

41mm

Meyhem Lauren

[Intro]

Tryin' to change my life
(La musica de Harry Fraud)
Shout out to my G, Harry Fraud (uhh)
Happy birthday and all that (uhh)
Mad cakes with strippers in 'em (already)
Yo, Queens shit (already)
Laurenovich (look at me, I'm beautiful)
I'm back, I'm feelin' golden, right?! (uhh)

[Verse 1]

Yo, yo
Mad championship rings
My niggas blingin', right?
Take it back before rap when we was slingin' white
Dive Bar delvin'
Glass jar work, held it on my person
Narcotic merchant, my pockets burstin'
Eatin' sea (?)
Sold ski wear like Burton
(?) in octopus
Thinkin' 'bout another rock to push
Silk silhouettes blowin' in the wind
Garments lookin' glorious, we goin' for the win
Sin, quite frequently
Maneuver like a mute, but let my whip speak for me
Fuck a weak frequency
Fuck a freak decently, bitch check the resume
Consistency is key, I blink and see a better day
Gracious when we gettin' paper
Self made, self paid
Peace to Queens blocks that stayed hot
That's where my self stay
Used to duck Detex and Dodgers
Now it's two car garages, gettin' four hand massages

[Chorus]

Yo, to all my late villainous
Live niggas feelin' this
Hard rock guerillaness

Toast spittin' cylinders, floatin' where the ceilings is
You see us in chinchillas, kid
Hoppin' out European whips, pillage ya villages
We who the illest is
Just trust that, discuss that
Try to hit us and we bust back, so fuck rap
My guns clap, my sons scrap
(?) with court measurement
In the Oval Office gettin' head just like the President

[Verse 2]

Yo, keep my chest swimmin' in some crush linen
Plush livin', fuck bitches, but we lust winnin'
Dollar signs conquer our minds, it's motivational
Loyalty is precious like time, that's irreplaceable
Lost in my thoughts, but I ain't lookin' for the exit though
I'm inside this trap house gettin' some extra dough
Frank Mueller tick tocks, time in my lifespan
Conquistador King shit with the right band
Southpaw mature, but I bust with the right hand
(?) imperial, cold water lobster tails
Niggas eatin' good on this side, we makin' lots of sales
Move with wisdom so my lawyers practice Judaism
Rep the codes like denim clothes, streets are True Religion
Breeze through beautifully with Henny on deck
Bad bitches get friendly with neck, you gotta love it...

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>