

Brrt

(La música de Harry Fraud)

Ayo, ran up in the spot, twin Glocks (Boom-boom-boom-boom-boom-boom-boom)

John Gotti mask on, Matty Boy checker bars on the body bag (Ah)

Strawberry SS, gauge on the backseat, lord (Skrtrt)

Chrome tops had 'em runnin' like a track meet (Ah)

Willie crop top, you see the Desert in the Prada pants

Chopper hit three bystanders, shit out of hand

(Doot-doot, doot-doot, doot-doot-doot-doot-doot-doot...)

(Griselda by Fashion Rebels)

Ayo

Baby TEC in one hand (Brtrt), hanger in the other hand (Whip)

Had to start whippin' up just to go to SummerSlam (Ah)

Penthouse in London, you can see the Buckingham

Low got a fresh tan, that nigga should've fuckin' ran (Free Low  
)

Allah, let my niggas (Free Sly, free Kutter, woo)

Allah, let my niggas free (Free my niggas)

I see the same thing in Him and me (Woo)

I see the same thing in Him and me

Ayo, two more Roche, folded up TEC on the Paulin sofa (Brtrt)

My whole style dooper (Woop)

Green dot comin' from the Rover, where your brains? Had to hop out (Ah)

Finish the job, I'm a maniac (Boom-boom-boom-boom-boom)

Margiela numbers on the Glock, we had to scratch 'em off

I know niggas on the rec' yard reachin' for the stars

This for my four-ten-o'clock-countin' niggas

Who got to run under they bum

Allah, let my niggas free

Allah, let my niggas free

I see the same thing in Him and me

I see the same thing in Him and me (Woo)

I see the same thing (Same thing)

(Gangsta-)

The heels have eyes, the heels have eyes