

Keep a couple bands in my pillow
Fuckin' with my plans, I got rid of the game
Smoke his nights on the window
I need that

Left me in a mess at the wrong time
Bullets to my chest, are you done now?
Are you still not gonna pay for your drinks?
You're not the fucking man that you think

But I forgot to tell you that I do like that Gabbana
Steakhouse, truffle and lasagna
I like Fendi, I like Prada
Couldn't tell you what I don't like
Dinners in Havana
Bud Light, bitches, boobs and dollars
Buss it down with my signoras
'Cause I do it for the thrill right

Pretty things, spotlight
Dollar dream, lost sight
I, Pretty things, spotlight
Dollar dream, that's what I like

I just bust the case
Bet you wish you could've paid up
Talk like this, I'm full of it
You can answer to me later
What it feel like fuckin' with the player?
What it feel like?

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I do like that Gabbana
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I like Prada, I like Fendi
I like dinners in Havana
Bud Light, bitches, boobs and dollars
Buss it down with my signoras

Buss it down, buss it down, buss it down