

margiela man

Destroy Lonely

I think I'm fallin' in love with Margiela, man
Yeah, yeah, yeah
(Going out bad)
Yeah, yeah, yeah
(No, I can't fit me a size ten)
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Walk with the strap just like Mega Man
And you know Lonely get money forever, man
I think I'm fallin' in love with Margiela, man
I wear a thirty-two and my bitch wear a ten
My shoes' a forty-four, I can't fit a ten
Damn, I just took your ho, come and get her, man
If you feeling all alone, it get better, man
I just been smokin' dope to feel better, man
I keep some big racks in these waxed denims
And my Tokyo Ghoul bag, keep a pack in it
And my slime keep a strap, you can just get whacked, nigga
In my bank account, I keep some racks, nigga
If you count me out I'm coming back bigger
And the calculator my favorite app, nigga
Tell 'em, "See you later," not talking bags, nigga
Gotta keep going, no looking back, nigga

No, I- no, I don't talk on no app, nigga
I get money and then here come the bad bitches
Ain't no way I'ma go out looking bad, nigga
And I'm in the XL in the back, nigga
Know I just hit the trap spot with my savages
And I remember them days we was scavengin'
Yeah, we just stuck to the plan, we had tunnel vision
Know if you play you get knocked off the map, nigga
See, I'm really rich, not like these other niggas
Baby, no, I don't have time to play with ya (No, I can't play with ya)
And I just bought these new Undercovers for you
Can you please let me know if they don't fit you?
I thought I told you my heart made of chrome, baby
If it's not 'bout some money, don't pick up my phone lately
If you thought I wasn't paid then you thought 'bout the wrong nigga
If you not talking guap I can't get along with you (Yeah)

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