

# Mmhm

## Fredo

[Intro]

Elevated always get it right

Mmh, mmh, mmh

Mmh, mmh, mmh

[Verse]

She wants to play games, I ain't tryna play games

I'm tryna face paint, now we're on the same page

Yo, we met at 8 Lake, I hit that the same day

I buy them in plainer jane and then I make them rain, yo

I'm in a Fendi coat, it's tailor-made, yo

My youngin selling coke at player rates, whoa

I'm in the bando while I'm weighing cake, no

Don't stay awake, I'll be home later, babe

Mmh, mmh, mmh

Now she's phoning me on private

When I told her I don't like it

She's a ho and she got mileage

Probably more miles than my whip (Skrrt)

I see it then I buy it

She's still eating on my privates

I'm still keeping it in quiet (Shh)

Man run up in the Fendi shop like I got never ending guap

Coming from a deadly block where hella niggas getting guap

Servin' twenty shots standing by the betting shop

Plugs were getting robbed, I'm a rapper now, they're better off

[Chorus]

(Mmh, mmh, mmh)

Now I'm missing her on FaceTime

(Mmh, mmh, mmh)

But I told her that I'll make time

(Mmh, mmh, mmh)

It wasn't given, had to take mine

(Mmh, mmh, mmh)

Lil Mino doing drillings in the day time

Now she's messaging, she's messaging on Snapchat

(Mmh, mmh, mmh)

But I ain't getting into, getting into chat back

(Mmh, mmh, mmh)

Yeah, I caught an old case with my black rap

(Mmh, mmh, mmh)

Yeah, she got no waist, just a fat back

(Mmh, mmh, mmh)

[Verse]

Yo, I'm in the trap house, get the dinner out

Yo, I used to lose but I'm a winner now

Six shots in my waistline, my spinner's out

Whoa, I'm gonna take time 'til my niggas out

Bro, I'm sitting down, thinkin' how these bitches dizzy now

'Cause all we make 'em do is spin around

My little niggas movin' wild but they listen now

They ain't got no dinger out, then I don't bring the spinners out

I don't want to see you sitting down (Mmh, mmh, mmh)

Yeah, my hands were dry but I'm drippy now (Mmh, mmh, mmh)

Little niggas slide, and they lick 'em down (Mmh, mmh, mmh)

Ain't got the hammer, then we dip 'em down, drip or down

I got bitches on my iPhone X, I don't even like to text

Trident tryna find the rest, don't worry about my address (Mmh, mmh)

Yo, what's this about? Get them scissors out

Man, I think it's time that we go and cut them niggas out

So what's next?

[Chorus]

(Mmh, mmh, mmh)

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(Mmh, mmh, mmh)

[Verse 3]

What's all the talk about? I just got a mortgage out  
5 years ago, I would've laughed if you asked if I bought a house

I had like forty pound, now my wrist cost forty thou'

I been a naughty child

You should know I play dirty, see me moving 'round at 8:30

Tryna get some cake early, movin' like my eighth birthday

They call me Fred Spread, or Chef F  
What's left is ten pebs, yo, show me, where's the nets at?  
Got a watch on my right and my left wrist (Bustdown)  
Yo, that's thirty each side like my benchpress  
Ayo, cutie pie, what you tryna do tonight?  
Have you ever flew Dubai? When I go, I do it right  
It's Valentino shoes I like  
My youngin Mino, he's been shootin' pipes  
Smoking weed in rooms all night, the owners want to sue me twice  
Wife said I ain't moving right, plus she got on shoes I like  
We both got on Gucci stripes, we're 'bout to have a Gucci fight

[Outro]

(Mmh, mmh, mmh)

(Mmh, mmh, mmh)

(Mmh, mmh, mmh)

(Mmh, mmh, mmh)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>