

BREEE!

Bree Runway

I just iced the neck
The set
What's next? The cheques
It's the way that I look, I dress
The gala, the met
It's the way that these bitches pressed
I on ever rest
She can't sleep where I sleep
Tell her get like me

Make these bitches ahh
Got these niggas ooooh
I do all that shit these bitches want too
Ahhhh
Ooooh
Yeahhhh
Ooooh

Ok alla alla
Kudda kudda arra
I'm a I'm a brat
Got these niggas on lock
Have him falling to his knees
Like he praying to Allah
Got this nigga dumb whipped
Like a valet with a car (haha)

Make these bitches ahh
Got these niggas ooooh
Yeahhhh ooooh

I know what he likes and it ain't you hoes
I know what he likes and it ain't you hoes

It's the
B.R.E.E.E
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My Chanel's a big body
I really am somebody
I'm late for the party
Flew my outfit straight from Paris
He gon' spend everything
I don't have to give punani
This nani is a rarri
No you can't rev it for me

If you ain't got the budget Imma call you right back
It's runway in this bitch and the r stands for racks
I know what he likes and it ain't you hoes
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