

# Freddy Krueger (feat. Tee Grizzley)

## YNW Melly

[Intro: YNW Melly]

Coolin' in the cut with my shooters  
Thirty clip, hanging out a Ruger  
And I got a clique full of shooters  
And I'm in your dreams Freddy Krueger  
Fucking with my niggas bet they do ya [Chorus: YNW Melly]  
Coolin' in the cut with my shooters  
Thirty clip, hanging out a Ruger  
And I'm in your dreams Freddy Krueger  
Don't fuck with me, my young niggas will do ya  
My young niggas will do ya  
Do ya, do ya, do ya  
My young niggas will do ya (Do ya, do ya, do ya)  
Screaming hallelujah (Screaming)  
She on her knees and shes screaming hallelujah

[Verse 1: Tee Grizzley]

Posted in that ally with that draco  
We come through boolin, places niggas can't go  
Trust my nigga, Melly, let that thang go (Bow bow)  
These rap niggas pussy, where'd your chain go?  
The spots in Detroit I supply them  
I'm talking loud I'm a buy em'  
Can't cook but I'm gonna fry him  
My advice, don't stand by him  
50 round chopper clip go big on the K  
Niggas talk crazy on the gram everyday  
See the stick with me like I got a kid on the way  
Fuck that, lets see if he can talk shit in the grave  
Don't come over here tryna flex (Don't do it)  
You gonna get all that shit took (Gimmie that!)

Used to get sauce from the west  
Shooter to the east get it cooked  
Monday through Friday I'm booked  
90 on the scaley how it look?  
Still pull a kick door quick  
Drop everybody in the house, John Wick (Bow)

[Chorus: YNW Melly]

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Screaming hallelujah (Screaming)  
She on her knees and shes screaming hallelujah[Interlude]  
Ay, hold the fuck up, man  
Ayy, hold up man, stop the beat, man, hold up[Verse 2: YNW Melly]  
Free my nigga D, he caught a body  
Bitch, I'm booted in the cut like I'm Scotty  
Free my nigga, free my nigga, yeah he good  
And I got a mystery like ouu  
In a van with a stick with my dog, scooby doo  
And that bitch gon' slurp that dick just like a flurry  
And my diamonds VVS, they ain't blurry  
I just signed a deal with the white man  
And they sayin', that's illuminati (No)  
Boy don't listen to them fucking critics  
They gon' make me and Grizzley catch a body  
I just be rolling, I be sober  
So, my mama's house got put inside for blosure  
I'm a blood so you now that means for closer  
Don't fuck with us, them Detroit niggas slump you over  
That pussy mushy, gushy, nasty like some yogurt  
I up the Glock and leave your ass looking like you did yoga  
I don't want no pressure hell no my slime gon' snipe you over  
Where we at we eatin' [?]  
Fuck your bitch from the back and hit my dougie (Yeah yeah)  
I am not your boyfriend bitch, your just my buddy (Just my buddy)  
And a nigga know [?] tryna get kid kid cudi[Chorus: YNW Melly]  
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