

(La musica de Harry Fraud)

Huh

Soon as I realized what big money was, I made plans to chase it  
Counting up in my grandma basement  
Shrink wrapping paper and plastic like it's a lamination  
Grants, Franklins, we don't use the Andrew faces  
The big bills land the safest  
You don't understand the feel when a couple hundred grand is wasted  
Or your mans is hating  
And when it's bad blood from your right hand, the next step is amputation  
Huh, could care less how a hater felt  
I suggest he hang his self with his favorite belt  
I pray for health and stay to self  
Lonely 'cause ulterior motives made us afraid of help  
You can't be selfish when creating wealth  
Now let the children exit the burning building before you save yourself  
You'll never know how the pain is dealt  
Lost my mom February 10th, then my daughter was born April 12th  
I had took a loss, then I had a gain  
Mom left, daughter came, so I let my child have her name  
Listen, learn a lesson from someone else's pain  
You see, the answers is in the rest and it self-explain  
My nigga, ain't nobody else to blame  
For all my heartaches and losses, sometime I find myself ashamed  
Huh, this shit is a selfish game  
I lost a loved one and money on a drug run, it felt the same

Trust