

(Perfect)

Prada, that's on my shoes, that's on my shirt, that's on my collar
I hit it once, ain't hit her back 'cause I'm a baller
I told that bitch to do a trick and she said "Ta-da"
Get a lot of guala, spent it all on
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Get a lot of guala, spent it all on (Yeah, yeah)

'Signer (Yeah), shorty said she really like designer (Designer)
Bought that bitch a body, I designed her (Yeah, yeah)
Ridin' Kawasaki, better slide up (Skrirt, skrirt, skrirt)
Bro just got his re-up, better cop up (Cop up)
If I'm in the city, you should know (You should know)
I'm in that four-door, me and three hoes (Three hoes)
Ayy, if I'm wit' your bitch, then you should know (You should know)
She f*ck with us, now she ain't comin' home (Home)
My new bitch see me everyday (My new bitch see me everyday)
Tinted windows on the whip, 'u can't see me anyway (Yeah, oh-oh)
Make a lot of wishes, need a genie any day
And she ain't really want you, all she really want is
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Flashy clothes, you know a nigga gettin' hoes
And plenty dough, won't let the game change me
Going gold, and then I had to go some more
These niggas hoes, but they don't really faze me (Yeah)
'Cause I was eighteen, broke as a fiend, did what I had to do (Ooh)
Nineteen, stuck in a dream, actin' irrational (Ooh)
Twenty thousand on me, we call that casual (Ooh)
All before the age of twenty-one though
And still ain't chasin' hoes 'cause they ain't give a f*ck
Way back 'fore I was up, oh no
And I ain't savin' hoes 'cause they be tryna front
But I know what you want, she want some

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