

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 cu-di[Chorus: YNW Melly]
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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