

## Fredo Santana

### "Dead Broke"

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(Hook: Future)

Some of my niggas dead broke  
Some of my niggas dead broke  
Some of my niggas dead broke  
That leave your ass dead broke  
Some of my niggas dead broke  
Some of my niggas dead broke  
Some of my niggas dead broke  
That leave your ass dead broke  
No flexing dog  
It ain't no flexing dog  
Some of my niggas dead broke  
Some of my niggas dead broke  
Some of my niggas dead broke  
That leave your ass dead broke

(Verse 1: Chief Keef)

See I be high as I wanna be, don't smoke that bubbly  
I smoke that kush dog, and I smoke so lovely  
Your bitch all under me, she wanna suck on me  
She wanna fuck with me, but I sting like a bumblebee  
See I'm in my Burberry, in my pockets a couple g's  
Allergic to fake shit, get that shit the fuck from me  
I'm allergic to fake niggas, get them boys away from  
me  
Them boys be hating me, but them boys won't play with  
me  
300 agency, no we not make believe  
We go all day with heat, D. Rose we spray his peeps  
But D. Rose be six hunnid', D. Rose will flip something  
My bitches my whips foreign, and all I know get money

(Hook: Future)

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It ain't no flexing dog  
Some of my niggas dead broke  
Some of my niggas dead broke  
Some of my niggas dead broke  
That leave your ass dead broke

(Verse 2: Fredo Santana)

Some of my niggas dead broke, that ain't no damn  
joke  
They might kick a damn door, you run and you get  
smoked  
Just like a damn Newport, shots travel like passports  
I smoke kush and pop corks, I smoke kush and pop  
corks  
All my niggas shottas, send you to the doctor  
If you talking crazy then you gon' meet my duffle  
Your girl she don't want it, she give me head then I'm  
done with it  
She only on me cause commas come, be good homie  
when drama come  
Flexing, finessing, you know I keep weapons  
Kill you in a second, you know I am reckless  
Flexing, finessing, you know I keep weapons  
Kill you in a second, you know I am reckless

(Hook: Future)

Some of my niggas dead broke  
Some of my niggas dead broke  
Some of my niggas dead broke  
That leave your ass dead broke  
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(Verse 3: SD)

Some of my niggas dead and broke, we rob we raise  
hell ho  
These niggas don't play with me, we come through we  
up in heat  
You play you get third degree, I'm fly as a magazine  
These angels can't fuck with me man, I smoke till I'm  
off my feet  
Chest bumping urgently, SD bitch order me

She gon' want fuck with me after she see my squad of  
three  
Bitch I'm no athlete but I score like I'm Dominique  
Excuse me, bitch pardon me  
Hope that you don't step on my sneaks  
We blowing urgently, man my niggas do burglaries  
We eat bon-appetit, we so no casualty  
Bullets need surgery, man I can't promise dead peeps  
Pockets is fat as gleesh, savage we run the streets

(Hook: Future)

Some of my niggas dead broke  
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