

## World Harlem

### "We Both Frontin'"

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Yo, I'm still lookin' at the game you know

And I see that it's a lot a niggas that's just frontin'

Basically, ya know what I mean?

Yo, I'm doin' 150 wildin' headin' out to City Island

I see this shorty with the pretty smile and

Pushing a Prelude 'Hey you', diamond stud up in your navel

Actin' like it cost nine G's

A real fine queen, eyes was light green

And had a tattoo written in Chinese

Only 25, spent her money wise

Work out everyday, I could tell by her tummy size

Damn, you got some funny eyes

Yea, I blink a lot, drink a lot

You could catch me at the rink a lot

But enough about me ma, you look amazing, are you Haitian?

I'm half that and half Asian, my name is Raven live in New Haven

'Till I find the right man, my virginity I'm savin'

The things I was sayin', honey might be blazin'

I took her to the Days Inn, of course, she gave in

No disrespect, you look nice and shit

(I know)

And I ain't really tryin' to price your shit

(Yeah, yeah so stop)

I'm sayin' I like that Platinum on your wrist

But why isn't no ice in this?

Same reason why, baby girl, that ain't your hair

(No the fuck, you did not)

You the same one rockin' your home girl's gear

(Oh no boo, this was mine)

In fact, why you tryin' to hate on me?

'Cuz we both frontin', basically, ya heard?

(Basically?)

Uh, uh, I be that slick thug, see me in the strip club

With Dominican chicks, about to get my dick rubbed

Shit bug, how I lay up and sip Bud

You could front if you want, lay in puddles of thick  
blood

'Cuz I get love yeah, where ever I go

And I'd die for my niggas, but never no hoe

So you know that the life I lead is twice your speed

A brown skin mami, that's the wife I need

Light that weed, front, nigga might just bleed

I might just squeeze, matter of fact I might just leave

'Cuz I don't need a hoe that drink Moet by the liter

If you don't like me, I ain't feelin' your ass neither

I need a true diva, pushin' a two-seater

That's alright, let my wife, my crew meet her

In other words, I need a chick off the meter

The type that wild out when I eat her

No disrespect, you look nice and shit

(I know)

And I ain't really tryin' to price your shit

(Yeah, yeah so stop)

I'm sayin' I like that Platinum on your wrist

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(Basically?)

Hey, yo, Huddy? In the door waiter, give me four

Bitches they adore from here to Wichita

I'm a jiggy cat, baggy jeans with fitted hats

Where my niggas at? At the bar, where titties at

You know I spend dough, get in clubs with Indo

And bet my shit blow like a block on Crenshaw

I'm poppin' Cris', hoe while you sippin' on Crisco

I'm at the disco reminiscin' on 'Frisco, and this go

To honeys who be knowin' your name, knowin' your

fame

Know you rock a Rolley and chain but it don't stop, so  
get-it, get-it

The Huddy hit-it, hit-it she saw my ice, she was really  
wit it

She wanna settle down, be committed

She saw the drop with the TV's in it shit, I gotta pay this  
hoe a visit

Oh no, boo boo, you won't be payin'

Anything over here except the rent

No disrespect, you look nice and shit

(I know)

And I ain't really tryin' to price your shit

(Yeah, yeah so stop)

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In fact, why you tryin' to hate on me?

'Cuz we both frontin', basically, ya heard?

(Basically?)

Yeah, you know you wanna be over here

Fake ass, yeah

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