

# Michelin Star

## D-Block Europe

Yeah, yeah  
What's playing? The TV or the laptop?  
Laptop  
I can hear somethin' playing, TV?  
Should I turn it up? Yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Tonight, it boils down to experience  
Designer drugs, designer bags, I need materials  
We both zealous, jealous individuals  
No, I don't kiss and tell, do talking at a minimal  
Soon as we got physical  
Said "That pussy needs a Michelin star"  
Needs a Michelin star, ah, ah, ah  
Yeah, Picasso couldn't even paint this work of art  
Michelin star pussy, Michelin

Michelin star pussy, Michelin (Ah)  
I got niggas in my handbag, tryna get me wet  
But I told 'em all to kick rocks (Ooh-ooh)  
'Cause my baby got me dripped up (Baby got me dripped up)  
Designer Stussy, Louis, Fendi and Gabanna  
We can't forget about Dior, they do it proper  
Patek Philippe, I keep it on my wrist (On my wrist)  
My diamonds dancing when I'm on the... (Shh, shh, shh)  
Yeah, like it when I'm sleepin' and you stroke my hair  
Take it when you need it, show me you ain't scared  
Lemme just rock your body  
Body all over your body  
I'm in need of your body, yeah, yeah  
When you feel low and the streets turn cold  
And it feels like they don't love you no more (No more)  
I'ma be just one call away, tell me if you need me (Yeah)

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Gelato and Skittles, got whites in the middle  
Girl, can I designer my drip?  
The glizzy ain't little, my hitter official  
Girl, tell me the truth 'cause you modest  
When I was down, you holdin' me down  
Now my roof down when I'm pickin' you up  
Litre of lean, I be drowinin' my lungs  
Scars on my heart, I be runnin' from love  
I don't like pictures so please don't take pictures of me  
Her nigga ain't richer than me  
I'm in a Lam', Amiri jeans drippin' on me  
Ten racks right now on my jeans  
She won't say that she love me, girl, 'cause I know you don't

I'm on, fuck you for hours, I'm off a Perc, I know (DBE, Don)

Yeah, where I'm from, from

You know you want it

London

Yeah, DBE and The Don

Bando 29

Don't waste my time

Relax, bump and grind

Pass the Riz and grinder

Somebody pass me the lighter, yeah, mm

Love it when you stroke my hair, ooh-ooh

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Love it when you touch me there, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh

Bando 29