

La musica de Harry Fraud (Ayo)

In the pens, I never stressed visits
I know niggas that was facin' the death sentence in the best spirit
Big gate circle, this prime real estate
And inmates ain't the best tenants, my nigga, let's finish
The wrong friendships set limits
You expect growth when the yes-man is your best critic?
I could lose it all and just get it
We value money different 'cause you gotta buy your respect with it
Huh, we start sellin' white and became the best
Huh, you niggas ain't the same as Spesh
I never sent bricks twice to the same address
Might take a L on them squares like a knight in a game of chess
Huh, I learned from OGs and vets
The quietest in the room might just be the connect
I took footnotes and I repeated the steps
Somehow ended up with both feet on they necks, nigga
And I'm standin' here aggressively
Like don't question me, bullets in your head, open sesame
I don't need them folks to invest in me
Never let another nigga be the controller of your destiny, Trust

You know I'm Trust too, nigga (Yeah)

Brodie in the cell, prayer rug and his holy Quran
They let Cutter out the pen and he comin' home to a don (Yeah)
Killer tone, still be on go with his pole in his palm (Boom-boom)
Yeah, I'm talkin' two .23s, that's Jordan, LeBron (Woo)
In the booth like under my shirt I'm hordin' a bomb
Know some niggas that'll kick your door and torture your mom (Hahaha)
Shit, the universe be talkin', but you niggas ignorin' the signs
Nigga forty, but he still say the boy in his prime (Uh-huh)
Pulled up rockin' drip from a boutique store in Milan (Talk to 'em)
I put that on k
They creatin' narratives, but never them stories align
I ain't on your top five list, then that's surely a crime (Fuck it)
Move the bricks, wash the money through my shorty salon (Uh-huh)
Got that shit on, my tux be Tory designed

Hop out that truck, I got my hand on my forty, I'm crime (I got
it on me, nigga)

Machine (Talk to 'em, king)
Yeah, Trust