

Haitian Fresh

"Face Clean"

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(feat. Lil Durk)

[Intro:]

These niggas out here man, they be talking, man!
Twitter thugs, Instagram thugs

'you bet you can't,
Your face hurt, nigga
You can't come to the hood, nigga
Not here, not anyway!

Hook:

My face clean, your face dirty
My bitch clean, your bitch dirty
My track clean, your track dirty
My bricks clean, your bricks dirty
My face clean, yeah, your face dirty, yeah
My bitch clean, yeah, your bitch dirty, yeah
My track clean, yeah, your track dirty, yeah
My bricks clean, yeah, your bricks dirty, yeah

My face clean, my trap clean
These haters on my dick like crack fiends
It's fresh gang, I'm getting money
Dropped this mode, not in love
I'm stud up, I ain't got no words
Money long, I ain't got no words
My bitch clean, she sit and talk
32, she sit and talk
No money in the streets, they all sketchy
Everybody say they real but they all snitching!
Fuck this G code, they all lie
Cause keep selling, but I'm not blind
Y'all started from the bottom, y'all still down
Fuck nigga ways, cause you know well
Yea I'm riding dirty, I'm riding clean
I still made it, my face clean
My house clean, your house dirty
My money clean, your money dirty
My block clean, your block dirty
It's Fresh gang, we coming, pussy!

Hook:

My face clean, your face dirty
My bitch clean, your bitch dirty
My track clean, your track dirty
My bricks clean, your bricks dirty
My face clean, yeah, your face dirty, yeah
My bitch clean, yeah, your bitch dirty, yeah
My track clean, yeah, your track dirty, yeah
My bricks clean, yeah, your bricks dirty, yeah

My bitch clean, my whip clean
I went to the Andy hoe when I was fifteen
I've been flexing, running shit since I was sixteen
Five star universal, what that shit mean?
That mean I ran shit, by floor, plugged like a mic chord
All my young niggas blow and dance like night court
Catch me in the club, money long, I'm like, 'hi, whore!'
Way I'm living lavish, and it's something niggas die for
it, yeah!
This money pussy niggas cry for,
But if you want drama, bring it on, you're in the right
store!
It's cold deal, they playing my team
We clean, ball in Chicago, I ran that scene, oh!

Hook:

My face clean, your face dirty
My bitch clean, your bitch dirty
My track clean, your track dirty
My bricks clean, your bricks dirty
My face clean, yeah, your face dirty, yeah
My bitch clean, yeah, your bitch dirty, yeah
My track clean, yeah, your track dirty, yeah
My bricks clean, yeah, your bricks dirty, yeah

That mac clean with that mind dirty
He spot down in that thirty
Running quick, I'm down thirty
To my nigga Law with a half a thrity
All black Benz, that's the Master 30
Savage really, so I ain't worried
Money on bitches, so I ain't worried
I need pots (get it!)
Don't come around if it's too dark
My young nigga ' spot
Headshot, don't like that leg shot,
Come, they be shot!
Got them killers with me,
I keep them hitters with me just to turn up!
Cross me while them killers with me,

They be leaving burnt up.
Both niggas be talking like Scooter say, 'nigga count
up!'
' on me thousand, but frankly so nigga count up
Hundred bands, ain't hundred
For my parents, rob me, take a chance
If he take this chance then a chopper taking off his
hands

Hook:
My face clean, your face dirty
My bitch clean, your bitch dirty
My track clean, your track dirty
My bricks clean, your bricks dirty
My face clean, yeah, your face dirty, yeah
My bitch clean, yeah, your bitch dirty, yeah
My track clean, yeah, your track dirty, yeah
My bricks clean, yeah, your bricks dirty, yeah

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