

Baw Baw (feat. Sada Baby)

Fredo Bang

[Fredo Bang:]

That's my shooter, I recruited him

Glock-23, got two of them (808 Mafia)

Yeah, this that murder music

That's my shooter, I recruited him

Glock-23, got two of them

Cross in his face, that mean two of them (He got body bags)

I drop a bag, watch what he do to him

Chicka-baow-baow, knock your block right off

Chicka-baow-baow, I knock your block right off

Chicka-baow-baow, I knock your block right off

Chicka-baow-baow, I knock the block right off

[Sada Baby:]

This shit is bang bang, a blood stain, Amiri gang

Wear 'bout fifty chains, check my ice, might be the name

You can't hit a stain, may young Skuba hit your mane

We shake shit like tambourines, the chopper clap like round of applause

Bitch, I don't need no aim, and we gon' knock a nigga off

Say I been through hell and back with my Kel-Tec in this Hellcat

I keep my F&N, that's my lie detector, I can smell rats
It ain't no help for him, y'all gon' die together, take a dirt nap

[Fredo Bang:]

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Yeah, burn him like a stripper, send a nigga to the doctor
Not talkin' 'bout a butcher when I say I got a chopper
All my niggas killers, you can tell by they posture
I'ma spill a nigga's noodles like I waste a bowl of pasta
Murder make me happy, told my mama not to judge me
Keep a dirty Harry just in case you feeling lucky
Body after body, killin' shit like Ted Bundy
Shoot him in the face, make a pretty boy ugly

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808 Mafia

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