

Round 'Em Up (feat. Chief Keef)

Fredo Santana

Assassins blasting
I make this money fly
And shit, it's looking like magic
Assassins blasting
I make this money fly
And shit, it's looking like magic()
I'll be high as fuck, ride on, murder all
Blast off, I go down to the mall and I buy it all
Why home boys, I buy it all
Axes, murderers rise up in my party and you know these bitches well enough
Fake niggas firing up, we don't care, we round them up
Knock them down like domino, bullets shooting they fly and stop
Pray those challengers, we shoot all you challengers
We squat, hammered up, we too busy turn it up
(Bridge)
Assassins blasting
I make this money fly
And shit, it's looking like magic
Assassins blasting
I make this money fly
And shit, it's looking like magic()
Chief so, so not average, I call a trick savage
You can run for your carats
Go on me, that's embarrassing
My boys send you to Neverland
And they keeping tags in here
Watch your soul, I keep checks in here
This money I'm inheriting you slow like promethazine
I love getting off on promethazine
Erto G and swishers they keep me in the heaven land
I love getting off on promethazine,
Erto G and swishers they keep me in the heaven land
(
I'll be high as fuck, ride on, murder all
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Pray those challengers, we shoot all you challengers
We squat, hammered up, we too busy turn it up()
Fredo in the cut, hell that's a scary sight
Play with us you lose your life
We take your life not thinking twice
Fredo in the cut, hell that's a scary sight
Play with us you lose your life
We take your life not thinking twice
Fredo in the cut, hell that's a scary sight
Play with us you lose your life
We take your life not thinking twice
Fuck with us, you die tonight, all we do is carry pipes
You ain't with the shit we got, damn you live a scary life
That's fuck, dump it up, run around and beam the truck
Problem with us? We are proposing, fuck we shoot your mamma up
Ball hard, my dollars' up, wreck my set I throw it up
Who is you? Can't roll with us, we don't fuck with fuck niggas
Hell no, that ain't us, GBE my squad we trust
Big guns we rock your stuff, we shoot shit, dropping stuff
Bad bitches topping us, 300 ain't no stopping us
Bad bitches topping us, 300 ain't no stopping us()
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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