

# No Security (feat. Kevin Gates)

## Fredo Bang

FREDO BANG - NO SECURITY (FEAT. KEVIN GATES)(Ain't that DJ Chose over there?)

(Ooh, that's a Hardbody beat)Put a brick on my wrist, put a brick on your mans

I'm representing the brand, they want me dead they got plans

Hunnid shots in the Lamb', catch a shot or be down

Niggas switch, I can't stand, want me dead or in the can

I just caught one in the head

I ain't running, I ain't scared, I, I just ain't tryna be dead

You know what I rep and you know what I bleed

We the ones put these niggas on tees

Big dawg, I can't eat with no fleas

Popsicle ,put a nigga on freeze

Talk down but I still be up

Hunnid on me, is you gon' take it or what?

They need security to go to they hood

How you gonna say that they realer than us?

I was gangsta 'fore the buzz, stain a nigga like a rug (Oh-oh, yeah)

Everywhere I go it's love, even Crips call me Blood (Oh-oh, oh-oh)

Thirty rounds, only time that I'm deep (Yeah, yeah)

Real nigga from the booth to the streets (Oh-oh)

Name a place and I bet that I'm good (Yeah, yeah)

Don't need security to go to my hood (Oh, oh)

I was gangsta 'fore the buzz, stain a nigga like a rug (Oh-oh, yeah)

Everywhere I go it's love, even Crips call me Blood (Oh-oh, oh-oh)

Thirty rounds, only time that I'm deep (Yeah, yeah)

Real nigga from the booth to the streets (Oh-oh)

Name a place and I bet that I'm good (Yeah, yeah)

Don't need security to go to my hood (Oh, oh)

Move with that sum 'cause it ain't no emergency here, I don't get worried a bit

One of your workers just spent, but he ATM and then he got a [?] in your Timbs

Make sure you tell 'em I'm built, make sure you know your on go with the burner for real

Make sure you tell them that I do not flinch, your vision get blurred whenever you squint

(Pussy ass hoe)

Clear for departure now (Yeah), solo in parts of town, you niggas don't walk around (Yeah)

Streets love a real street nigga love, they roll the red carpet out (Yeah, yeah)

That image a gimmick, so how is you realer then us, what is they talkin 'bout? (Yeah, yeah)

I only fear Allah and I'm runnin it up, ayy, you gotta walk me down

Make sure you tell 'em, I'm one of them men and I'm standing on ten, from the street to the pen

(For real)

Make sure you tell 'em, I step in the section, respect is on heavy and I want to pretend (Oh real)

Make sure you tell 'em I'm ready to die, if you shoot and you miss then a murder [?] (Allah

Akbar)

Bread Winner try, pelican fly, the pull up and put you in burgundy TimbsI was gangsta 'fore the

buzz, stain a nigga like a rug (Oh-oh, yeah)  
Everywhere I go it's love, even Crips call me Blood (Oh-oh, oh-oh)  
Thirty rounds, only time that I'm deep (Yeah, yeah)  
Real nigga from the booth to the streets (Oh-oh)  
Name a place and I bet that I'm good (Yeah, yeah)  
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Thirty rounds, only time that I'm deep (Yeah, yeah)  
Real nigga from the booth to the streets (Oh-oh)  
Name a place and I bet that I'm good (Yeah, yeah)  
Don't need security to go to my hood (Oh, oh)(Ooh, that's a Hardbody beat)  
(Ain't that DJ Chose over there?)  
Look like DJ Chose)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>