

(La musica de Harry Fraud)

Ayo

I'm the one the bloodhound chase
Ain't believe in God 'til I caught a charge, then I found faith
I had wild base
I do the right thing, the shop I set up was on fire like Sal's place
Don't give a fuck what you clowns think
If you re-ing up with less than a buck, stay in a child's place
Snitches goin' get they mouths taped
I told my nigga I'd get rid of the witness before the trial date
You been grinding for a while, ayy?
They keeping gates at the top of the steps like they childsafe
This a five hundred thou' date
We both pulled up with Lambs on the side like a halal plate
The reason Tony gunned down Frank
I gave so many loans that they know me as the town bank
38 an underground saint
In a blink, I'll throw a pie in your face like a clown prank
Trust

Huh, now Rochester was my birthplace
I moved out 'cause home is where you receive the worst hate
Now Chalet Ave was the first place
You know, the first place I turned my bitch kitchen to a workspace
I swear to God I had a line outside
So many bricks in the house, I had to climb outside
You spent time on the couch, I spent time outside
Rob me and get killed before they find out why
Huh, nigga, I'll turn your white house to a red house
Before you shoot that bitch up, do a head count
I told a bitch, "If you ain't got bread, bounce"
I'm tired of fucking hoes on sheets with low thread counts
Huh, my lifestyle really attractive
I made a lot of money, now I'm clearly inactive
Now I spend a lot of money yearly in taxes
And a lot of niggas fear me in rapping
But I'm here, nigga
Trust