

Sauce

Krept & Konan

I got sauce, I got sauce
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See me jumping out the Porsche
Don't have sauce they ain't us
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I got sauce, yeah I got sauce
They see the four exhausts, Fendi on shorts
We pour Champz on floors, GQ and Forbes
All this trap trap talk but you still sell draws
Dickhead, I made loads off tours
I made loads off tours
I'm in the villa with [?] eating steak and prawns (Came well done)
Free Merickz and Cause
Free Flipz and Pause
I've got this ting from North
She give me neck and jaw

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Yo, it's just, erm, it's just one of those days when you rave and you wait 'til it kick off
And everyone's afraid when they lick shots
Then I slip off with a bad bitch, take your shit off
Quick bitch, suck my dick off

This ain't Slim Shade, it's a rip-off
Winning, phone ringing, not today nigga, piss off
Lick the tip off, too much teeth make my dick soft
Wait, wait, wait, don't scratch all my shit off (Ow)
Everybody claim to be saucing

'Til I walk in with my chains looking awesome
Everybody claim that they're balling
But their mum's car reg is like a A, man it's awkward
Shame that they ain't with the claim and they forced it
All lame rapper could game and then you endorse it
All I'm saying is stay sane while you remain
Stay the same, never change for the fame then it's all good

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And everyone's afraid when they lick shots
Then I slip off with a bad bitch, take her shit off
Quick bitch, suck my dick off
It's just one of those days when you rave and you wait 'til it kick off
And everyone's afraid when they lick shots
... With a bad bitch, take her shit off
Quick bitch, suck my dick off

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