

Styrofoam

D-Block Europe

(Tuned up)

(Damn, Sheff, you made this?)

Rain on the window, fresh off the styrofoam, so that eyes aren't home
You so open for a broken soul
Love is timeless, tryna open those, I'm tryna open yours
You, like you-you-you
You so rare, I save it all for you
My style lit, [?]
She countin' the lick, but she [?] foot tall

I met her in winter time lookin' summer fine
Must've met her in another life
Only girl that gave me butterflies, I might need a little more advice
'Cause I ain't tryna ruin my blessings, I don't claim my exes
I didn't wife her, it don't count
It was just pre-season, it was just trials
I'm on the phone to every Chanel in the city to get you the bag that you want
t
We were twenty-nine, is that what you want?
I gotta eat from the back to the front (Uh-huh)
Packin' the strap, and we patternin' lunch
You know we damn near to pattern on a bum (Yeah, yeah)
Ride the chick, give me a spot to pattern on a run
Suck it, play with it, dab on her tongue
When I read that, life seem naked
So, where we gonna take it?
Only us break it (Mhm), only us can change it
Darlin', I don't wanna seem like I'm under surveillance (Uh-huh)
I was rich, I was lit when you met me, face it
Twenty K people sold out, outrageous
I'm tryna sell out stadiums

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I thought you get it, you get a new bag on the credit
I spend a hundred thou', got new stones on the Patek
And, I heard you think you been dressed in the Mink, but you wearin' in the ferret
I don't wanna hear it, rich nigga, yeah, my kids inherit
He sang like, "Valerie," I got Louie tags worth a gallery
You know the department check out the garments
Brand new truck, and the truck is foreign
Sick of these cuts, I was runnin' from love, and you know it's scarin'
Don't go (Don't go)
Tryna get you back, but it won't show (Won't show)
Tonight, I'm wearin' my rose gold (Sheesh)
Tryna show you my feelings (Sheesh), tryna swerve in a Demon
Baby, I see it (Baby, I see it)

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Get you the dumb designer (Dumb designer), silliest bags (Silliest bags)
Bring it to the front, don't look at the tags (Nope)
Look at you wearin' a mat, just keep that pussy intact
Start gettin' it wrong and you're gone, girl, look what you had (Trappo)
I'll double C you now, you want a Lamb' on leather (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
And do what I do and get this bag together (Ayy)
Hate when I'm gone for days, but the absence makes us grow (Grow)
I ain't hit in a minute, she tellin' me, "Take it slow"
I like when you switch it up from the curly curls (Curly curls)
Then you go straight again, I like when you got it in a ponytail
Grabbin' your neck and your hair, don't cry
I put you in denim tears, my type
If you know this plenty here (Yeah)
You're mine, I don't wanna share

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