

First Light

Curren\$y

Yeah

La Musica de Harry Fraud

Exit in the striker boat

Clean as fuck, eatin' millions and shittin' soap

Its in the ceilings, its in the walls, its in the floor

That's old news, the real drugs is in the floor

Gold shoes, David Spokes on a 94

Fleet wood, my weed and fucking my bottom bitch, how we sleep good

G's spent on that motor work, monsters under these hoods

Clique to thick for you to see through it, you know how we do it

Way different from them, momma who let em in?

Undesirables non-

vibal, this is what them bosses flick them lighters to

Yeah, Yeah

This is Harlem in New Orleans

This is old school and dropped foreigners (right)

This that first smoke of the month

This that shit you always wanted (right)

I hope you suckas are ready for it

You know your bitches waiting on it

This is Harlem in New Orleans

This is old school and drop foreign

Riiiiiiight, fuck the fame, give me the money and bud

Nigga could walk through Harlem and its nothin' but love

All under these rap Gods that's fuckin' with us

They don't even look cool, most of these niggas are suss

You rockin' with the innovators, imitated, never duplicated

If you don't fill actin', chances is you a hater

I can smell a motherfucka that's jealous, look at you

All in your feelings, you can't help it

Nigga look at the ground where real niggas round

I can see through the fake love and fake pounds

I ain't trippin' I don't kick it wit em

Verses they can copy, as long as they got the ticket for it

DZA