

My Squad (Feat. Frenchie) [Prod. By 12 Hunna]

Fredo Santana

My squad, my squad, bitch I'm down for my squad
Don't care bout no broad, I only love my squad
My squad, my squad, in the field we going hard
Playing with them thirties and we shooting at your heart
My squad, my squad, we don't do no talk
Outlining chalk, hit 'em with that hope
My squad, my squad, bitch we down for that action
Like a concert we clapping, real life no acting
Real talking no rapping, on point nigga, no lacking
Smoking blunts in traffic, with a thirty on my lap shit
Smoking on that pack shit, shooter come they whack shit
My squad, my squad, all we do is rob
See your ass snoozing, take you down, that's our job
My squad, my squad, try us we don't play
Kill you broad day, bitch I'm cooling where it ain't safe
Smack you with this A, a couple stacks you get erased
Yeah, I'm in Chiraq, with 300 niggas
Three hundred pistols, equal three hundred triggers
I never run, I'm too gutta' son
I'm like Big [?], watch me kill for fun
AR-15's shooting sixteen, I'm a' lay 'em down
If you fall get up, better yet just stay down
Bang bang, what the g's say, it's outta sight
A fuck nigga, that's the shit I don't like
A sniper rifle in the thirty-thirty I'm dirty dirty nigga all day, for real
Yeah, she wanna chill with Frenchie, but not everyday
That's OK, I got another chick on the way

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

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