

(La Musica de Harry Fraud)

Blood Orange Pellegrino match the flame Buick Regal  
The way I play the Vegas strip, you would think I'm Bugsy Siege  
l

This the rebirth of Max Julien, I'm far from a Hooligan  
A soft spoken gentlemen, who got a few lady friends  
SL Mercedes Benz, that's just for the weekends  
The fruits of her labor, what she did for a Mac then  
Electric blinds sliding down the windows at the Bel Air  
Room Service, Champagne bottles in the hot tub  
Private suite, told her book that shit for another week  
Egyptian cotton pillow sheets, nothing but the best for P  
Funny thing is, a nigga live right up the street  
Close to the Palisades, but I can't give too much away  
They follow niggas home, and leave 'em soaking in they driveway

That's why you'll never catch me hanging with a bitch up at my  
own place  
Fuck a stash in my ride, it's in my lap when I slide, mane  
'Cause nowadays, you gotta be the first to squeeze your shit, g  
ang

Editorial, how the story go?  
It was the beat or me, I can't be sorry fo'  
Moving on our road, like dice across the globe  
On ice, yellow gold Millionaire, mellow flow  
Professional Camaro, pedal steppin' on  
This the '90, my other one a '81  
I'm seconds from the top, where haters come  
Gunning for your spot, you gotta watch out, my nigga, and wait  
for them  
Sure as the morning will bring us the sun  
Them niggas hungry, and they want it  
But them niggas don't want to work for nothin'  
But they lurk in the shadows  
They wait until you look too comfortable, then they decide to a  
ttack you  
The fact them niggas coming for you just look bad for you  
But you can't let no fuck shit happen too you