

Please Stop Making Fake Versace

Father

Please stop makin' fake Versace
Why they say they hate me but they watch me
Actin' like you me, but you not me
Please stop makin' fake Versace

Please stop makin' fake Versace
Please stop coppin' fake Versace
Please stop rockin' fake Versace
Please stop makin' fake Versace

Please leave her ass the D cause A-B-C is not an option
Not gon' fuck my baby my bitch not up for adoption
Took her to Hibachi, finger fucked her, fed her mahi
She love me like Hitachi, no wonder boy so cocky
LA boolin', coolin it with Roxi
By the pool & she don't rock fake Versace
Poppin' Oxy and the speakers knockin'
Ayy, know we got my shooters and they cockin'
Please stop rockin' fake Fendi
Eatin' nasty-ass chipotle wearin' bindis
They be like "Ayy papi, " hit that ho like Heihachi
Mishima, I know she miss me kissin' on her inner thighs

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Threwed off, clothes off
I might just have to take my fuckin' golds out
Closed mouths, don't give head
So closed mouths, don't get fed
Somewhere out in Texas makin' bread
So bitch your fuckin' textin' won't get read
I'll come for one, might stay for two
But I need my fuckin' racks because a nigga pay per view
Fuck yo accent, fuck yo taxes
I singlehandedly keep the world spinnin' on it's axis
I singlehandedly keep yo bitch pinned up on this mattress
They can't handle me, I smile deviously, battin' lashes

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