

Spitta, what up (Yeah)
Fraud, what up (Yeah)
This that fly shit (Keep the E in it, Chevy's on switches, baby)
Right up my alley (We smoking weed in it)
(La musica de Harry Fraud)

She got the combination to the safe memorized
Gathered the contents and slide
We rehearsed the move like several times
Don't hesitate when you inside, that's how many others died
It's a lot that come with this life
Big money, cars, take dangerous rides
Living like stars, millionaires pushing the line
Passed out before I got a chance to pray to God and ask him to let us survive
Eastside New Orleans, Trans-Am slide
Supersport Camaro's, Corvettes and foreigners in a line
Quarantine made it harder to stunt
But I'm still finna order new wheels from my truck
I been prepared like this, been saving up
And I'm still stackin' while my brand new tires scratchin'
For my son, I'm settin' a player ass example
Show that boy how cool his daddy is
Bitches call me daddy too but she not my kid
She call you about the phone bill, buy her a new fridge
She call me to feel it in her ribs
The four settings on my wrist, presidential with no diamonds bitch
Front of the plane where you can't sit
Acquired what you can't get
Password required for entrance
We can tell you ain't a member here
Fishing for styles in a recycle bin, yeah

The latest car chase looked pure showbiz. Police say they've never seen anything like it. Two suspects put the top down on a convertible, sped through the rain and showed off four bystanders
Top down on the convertible, that's kind of nuts

Got a house I ain't sleep in yet, sea plane to a private island
And if you ain't get to meet me yet
They call me Ghost, I'm a God if you ain't greet me yet
Down shifted in something foreign, should see me drift
I drift off in my thoughts and make a dope rap up
God forbid I back slide and pick the coke back up
Got no time for the drama, they love me in the trenches
El Hefe of the mud, you are looking a little informant
Probably boat, big float
Supercharger turbo in the whip, yeah it's skid row
Know I'm blasting Death Row, know I'm blasting Esco
Probably playing show room right out of the showroom
Need some motivation, nigga look at me, let's go
Entrepreneur, so raw, right on the tenth floor
Getting bent, bump into my niggas, I get bent more
Air shit out, let me rhyme, I'ma vent y'all
Kill a big, take the key, fuck I need a 10 for
Call the plug, he gon' come any time you send for it
Never play with me if you know what a bullet's meant for

Jet Life, D-Block, niggas should repent more
Ghost!

For these two men running from the police turned into a bizarre scene right
out of a Hollywood movie