Yeah

(La Musica de Harry Fraud)

Eastside all mine just like every time
Seven Lowriders outside in a line
Couldn't decide which one to drive
Yeah Yeah
Told the driver drive wake me up when we arrive

We use Rolls Royce umbrellas
No regard for the weather
Keep me out the rain and in the shade nigga I'm good forever
I'm cool wherever
We park in the city hop out
You know I'm smoking something better
Got something pretty with me
That nigga there a veteran

Still with niggas who been steppin'

Three time felons smokin' cracking jokes and ready to catch they next one I tried to tell $\operatorname{\mathsf{em}}$

Matter fact I never stopped tryin' until I put em in the same mindframe that I am

Showed you how that money pile but didn't show you how

That ain't your friend

He want it all for him

Until he fall

They don't want to see they dawgs live as large as them

They ain't men

The teams they on will never win

Jetlife establishment

Rolexes and Whips

Palaces extravagant

We hustled for all of this

It's nothing to get up in the morn' lay out a fit

Next season drip sneak preview shit

Shit you gotta pray to get

Eastside

(Maybach Music)

Watch is set in Baguettes
In my Champion sweats
I got four or five jewelers
I just purchase the wet
Now the bottles all black
No more sippin' Moet
Drop the top bump the Woo
Show the tats on my chest
Bathing ape is a thing
I've been labeled a king
So sincere with my flows
Spend a house on my ring
Shorty give me some brain
Blowing 14 a cookie
Quarter M on my chain

Never did it for status

I just lusted for cabbage Nikes out of the box Backwoods all through the palace Bitches know I'm a beast Talking telekenisis Haters think I do voodoo Really blessings from Jesus Kept my hands in the dirt Now it's buckets of weed New Mclaren to skrrt Blow those trumpets for me Get six figures a verse Never charge a true G Show you just how this works It's a wonderful thing Huh

(Maybach Music)