

# Lookbook

Ken Carson

Huh, huh, huh, huh, this how I get off  
Huh, huh, huh, yeah, yeah, this how I get off  
Huh, huh, huh, yeah, yeah, this how I get off  
Huh, huh, huh, yeah, yeah, this how I get off  
Huh, I shop from a lookbook, I don't go to the mall  
And I done made so much money, yeah, I just might start playin' golf  
I'm servin' X, molly red, and you know that shit all rock  
I'm way too high, I don't want no head, baby, I can't get off soft  
She suck me, suck me 'til I'm dead, she got me pushin' her off me  
Hundred K, yeah, that's what that new AP cost me  
Plain jane, yeah, that lil' bitch goin' in the vault  
I shine with no jewelry on, I'm a real rockstar

I don't even got to have no jewelry on, bitch, look at my car  
And these niggas still got Amiri on, they won't make it far  
I got a new bae, ayy, I met her at the bar  
She got a big booty and her titties bustin' out her bra  
We 'bout to make a movie, yeah, yeah, you gon' be the star  
I was eatin' ramen noodles and shit, now I'm shoppin' in Bora Bora  
And I drop bags at the store  
I drop a bag on my bitch, I drop a bag on my whore  
I drop a bag on my fit, I'm droppin' bags on this shit  
Chanel, 'Venchys on the kid  
Rick Owens, bitch, I'm him  
Marni on my feet but you really can't see 'em  
These Balenciaga denim  
And they saggin' 'cause I stack my racks up in 'em  
This my swag, yeah, Ken Carson, X, yeah, yeah  
She jetlaggin' 'cause she off the G6 pill  
I was braggin' when I made my first couple mill'  
I swear I love money, that's the only way I get a thrill  
Big twenties, pink fifties, blue hundreds, yeah, yeah, yeah  
That's just how I get off  
All I talk about is money, I got a money talk  
She dripped in designer, she got a money walk  
Five hundred just for a line-up, my barber overchargin'

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