Lo Bootz

2 Chainz

In my Lo Bootz [x4]
Can't tell me shit
When I'm with my crew
Swagger to the max
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In my Lo Bootz

Photoshoot, 4-door coupe
Polo boots, turnt up through the roof
Me gon' hit my boots, then she hit my boots
Told her I was thirsty, she say "she had that juicy"
She's willing and I'm able
I told her "I'll see you later"
So many horses in my closet
Makes my shit look like a stable
Crib like a zoo, all types of gators
His and her, fox furs, all types of flavors
This is not a Boxster, this a Panamera
I've been serving dick,you can check my clientele
My wrist costs a bail, my charm costs a chicken
And every time you see me
You can tell I'm fucking getting it
I used to wear the skippers
I'm polo'd to the zipper
I used to shop at Macy's
When it used to be Riches [?]
I used to it and you useless
So know the fucking difference
And fuck with one of mine
Somebody gonna end up missing

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I sag too low, lift them up let the boot show
Leather dark red, the same color as Nuvo
Wrist hugging that Hublot, my pockets huge though
Denim TRU clothes, get worn out like a used ho
Polo, high boo, like "Hi boo"
Yeah I'm fly, cute in that hard top suicide coupe
Cannon on me while bumping that Trapavelli II
Slime Flu, coughing on niggas, must I remind you?
I'm used to this city noise, of pretty boys
Fatter that Diddy's boys, Magic City wit Tity Boi
Silly boy, I make classics, Reebok 54's
With my whole crew, lo boots, like give me 50 more
Conjure for Bonjour, whore

Hop out the four-door with four broads
Look like The Law
It may be Juicy Couture, I bag them all
I had a mall, swagger tall
And I just happen to ball

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I dive in that wet, call me Micheal Phelps
Louis logo, check a boy's belt
501s, mind on my money
Look at the tongue, these boots looking like diamonds
Pockets on Goliath and your pockets on a diet
OK, alright I try it, if I like it then I'll buy it
Except for some pussy, OK you're right, I'm lying
Cause if that pussy good, Imma motherfucking buy it
And yeah I'm from the city where these bitches get tipsy
Niggas smoke strong, on the phone and talk riches
Righteous prices, baking soda vices
And yeah I'm in a new car, and I don't have a license
Your girlfriend like it, I met her on tour
And every time she sees me, she calls me Ralph Lauren
Imma Ralph Lauren story, Ralph Lauren mansion
And when it gets cool
I wear my Ralph Lauren jacket

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