

# Gang Bang

## Fredo Santana

All my niggas grimy, all we do is gang bang  
Every nigga with me throwing up the same thing  
Hundred shot TEC, I don't need no fucking aim  
Shooters on deck, you can get your ass changed  
Fredo Santana, got your bitch screaming my name  
I don't fuck with lames, nigga please stay in your lane  
All my niggas grimy, all we do is gang bang  
All my niggas grimp, all we do is gang bang

All my niggas grimy, all we do is gang bang  
Who the fuck is you, you can't hang where I hang  
I got shooters that gon' shoot, bullets going through your brain  
Higher than a plane, smoking kushy to the brain  
Looking for a bad bitch so I can borrow her face  
I'm three-hundred, so I know she gon', ain't much I gotta say  
Reeseey' money with that tech, I got a problem round my way  
This little thirty ain't finna' do nothing, it keep falling off my waist  
Baby girl pull your pants up, I only want your face  
Call brosky face, in traffic smoking stank  
Them bullets peel like paint, I'm cooling where it ain't safe  
Make a horror movie, then escape  
Middle fingers to the Jake's

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Fresh up out of jail, I be on my trap shit  
Hit Chop up on the cell, I need a beat I'm on my rap shit  
I'm not for that acting, if you want if you get clapped quick  
Them hitters all around, and them tools we be packin'  
See Fredo make it happen, Chief Sosa make it happen  
Try us and you'll be the first, they smoking up to heaven  
If you ain't with me, you must be against me  
Them thirties on deck, and them clips is never empty  
Two thirties in my hand, try and run from the sixty  
That goofy shit makes me, gone off a pillly

I'm shooting if you concealing, I stay with nine milli  
That forty or that semi, my hitters put you six feet

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