

Brrt, brrt
Lord, okay
(La musica de Harry Fraud)
(Delgado)

Hope your Nikes tied tight and your rice fried right
Before you came up out the crib, I was outside twice
Chingin' like a register, slingin' all the heavy stuff
You sold, then my niggas gonna bring it if you set it up
Revvin' like a Kawasaki
With my birdies by the lobby
Money neat, but police in these streets is kind of sloppy
Floatin' in that white thing
Rollie, not a Brietling
Nigga tried approaching, now he frozen like he ice rink
Cookies on that taste buds
Lookin' for that fake love
Caked up
But you could try to sneak me with that snake hug
Limoncello rolled now, my ghetto in the soul
Speak the truth in the booth, I'ma let the metal go
Fraud set the tempo, now the Lord flex his mental
This some shit I wrote, Lord on the tour in the rental
Bass like the old kitchen, safe with them O's in 'em
Gold linen, pics by the whip with like four women

Huh, ayo, a stashbox in an old Lexus
Used to hold fifty bricks at a time, I never drove reckless
Sold drugs before we sold records
Before we put the drugs in y'all niggas' hands, you told lectures
Huh, them young boys ain't have no records
They homewreckers
They unload weapons, shoot up the whole section
Stove methods helped me grow extras
So the bricks I put in the streets is not for the protestors
We was locked up, rollin' tobacco
You know how that go
You could turn a jail cell to a cashew
Huh, we was just wearin' shackles
On the bus handcuffed, eatin' sandwiches and sharin' apples
Main reason I'm prepared for battle
They scared of shadows
Them boys go to jail, cry tears and tatttle
Don't compare me to generic rap dudes
They talkin' 'bout birds they never seen like they pterodactyls

Trust