

## Harlem World "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

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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

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Yeah, you know you wanna be over here  
Fake ass, yeah

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