

Keying Lamborghinis

Jamie T

She's keying Lamborghinis in my mind
She's keying Lamborghinis in my mind
She's keying Lamborghinis in my mind
She's keying Lamborghinis in your mind (mind, mind, mind)
She's keying

She's AWOL unstable
Sloane scares the locals
Chelsea, Chelsea girls
Selfies, belfies in the pearls
She's from the ghettos of my heart
Suburban sermon
Sipping bourbon
Pull my whole life apart
She last seen Alberoni's
Sipping pinot grigio
Bloodshot forget-me-not
Them sniff up the whizzer
So what's up
Screams across the place
Reminding me of good times
Before the paper chase
Before they talked of me even selling out
Before you talk to me
You turned down 120g before you even walk out your house

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I can feel her
In the oligarch houses
Fresh paint and disdain
For the way I went about it
(She's keying)
I try to run her out of town
I raise prices
Strict dress codes
I put more filth on the street
But the filth only makes her feel more at home
And in the ghettos of my heart baby
She learned the hustle and she hustle well
You've come so far baby
You've come so far
You're doing so well

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