

Gang Bang

Fredo Santana

[Hook:]

All my niggas grimy, all we do is gang bang
Every nigga with me throwing up the same thing
Hundred shot TEC, I don't need no fucking aim
Shooters on deck, you can get your ass changed
Fredo Santana, got your bitch screaming my name
I don't fuck with lames, nigga please stay in your lane
All my niggas grimy, all we do is gang bang
All my niggas grimp, all we do is gang bang

[Verse 1:]

All my niggas grimy, all we do is gang bang
All my niggas grimy, all we do is gang bang
Who the fuck is you, you can't hang where I hang
I got shooters that gon' shoot, bullets going through your brain
Higher than a plane, smoking kushy to the brain
Looking for a bad bitch so I can borrow her face
I'm three-hundred, so I know she gon', ain't much I gotta say
Reeseey' money with that tech, I got a problem round my way
This little thirty ain't finna' do nothing, it keep falling off
my waist
Baby girl pull your pants up, I only want your face
Call brosky face, in traffic smoking stank
Them bullets peel like paint, I'm cooling where it ain't safe
Make a horror movie, then escape
Middle fingers to the Jake's

[Hook]

[Verse 2:]

Fresh up out of jail, I be on my trap shit
Hit Chop up on the cell, I need a beat I'm on my rap shit
I'm not for that acting, if you want if you get clapped quick
Them hitters all around, and them tools we be packin'
See Fredo make it happen, Chief Sosa make it happen
Try us and you'll be the first, they smoking up to heaven
If you ain't with me, you must be against me
Them thirties on deck, and them clips is never empty
Two thirties in my hand, try and run from the sixty
That goofy shit makes me, gone off a pill
I'm shooting if you concealing, I stay with nine milli
That forty or that semi, my hitters put you six feet

[Hook]