off Xanax right now in the booth
Might pull off with ya boo when I pull up in that coupe
Bitch I'm running out of bricks, tell 'em call Jesús
You can catch me roll one and then tryinna dodge the State troop
s
Young "Trapper of the Year", man that ain't nothing new
Man you know how I do, might pull up get to shootin
Flexin on them, hurtin they feelings
Fucked yo bitch then I keep it pimpin (fuck that thot)
My favorite spot is the kitchen
I swear I love water whippin