

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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