

Fredo Santana

"Fuck You Up"

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Featuring Soulja Boy & Tadoe

(Hook: Fredo Santana)

Turn up on a fuck nigga, we don't give no fuck
We got thirties in the cut, we'll fuck you up
Turn up on a fuck nigga, we don't give no fuck
We got thirties in the cut, we'll fuck you up
We'll fuck you up, we'll fuck you up
We got thirties in the cut, we'll fuck you up
We got thirties in the cut, we'll fuck you up
We got thirties in the cut, we'll fuck you up

(Verse 1: Soulja Boy)

Thirties in the cut, Fredo in the cut
Pull up to the club, shooting shit up
Pull up in that Porsche, knock the roof off
Red beam on his nose, call him Rudolph
Bitch it's big Soulja, yeah big Soulja
I done took over, pull up in the white Rover
Same color coke, whipping with the soda (cash)
Lil Dre, and Fredo bitch we taking over
S.O.D. bitch, G.B.E. bitch
Fresh as fuck, riding through these streets bitch
If a nigga talk, he better know I'm packing
Ready for that action, kill that nigga off in traffic
We'll fuck you up, this is not a game
Hit a lick, pop another chain
I had to stack twenty racks on my fucking chain
Fredo, Tadoe, Soulja, all these bitches know our name

(Hook: Fredo Santana)

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(Verse 2: Tadoe)

Pull up to the club with them thirties tucked
Acting real tough, we'll shoot you up
We don't give a fuck, we go nuts
Been up in the field, no amateurs
Acting all hard, we blam at ya'
Got the thirty on me, no lacking bruh
Catch you in the field, it's a drill
Rolling of a pill, this shit is real
Rolling off the molly, while in the party
Rolled off in a 'Rari, shoot up the party
Now your man's dead, well bitch I'm sorry
Bitch I'm from Chiraq, we go the hardest
You know how I rock, bitch don't get popped
Rolling off the molly, I smoke on top
Bitch I love to flex, we want them checks
Shoot you with this TEC, right in your neck

(Hook: Fredo Santana)

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