

La música de Harry Fraud

Precious zone, tan leather 500E desert storm  
Weapons drawn once I hit a beat, got a western on in the crib  
Young guns in the east side move it, did it, built that in my home  
Took that page from Larry Wong, stash spots in the zone  
Cleared the building like somebody pulled the fire alarm  
Bomb threat, hundred lodged in the trunk of that Corvette  
If I ain't bought it, must ain't saw it yet  
How raw can it get?  
Detached from reality, she don't recognize herself  
She turned into something else  
Wraith got the stars and the asteroid belt  
You trying to talk about cars  
We in the bidding war to buy five jets  
Finally a top of mountain achieved  
Can't believe I'm not asleep, living in a dream

(Yeah, wake up early to count this money)  
Somebody might die next time that I load a pistol  
Miami heat like Alonzo, two-floor condo in Brickell  
I got that fast cash, look, they call me "Trash Bags Butch"  
Scratch that, a thousand eight grams, and half that's cooked  
I'm east side by law, gangsta shit, it's what you call a don  
Ran out the Draco and the double R just for my daughter prom  
I got my first brick from Doug, you know that one was on the arm  
I took that shit on the road with me just like a port-a-charm

"I just got a line on a freelancer with a hundred grand burning  
a hole in his pocket and no one to relieve him of his cash. The  
deal's set for the gallery doc and Jimmy Hagovich will run in  
terference for you. I don't want him. He knows the man, he knows  
the place. Once he sets you up with the guy, you're in charge  
. You follow me? I'll use the boat. That's a good idea. Outside  
the marina, there's a whole big ocean"