

# Sleepin' in an Mansion (feat. Chief Keef)

## Fredo Santana

Pourin' up in traffic in that foreign  
I don't want ya bitch man she boring  
All white coke like it's snowing  
Yeah I'm in my glory, see me glowing  
Brand new chopper and his hands up  
Hollow tip bullets got him dancin'  
Came along way from a kitchen  
Now a nigga sleepin' in a mansion  
Came a long way from gang banging on the block  
Robbin' niggas with that Tommy on dummy  
Now I got a couple trap houses, couple pent houses  
Couple AKs, a lot of bitches, a lot of money  
(A couple [?] shots make 'em fall back  
Two Nines strapped up ready for combat  
Finesse you out your brick so don't call back  
You ready for a war make sure [?] that)  
I don't want your bitch man she too basic  
Yea, I'm gettin' money like I'm Caucasian  
See I don't fuck with niggas, man, they too fugazy  
Savage Squad Records man, we too crazy  
Woke up like I'm superman  
30k up in my pocket, gun up in my hand  
Coke so white that it need a tan  
Coke so white it's with the Ku Klux Klan  
Owe me money, you don't pay off what you have  
I kill 'em for your Fredo that's what your shooters said  
That's what my Rugers said  
Kill a nigga then go laugh about it then I pop a 'Zan  
Pull up smokin' kush, sippin' on this fuckin' high tech  
Posted up with the game on this fuckin' squad shit  
Fredo trap ain't doin' numbers man I call that nonsense  
Rerockin' remixin' just to get a profit  
Squad

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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