

# Versace Robe

Kamaiyah

Keep it litty, litty, don't stop, don't stop  
Keep it litty, litty, don't stop, hey  
Keep it litty, litty, don't stop, don't stop  
Keep it litty, litty, hey (Keep it lit)

Mackin' on hoes is tradition  
And I like all of my clothes expensive  
I Versace'd my robe and kitchens  
With my ice on froze, it's drippin', ayy  
I'm with all of that smoke, I'm with it, ayy  
So fuck these niggas that's politickin', ayy  
I'm with all of that smoke, I'm with it, ayy  
So fuck these bitches that's politickin', ayy

You want me to be broke, don't ya?  
Hate to see a young bitch ridin' cold, don't ya?  
Hate to see a nigga with a bankroll, don't ya?  
Hate to see the baby rockin' these stones, don't ya?  
Some niggas don't know different  
I ain't one, I ain't livin' out no sentence  
Fuck you, I ain't beefin' with no nigga  
On mama's, I ain't showin' you no interest  
Ayy, okay, I pull up, I'm vibin', they show resentment  
Young and I'm mobbin', I'm the lieutenant  
The coldest vibe is what I presented  
Ain't sellin' pussy, a player, I'm different  
Standin' ten toes over all of these hoes  
Want me to compromise soul, but I don't  
Want me to go and fall off, but I won't  
I pull up, drop top, then I skrrt, and I'm gone

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I'm rockin' F-O 'Sace, hoes wanna top me  
My bitch been poppin' in Maserati  
Now she in Porsche, she drive big body  
Stayin' the course, she right beside me  
I like it, no matter what you say to my chick, she ridin'  
Haters never breakin' up shit, we vibin'  
First-class flights, takin' trips to islands  
She said that's mine and I'ma stick beside it  
Talkin' down 'cause we up, up, ayy  
Extra lime, weed, and upper, ayy  
Hit my line just for supper, ayy  
Sneak inside and get fucked up, ayy  
My niggas don't dance, they just gangster boogie  
Pistols up in they pants, hidin' Dracs in hoodies  
Hatin' hoes been fans, I'll take your cookies  
One thing I can't stand, that's a hatin' pussy

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