

## 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' them 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)

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