

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