

Mugello Red

Curren\$y

Yeah

(La Musica de Harry Fraud)

Eastside all mine just like every time
Seven Lowriders outside in a line
Couldn't decide which one to drive
Yeah Yeah
Told the driver drive wake me up when we arrive

We use Rolls Royce umbrellas
No regard for the weather
Keep me out the rain and in the shade nigga I'm good forever
I'm cool wherever
We park in the city hop out
You know I'm smoking something better
Got something pretty with me
That nigga there a veteran
Still with niggas who been steppin'
Three time felons smokin' cracking jokes and ready to catch they next one
I tried to tell em
Matter fact I never stopped tryin' until I put em in the same mindframe that
I am
Showed you how that money pile but didn't show you how
That ain't your friend
He want it all for him
Until he fall
They don't want to see they dawgs live as large as them
They ain't men
The teams they on will never win
Jetlife establishment
Rolexes and Whips
Palaces extravagant
We hustled for all of this
It's nothing to get up in the morn' lay out a fit
Next season drip sneak preview shit
Shit you gotta pray to get
Eastside

(Maybach Music)

Watch is set in Baguettes
In my Champion sweats
I got four or five jewelers
I just purchase the wet
Now the bottles all black
No more sippin' Moet
Drop the top bump the Woo
Show the tats on my chest
Bathing ape is a thing
I've been labeled a king
So sincere with my flows
Spend a house on my ring
Shorty give me some brain
Blowing 14 a cookie
Quarter M on my chain
Never did it for status

I just lusted for cabbage
Nikes out of the box
Backwoods all through the palace
Bitches know I'm a beast
Talking telekenisis
Haters think I do voodoo
Really blessings from Jesus
Kept my hands in the dirt
Now it's buckets of weed
New McLaren to skrrt
Blow those trumpets for me
Get six figures a verse
Never charge a true G
Show you just how this works
It's a wonderful thing
Huh

(Maybach Music)