

Yeah Yeah Yeah  
Yeah yeah  
(La Musica de Harry Fraud)

She send a text she want to straddle me of in my castle  
Palomino horses on Louis Vitton saddles  
I ain't never bought her sandals  
But every flavor Jordan 1 she have em  
Rolling' a fattie while I'm mashin'  
Got them Windows Crackin'  
Weed clouds got her eyes burning'  
But she getting used to it now cause she's a fast learner  
And a great earner  
I swear she pulled down mo' figures than you and your niggas  
Picture me blowin' larger when they said I wouldn't get no bigger  
Jet Life we just bought more buildings  
Built them motherfuckers out and parked them new Ferraris in it  
These ain't lyrics my nigga I spit it cause I did it  
And that's the difference between me and them other

Police raid the spot  
We open shop back up soon as the cops left  
Still like 50 P's we got left  
Tell me why would I stress?  
When I woke up this morning so I'm blessed  
I told my lil' bro you're bag comin' trust the process  
Cook a whole bird Bobby Flay  
I'm a top chef  
Sellin' quarters back in New York for the Jeff Hostet  
Shots wet his porch left him bleeding on his top step  
God bless when I'm repeatedly squeezing my tech  
They said they wanted smoke but then they immediately digress  
I feed off the track this beat I can easily digest  
Obstacles I unbelievably side step  
Every one of my projects resonates with niggas still in the projects