

Okay, I see you in your Bapes
Lookin' real good
And you from around the way
But I've never seen you in the hood
Balenciaga mama, and your heart don't cost a dollar
Give a fuck about a Fendi, Prada if a nigga tryna holler
Girl, you got some I'll nana
And want a real papa
Maison Margiela fella be eatin' grilled lobster
Sittin' in the car, mellow
Smokin' on lala
Beat that pussy up like a fuckin' piñata
Walk into my casa, kick it like soccer
Sips from the vodka, liftin from the ganja
(Can I strip)
Girl, do the honor
Naked and famous, body so designer
Lovin' your poonana, can see that you're a rider
Don't believe that I'm addicted, you can see I'm getting higher
Used to getting hotter, I'm proceeding to your sauna
Put a couple seeds, I could be your baby father

So high
It's like making love to a kilo
So high
It's like making love to a kilo
You want me
Yeah I know what you want
Breathe me in
Like the wind
Close your eyes
Until you feel it
So I know you feel it
And I'm going anywhere she go

Such a shame I never see you downtown
Places I hang
You never want to come around
It's not a bad thing
Not really missing much
Walking with my ipod and cell phone
I'm in a rush
It would be cool to go uptown
Westside highway's my new playground
I can be the fresh face of your campaign
Draw the shades
I can't explain
What I want to say
But if you're into goofy black chicks
I'm all of that
And if you want that art history practice
I'll tutor that
Like making love to me?
Don't think I understand
My name is KK
But you can call me wife instead, like

Ayo, can you get me something from the kitchen?
No, but you can get it yourself
Baby you've been everything I'm missing
I know, I thought you needed my help
Why don't know call me anymore?
I thought you needed my help
I think about you every day
So uhm, where did you get your durag?
The African Stand on 125th?