

Riot (feat. Childish Gambino)

Fredo Santana

Rest in peace Blood Money

Rest in peace Lil Rob

Rest in peace Ody?

Rest in peace to all the fallen soldiers Blowin' up, taking selfies, I'm so selfish

This Mac-10 leave you wet up, just like a selfie

Hold up, say you got work for what you sellin'

Niggas say they out here but really they be tellin'

Violence, violence, I'ma start some violence

Violence, violence, all my nigga violent

Violence, violence, don't make me start a riot

Violence, violence, all my niggas violent Violence, violence, my money keep on pilin'

These bitches be so childish, these niggas be some actors

Blessin' to you bitches, I'm the motherfuckin' pastor

30 on my waist, don't make me turn your ass to Casper

Make me do a drill, do a hit, after my last blunt

These bitches ain't shit, that's why I fuck then I pass on

Baby you don't know me, acting like my homie

Coolin' in the trap somewhere smokin' OG

Watchin' out for ops and I'm watchin' out for police

My trap doin' numbers, got me ballin' like I'm Kobe, like I'm Kobe

Don't make me blank out and turn to the old me (Oh man!) Blowin' up, taking selfies, I'm so selfish

This Mac-10 leave you wet up, just like a selfie

Hold up, say you got work for what you sellin'?

Niggas say they out here but really they be tellin'

Violence, violence, I'ma start some violence

Violence, violence, all my niggas violent

Violence, violence, don't make me start a riot

Violence, violence, all my niggas violent I'm like hold up, hold up, hold up, that's why I tell promoters

I don't drink Champagne, shit I'd much rather be sober

It be chronic on Gin and Tonic, I'm so predominantly winning

On all this rap shit, the king of comedy

And writing, and all this acting

This ain't an act though, it's facts yo

I'm fucking hot bro, this shit Tobasco

Violence, violence, watch these niggas wildin'

Talkin' shit internet to my face, silence

These critics is fuckin' haters, they love to hate yo

But wouldn't say that shit to Fredo 'cause they afraid yo

They don't feel him, no they don't feel him, they in they feelin's

He could rap but he shouldn't, tried to kill him, they couldn't
No one else understood him, he's a joke
Then why your favorite rapper asking me for help?
Oh I swear to God, oh I swear to God
We the realest niggas, ask my fuckin' squad
My money talk, you silent
My weed loud, you silent
My Tesla engine is silent
And you're soft, more than college, oh
Slidin' in your top five, let 'em hate on that line
Blowin' up, taking selfies, I'm so selfish
This Mac-10 leave you wet up, just like a selfie
Hold up, say you got work for what you sellin'
Niggas say they out here but really they be tellin'
Violence, violence, I'ma start some violence
Violence, violence, all my niggas violent

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