

# I'm Back-Fredo Lyrics

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## “I'm Back”

There's a lot of murders in my city, talkin' eye for eye, die for die  
Girls tryna lie, they're running round out here from guy to guy, I tried  
But it's clear that me and you, we can't see eye to eye  
When all that you can really see, is stuff that you feel I should buy  
Yo, why should I?  
One shooter with me they say, "Less is more"  
But he will crash off, rest assured, I think it's best he gets insured  
Them boys are insecure, say my name in songs to get in the door  
Why you think they're mad? We're the ones that win the war  
Step your game or you can't step to Fred  
I spend but I invest the bread  
So the new rolex got more baguettes than greggs  
They say I'm clean and how I dress the best  
But every time we pull up on them scenes, always left a mess  
SMS and I don't take no disrespect except for when it's the 'net  
My neck looks like crystal meth, the best is what I wish the rest  
Yeah, they do it for the clout, your friends are all washed  
The day I care about clout's when you can spend it in shops  
It's gettin' sick on these blocks, most of my niggas, they shot  
The rest of my niggas rob niggas that shop for shit that they got  
I couldn't find 'em so I hit a spot, then hit up his boss  
When I can't find guap, I find a watch and I'm rippin' it off  
Now I've got all kind of watches 'cause I move the foulest  
Just put my Richard in a new spot, call it movin' houses  
I flew my youngins to Dubai, then they caged up the army

'Cause they took a couple APs at places we party  
Phone the phone, don't ask me 'cause I don't work the order  
Before rap, you didn't trap, it's cap, you weren't a baller  
They think they drippin', but their jewellers really turned a corner  
Niggas come around me and they realise, they've got dirty water  
Got my mum a spot but I won't post in the house  
What's all this postin' about?  
Most rappers buy their people shit so they can post it for clout  
We had all scared to go home like there's ghosts in his house  
Set up shop here, we're closin' it down  
Never heard a song where they're tellin' the truth  
All that lyin' them boys do, should put some beds in the booth  
These days the neekiest drillers, can be online speakin' on killers  
And ain't no creepin' on dingers, and how you speakin' on dinners?  
A lot of niggas speak but when I speak, the streets know it's realer  
Chocolate girl in my passenger seat, but the seats are vanilla  
Twenty-five thousand a week, that's just a sleep in a villa  
If it ain't 'bout Ps, you can't even see or speak to a nigga like me  
Businessman, invested in kick game and watched it expand  
I set up shops, I set up spots, I'm not just in the gang  
Real nigga, so any time when one of my real niggas land  
I'm tryna help him out with this bag, like he's my nigga's gran'  
I been the shit since I was a kid, now I'm still the man  
The plan was to make millions, I made millions, and it's still the plan  
Skinny nigga push a lot of weight, no, I don't need a hand  
Fuck a gym, them new hammers in, got us feeling wham  
Niggas speakin' my name 'cause they're seekin' the fame  
But they ain't done shit, we ain't feelin' the same  
But I bet we leave one sleepin' again, you spend a key on your chain  
I spent like three, so we ain't the same  
PJ, there won't be a delay  
I buss the white gold prezzi and got the same one in plain, prick  
Got a plain rose prezzi and got the same one with rain in  
No new niggas with me, with the same ones I came with  
Ooh-oo

Ooh-ooh  
Ooh-ooh  
Ah-ah-ah

I think it's change, I fear  
I said I wouldn't change, but change is here  
Businessman, now I change career  
I level up, then I go change the gear  
So fuck a rainy day, I've got money saved for rainy years  
But still don't get me upset  
'Cause I change ya face with my crazy mates that can't wait to change the  
plates

Yeah, I came from estates to a place with gates  
Where I was needing the change, but there's no change to make  
And if it don't go one-sixty, that's not my car  
Before songs, trappers knew my number off by heart  
And rest in peace to Virgil, I still off-white hard  
When you grind how I grind, it's a matter of time, it's not by chance  
They got a team but no, it's not like ours  
Got the game on lock with my bars like all I drop's bicarb'  
You ever sat down in prison, gettin' letters from a hoe that you don't even  
know?

Tellin' her to spray a little perfume on the envelope so you can get a smell  
of rose

The little bros love to shoot, so I don't ever tell 'em, "Go"  
But they need it and I got it, then I won't ever tell 'em, "No"  
I know who killed shh, but I won't never tell a soul, yeah  
Made a million off my telephone  
And made a couple more million pound out here sellin' shows, yo  
And even though the opp block is so very close  
For them boys to see me, they need to get them a telescope  
All them chances I took just for the bread  
For them to turn around and give me racks, just for my breath  
I got paid, then the pain started to trouble me less  
It's either that or when my brother put your brother to rest  
Hustling pebs, tryna make it out till nothin' is left

And go again and again till we run into feds  
I don't wear bras, but my chest, it's a double VS  
I'm tired of jewellery though, it's time to fuckin' invest  
I'm talkin' mortgages, it's got me shoppin' for rugs and ornaments  
This ain't no rap, you know it's facts when I'm talkin' this  
You're talkin' straps, I had more semis than them tournaments  
Young nigga tryna reach to the final, check him  
Oh, you're the type of prick to beg a bitch to stay?  
I'm the type to spend twenty gibs, on any given day  
Chasin' money out in many different ways  
Till I'm dead and in the grave  
That's the only time that Freddy will behave  
Even your daughter's mum knows you're out here talkin' a lie  
All them jewels that I buy, know it's more for the hype  
And know I bought my daughters' house before I bought any 'bine  
And caught a lot of yutes lackin' before I caught any flight, check it  
My dad did in Feltham, taught me to fight  
No phones in there, gotta talk through the pipe  
Now I talk through the mic  
Where you lose your shoes if you're awkward and shy  
Where I'm from, the pussies lose, only the scorer survive  
Remember times I felt poor in my life, now I'm ten times more than alright  
Thank the Lord in the light  
Now I'm on Lord of the mic  
My young boys ride around with their swords on a bike ting  
Swap that bike for a horse and they'll look more like a Viking  
I've got loud little white tings  
That fly so much, their skin's browner than my thing  
They might be hard, but that shit ain't soundin' like my ting  
Blowin' clouds, but you know that there's no cloud up in my bling  
And never try lookin' at my worth on the 'net  
'Cause Google don't know who I serve or how much work that I get  
Yeah, I knew my life, see a change when I didn't wanna jerk the connect  
And I much rather prefer the respect  
Still I never use a cashpoint, you should know it isn't that

They get a room prepared for me when I go into the bank, yo  
And even though I'm out here, still tryna work the block  
I'm gettin' eighty for a verse, my breath's worth a lot  
When I want a girl from the States, I just fly them in  
He's hidin', flyin' 'cause he knows we're tryna find on him  
I'm tryna find where you record and leave you lyin' in that studio you're lyin'  
in

Their burners ain't firin'  
When my diamonds shinin', they can't help but be admirin'  
When I got a show, know I can't help but bring the fire in  
All that talk's the same reason we had a funeral  
They can't diss me in the streets, gee, it's only in the musical

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