

Ova Here

Fredo Santana

[Hook]

We got them chickens moving over here
All my niggas savage over here
Don't come your ass over here
What you want, we got it over here
Over here, over here
Got chickens moving over here
Over here, over here
My trap going crazy over here

[Verse 1]

Over here, over here we moving chickens over here
Breaking down a whole thing, splitting the difference over here
My trap going crazy, so ridiculous over here
Thirty three shots in that forty, Scottie Pippen over here
Over here I'm over here, y'all niggas fugazy over there
When you walk up in my trap, caper boy bagged in squares
Only savages in my circle boy, we don't fuck with squares
All you fugazy ass niggas stay the fuck from over here
If I see a crowd of ops I just might blow up over there
And my neck is so damn froze my Jesus had to say burr
Hit the mall, fuck the cost, fuck it I might just buy it all
And your bitch up on my dick, she just called me big boss

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Money to be made, I ain't worried 'bout no bitch
I'm to busy chasing money, I'm just worried 'bout a lick
I'm with the shit, I'm with the shit, kill a nigga, we coming w
ith
Got them thirties and them F.M.'s, Rugaz with the drumma' kit
Put this thirty to your ear, make a fuck boy disappear
If you ain't talking money man I won't even hear
Your bitch keep texting my phone she want me to beat it from th
e rear
I'ma fuck that pussy then you know I gotta get up outta there
My swag so outta there, my swag so outta there
What you reaching for my gun boy? It's hollows all in there
You tryna' rob me that's like fighting a bear (don't do it)
You tryna' rob me that's like fighting a bear

[Hook]