

# Louis Vuitton

Fabulous

Got a young chick from the hood, south side  
Got a young chick from the hood, south side  
Pops never let her outside  
Nigga knew the type of shit she was up against  
Little did he know she was going to back fire  
But she act right, got baptized, stayed in the choir  
But the thing she desired was a older nigga show her how to be a freak  
A young girl is in heat, is deep  
She sneaking out after loose, in the streets at night when the freaks are out  
Butterfly tatt' on her back that she tried to hide until her father found the secret out  
Now he flipping out, he kicked her out  
She living on her own in this vicious south  
Years go by, now I got her in my room  
And I'm thinking at the best way to kick her out

Cause all she ever talks about is Louie, Louie  
All she ever talks about is Louis Vuitton  
And nigga, I can't fuck with her no more

I said Louie, Louie, all she ever talk about is Louie, Louie  
All she ever talk about is Louis Vuitton  
And nigga, I can't fuck with her no more

I told the bitch somebody stole my Rolli', she talking about me, too  
I can't do with the brand new Louis bag, she talking about me, too  
LA on my next flight and guess right, she sent me to  
And everybody gonna miss me, too, goddamn be you  
And if that is you, you're so shallow, you on a boat that won't travel  
Won't float and won't paddle if I go broke it won't matter  
This stupid ass shit don't make me, I have been poor won't break me  
You're so caught up on material shit, we both know that you can't even get

She's standing at the baggage claim  
First thought gotta bag this dame  
Not knowing she was one of them check  
With your bag is name types  
Anyway, I'm happy that it came off the belt  
Damier joint same as the belt  
She look like she came on herself, shawty, you should be ashamed of yourself  
I'm checking out her cute face, thin little waist line  
She checking out my suitcase, like the bitch half canine  
Could've took her number, that be like taking bad advice  
When you look at her you're looking at a price  
As I walked away, she said that's a nice

You know the once that are all for the laps on  
Go for the champagne, don't care what you do  
But you better do a damn thing if you wanna win the campaign  
Cause her company just ain't cheap  
What you probably ain't been  
You can't keep a shallow bitch if your pockets ain't deep  
So I try to be slick and reserve no dinner  
Take you to the club, had to meet me at the bar

Let her walk in, people from afar, gotta let her know, can't keep her in the  
dark  
Cause she will wanna tamp up if you let her, and I thought I knew better  
Cause she say let me start with a double shot'  
Hey, bartender, let me get a