

Devil Wears Prada

Destroy Lonely

But I think you're kinda fine, you would look great in some Prada
I think I changed my mind
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, oh yeah)
Rockstar life

Yes, I got these waxed denims on me and I got some fuckin' racks in 'em, dawg
Yes, I'm in the back if you lookin' for me, I ain't tryna impress none of y'all
Yeah, and I got these bad bitches on me, I ain't tryna shake none of 'em off
See, I'm tryna get a bag on me, baby, I ain't got no time to answer your calls
Popping thousand-dollar tags, lil' nigga, you can't find this shit I'm drippin' in the mall
And I hope that I don't crash 'cause I'm moving fast, I'm not tryna link with the stars
And we smoke designer gas with exotic women, nigga, we can't help who we are
Rockstar life and I might not make it, nigga, yeah, we havin' Glocks, not guitars
Rockstar life, why these bitches always ask why I'm always breakin' their hearts
I think I lived twice
Never ever had to cap, yeah, I been this way from the start
No, I can't make you mine
But I think you're kinda fine, you would look great in some Prada
I can't escape my mind

Wake up every single day, and nigga, I get draped in designer
Think I changed my mind
No, I don't got time to play, baby, I be racing the clock
And I'm staying out late 'cause I know that soon I'ma see the sun
Yeah, and each and every single day we be on the move tryna get some money
And I'ma take that lil' bitch to the moon, tell her just relax, baby, it ain't nothing
And I swear it only took a day, made a couple racks but that's really nothin'
I done made this bitch my Ricky bae, if she want the Raf, nigga, it ain't nothin'
And I got 'em mad, think I got 'em mad but it ain't nothin' (Oh yeah)
Oh yeah, yeah

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(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Rockstar life
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