

Designer Hooker

Bree Runway

Put your arms around me
Mister mister so raunchy
I hope that fur is Givenchy
And you can touch up all on me

Oof my man
I hope your jeans are Balmain
I hope your tees are one-grand
And for you my babe I will stand

Designer hooker oh yes you can touch her but no you can't marry her
Don't even holla unless you've got money and you're trying to shower her (yeah!)
She only be dealing with Birkins, so don't come around and try flower her
She already a lion there's no way you can come 'round and devour her

Mami is fire emoji
Mami is fire emoji (fire!)
Dresses to always one-hundred
Screw face that mate, do you know me? (do you know me?)

Lit'l mama's a scat
And she can say that with her chest
Don't be delaying her shit
She only comes with one request

Pass her the money
Pass her the money
Pass her the money
Pass her the (pass her the money!)

Pass her the money
Pass her the money
Pass her the money
Pass her the (huh!)

Put your arms around me
Mister mister so raunchy
I hope that fur is Givenchy (uh huh)
And you can touch up all on me (uh huh)

Oof my man
I hope your jeans are Balmain
I hope your tees are one-grand
For you my babe I will stand (yeah)