

Giuseppee

DJ Mustard

You couldn't walk in my Giuseppe shoes, walk in my Giuseppe shoes
**** you couldn't walk in my Giuseppe shoes, walk in my Giuseppe shoes
I'm wearin' designer clothes, takin' designer drugs
Hoes show me love when I'm inside the club
KTZ jogging suit, man that boy cockin' loot
I paid for the pussy man but it ain't somethin' that I often do

Treat her like a prostitute, purse with the matchin' boots
I hit her in the driveway like it's a mansion in the ****in' coupe
All we do is go get it, I'm allergic to broke ****as
Achoo, Achoo
And even if I'm playin' ball, the cheapest thing I got on is 450
Rappers try to befriend a ****a
On skinny ass tie, wearin' skinny ass tie
My outfit from the Grammys might kill you ****a
Chef cook crab legs with a Dom Pérignon ****a
I'm a ****in' don ****a, put a ****in' in him
Giuseppes Zanottis on your mother****in' lawn ****a
Steppin' on your sofa, roll it on your old homie
Her ass so big, she need a ****in' alarm on it

Club toxic with the zero print
Gold on the tip, pay your ****in' rent
She only rock heels, she a bad ****
30 bands in the shoebox from the last brick
Money don't talk, it just look good
Put me in a suit and tie, still I look hood
Designer hoes, Atlanta hoes
Couple bougie ****es from the west coast
In my white on white Giuseppes
****a I'm fresh to death, can't help it
Memphis my hood, I reppin'
Love ratchet ****es, I love it, can't help it
Black and yellow Lambo, oreo space coupe
Jump out with them 'seppes on lookin' like space boots
Rollie watch ****a lookin' antique
Just counted out another million, that's a cool week

I see that grill on the two door lookin' barracuda
You know that barrel on the Desert Eagle lookin' like a tuba
Five or six Rollies, flexin' like I'm Lex Luger
Chop the rocks with the razor and my hand, lookin' Freddie Kruger
I'm a fool with the but my fork game viscous
Lil man ****, keep the Merry Christmas
I'm a Clyde Christian ass ****a
You keep my name in your mouth, always ****in' ass ****a
Swear the roof on this mother****er lookin' like a scarlet
Is that a half a million dollar car? Shit it gotta be
These ****as is your enemies, that's just my philosophy
And all these swagger jackin' ****as owe you an apology
Icy white, two bricks on my feet ****a
makin' money while I sleep ****a
Cop the and cop the stylin'
My Air Force 1's you couldn't walk a mile in 'em