

8 POUNDS OF THE DRAKE

Riff Raff

My pinky ring cost 12 racks
I done tore up Fairfax
I walk around smoking loud pack
I skirt off in the hell cat
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Cazal shades on my face but wait
I can drive a grape wraith state to state
I skate late as I change license plates
I was too early but they thought I was late
I can escape with 8 pounds of the drake in a burberry briefcase
38 on my waist just in case these losers confuse me with second
place
So don't misconstrued my fate you a featherweight
I'm a heavyweight diamonds on my Rolex face made you pump your
breaks
The dark future of the human race got me hesitate to hand shake
with the cakes and fakes
The dark future of the human race

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