

Tourneau

Meyhem Lauren

[Intro]

AKA Laurenovich

Uhh, yeah

Harry Fraud shit

(La musica de Harry Fraud)

[Verse 1]

Check it, yo

Flex professional, I'm athletic

Brown paper bags on deck, we pass credit

Only thing I'm swipin' is ya bitch, nigga

Uhh, cause you a motherfuckin' bitch, nigga

You're bad at life, it's what you deserve

I get it shakin' like a mixed drink about to get served

Breezin' through them good blocks, blastin' Half-A-Mil

Beneficial, you niggas isn't half as ill

Cashmere cranberry Louie V hat

Drops samples of the work, gimme feedback

Uhh, let me know if I should re that, re that

I know you motherfuckers need that

Smooth with it, my team was right off the block

You know the crew with it, now we settin' up shop

My niggas blew with it, now we up at the top

Uhh, what the fuck you forgot? It's Lauren

[Verse 2]

Yo, I rather cop a Portuguese then support a skeezer

When it comes to trickin' on bitches, I'm Ebenezer

Flyest that you ever seen, tryin' to get forever cream

I'll get you shot by some little nigga sippin' lean

Winter green Carhartt hoodie with the chains out

'Bout to come back to New York and etch ya names out

Uptown, playin' dominoes at La Marina

Same day, building with the Gods in Medina

Washingtons take flight on a late night

We gettin' cake right, what the fuck is date night?

Fatigued out, but I'm well rested

Desert storm covered my form, peep how I dressed it

I'm obsessed with, classical ill shit, I live that

Brought new life to New York, my niggas did that

Eatin' tuna (?) above Toro
Timepiece straight from Tourneau, my niggas on, yo

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