

Louis Vuitton

Fabolous

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 Louie 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 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