

(Neilaworld)

Uh-uh (Yeah), uh-uh

Rick Owens my cargo, I'm in Paris with your main ho
In Paris eating escargot, on the tour, got yo' ho front row
Yes, I'm going places where you can't go with exotic hoes and b
ankroll
Got a fat ass like a mango, play with the pussy like Nintendo
Yeah, I got my extendo, this my Rick Owens Detroit denim
When I put on this shit, yeah, I feel like a god, they thinkin'
the holy one sent 'em
Yeah, I keep a stick on me like COD
Chain on my neck make you sit up
And that chopper on me make 'em get up
When I'm off of the lean, I get fed off
Balenciaga, I'm a Balenci' rock her
In my Balenci' ravers, bitch, I'ma rock out
I'm a showstopper and I'm finna stay up
My money dunkin', I made it like layup
Put it all on the table, I gotta lay low
Who watching me? I don't know who watching me
The fuck do you think this a game?
I'm goin' up in my rank, bitch, I'm rockin' out with a K
I'm rocking out in my Undercover, got some Bs on the fucking bl
ank'
I'on even rock the blue denim, but I guess I'm rockin' it today
I'on even fuck no lame bitches, but I guess I'm fuckin' one tod
ay
And I'on even know my own name, but they say I got a couple nam
es

Bitch, I got a couple names, bitch, I got a couple things
Said I got them racks and that's a funny claim, oh
Rick Owens on me, they like, "Ooh"
Bitch, this is not no Alexander Wang, oh
Run up on me, yeah, you doomed
Got my choppa, Que lo que, oh
Never wanna be like you 'cause these niggas really lame
Then I'll be calm and wash in my ville
All this fuckin' codeine, all this fucking drank
All this fuckin' drank, cut off my demons, they not part of the
mission
Try to move wrong, you get shot just like Chris
They all bailed out on me but I'm not Christian
We made a hustle for all this liquor
Four for four door double, nigga, not tip
I'ma make sure that y'all niggas listen
Your bitch gon' jump in the car when I'm whipping (Wish, wish)