

## Fredo Santana

### "Up Them Poles"

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Featuring Ballout

(Hook: Fredo Santana)

See Fredo be that nigga just to let you nigga know,  
Fuck these bitches fuck these hoes see my money  
come first  
Have my youngins kick the door lay you on the floor,  
For that bag for that money you ain't got it? gotta go.  
See that kush is what I smoke  
You want beef? you get smoked,  
See you bitch she a slut she just suck and hit the door,  
I'm that nigga, thought you know,  
You ain't know then now you know.  
If we stack we up them poles,  
If we stack we up them poles.

(Verse 1: Fredo Santana)

You turned down I'm turned up,  
Play with me you get burned up.  
My whole team got thirties,  
2k's for them fourtes.  
Smokin dope I gotta cough,  
you play with me you wanna cough  
I don't fuck around with no goofy niggers,  
Them niggers belong in the circus.  
I wish A nigger would put they hands on me,  
I bet he wont never see his damn family.  
Cause all my niggers they killers,  
Savage life I'm living.  
I'm out here drugdealing,  
Just tryi'n to make a living.  
Big ass crib but I only use the kitchen,  
I don't trust niggers they snitching tripping over this  
bitches.  
Bitches lovin ma pimpin,  
Fuck a bitch get missin.  
I'm with the shit and you isnt  
So stop that pretending

(Hook: Fredo Santana)

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(Verse 2: Ballout)

If we stack we up them poles  
Fourty to his nose  
I got gold you ain't know  
Bitch I got rolls  
Round all for them tools  
Stunt on them ho's  
Bang with it from the go  
3hundred all I know  
Smoking dope war this thing  
Tryi'n hit this thing  
If he gotta kick his door  
Fredo gone blow  
What ya'll don't know  
All is gone blow  
Lot of guns gunshow  
I swear this niggas hoes  
Out here on the block  
Bitches swear we dunkin opps  
Bitch we selling racks  
On tha block so Glocks  
So please don't get shot  
So please don't get shot  
For we put you in da box  
For we put you in da box

(Hook: Fredo Santana)

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