

La música de Harry Fraud

Told me you'd give me twenty-four-hours' notice  
See, Jacob, well, that was then, this is now  
Where?

Everglades

Thirty keys de lo mejor, top shelf

Huh

Hard-top on stock chrome, parked at the drop zone  
Left the phone at the crib 'cause it's really on  
Chinchilla coats on in the killing field, smokin' on love, though  
East side, the homie Wild Bill came through  
While I was wipin' down the '64, smoke one, chop it up  
I got right back to the dough, audio dope  
Boatloads for your earlobes to smoke  
Like coke to the nose in the form of musical notes  
And authentic quotes from the driver of the cigarette boat  
Considered a legend by legends but overlooked by peasants  
With media presence, I never gave a fuck 'bout their credit  
'Cause when I bought them cars cash, their credit didn't help me get  
it  
Fuck it, I could dead it and forget it  
I'm layin' golden chains on the Iceberg sweater  
Bart Simpson with Chanel letters, niggas shoulda known better

I wanna pass

Remember, if you stay, I'll make it five points per key

In or out?

I'm in

Huh

Turn a blank piece of paper to a 600 Benz  
Turn a blank piece of paper to a whole 'nother crib  
Turn a blank piece of paper to a fully-stocked fridge

Huh

Turn a blank piece of paper to a 600 Benz  
Turn a blank piece of paper to a fully-stocked fridge  
Clothes for the kids  
Turn a blank piece of paper to a—

Turn a blank piece of paper to a whole 'nother crib

Now that I'm the OG, they wanna do it how I did  
And I don't get in their way, but I let 'em know that I'm here  
Tell 'em 'bout the Bentleys and the bitches, how they slid  
And show 'em how now I'm on some whole other shit  
More ways to get everybody rich, for real