

Designer

G Herbo

This Gucci, this Louie, these Fendi, these Robin, Givenchy, and Truey fits
That Prada, Versace, Bali, and Armani, what am I gon' do wit it?
All these 100's, these 50's, these 20's add up til I count me a million [2x]
Ferragamo wit Gucci they all the designer, I don't know the difference
I forgot what I spent on it
I'm from Chiraq, but my belt is from Italy
All these 100's, these 50's, these 20's add up til I count me a million [2x]

All these 100's thats on me ain't close to that much
But it feel like a million
Ridin around thru Chiraq and the bitch we meet black
But her hair is Brazilian
Smoking loud, sippin Act, lil bro got the mac and lil bro on the 'ttack
Better watch how you act cuz the mac'll go BRATTT and they can't bring you b
ack
Now its after the fact
Put the mac in the trunk while we smoke and relax
While I thumb thru these racks
Man I just spent a stack on a belt and a hat
Never thought I'd see the day I go from State to State and I fuck all these
hoes on my way
Never thought I'd be that nigga every time I step out I got all these hoes i
n my face, but fuck all these bitches
All I know is get these digits and flex
And stay real with my niggas
Kill for my niggas
Max been gettin money, but believe his finger still on the trigga
Gotta get this money cuz the opps ain't dead yet
But they always gon be buckin, but me
And that ain't nun funny
Thats why I keep this check cuz niggas ain't never gon get nothing from me!!
HANNNN!

Shooter shoutout to 30 and shoutout to Semi
Yall can't tell the difference
I see these lil niggas sneak dissin on twitter and shit
But I still ain't gon mention them
Cuz my shorties
They itchin to pull on they block and just empty them 100's and clips in em
I be all up the way in the states
So these local lil niggas don't take much to get to them
I be all up in my city in Louie and Fendi just givin them all my benjamins
These niggas pretendin
They really ain't gettin no money, they really ain't with the shits
I be up on the block that's named after Roc
Where Lil Mally tote 50 and 60 clips
Free my big broski Joc, when he touch on the block its a party
So line up a bitch for him
These niggas is bitches
They snakes and they fakes and they leechers
So I don't got shit for them
They come up from the streets
But grew up to be Jakes and be preachers that give niggas sentences
So I be smokin reefer
Chillin
Sippin

Countin digits

Missin all of my niggas

While these 100's, these 50's, these 20's keep addin in g's til I count up a
milli!!

HANNN!