

# The Red Carpet

Larry June

Yeah

Cocaine stain on the cellophane  
Open-toed shoes in the rain, she still do her thing  
Twenty-four hour diner with coffee playin' Coltrane  
I let her hit the bags, she make the blade look like a runway  
She always talkin' Paris, I'm like baby, baby, one day  
Or Spain, I would like to do it all but it's a cold game  
Smile so perfect you would think she worked for Colgate  
I know a six symbol for a thousand, need another day  
She tired of understandin', I'm tired too  
But these are the grapes  
Kurtis Blow said it in the 80s, make no mistake  
Rain jacket smellin' like new Porsche and a half an eighth  
I order another coffee and vanilla piece of pound cake  
Hear purse clinging, heels clickin', make the ground shake  
Driver pick us up around the corner off of Broadway  
Lady in the night new her right all in broad day  
Hunnids fallin' out of every pocket in the hallway

No, don't sweat it  
You too near me not to hear me  
Lookin' like a basket of love  
Baby, you know I'm on it, on it, yeah  
Aye, aye, aye, aye

I like her low-key, I like them slayin' bit  
I love it how them Air Max match your outfit  
How you doin' love? You my top pick  
Let's go hiking, bitch, let's make a lot of chips  
1997 all gray, love I'm on my way  
Half moon baked, champagne, it's that type of day  
Take my time with it, spend a little, but put more away  
I know you kind of sleepy before a thousand, shit, we need that day  
Turned the renegade to full go, took me two days  
Had her on the one, switchin' lanes, rolled a hella J's  
Took her to my crib, she was amazed, I whipped up a steak  
Seek her location in Las Vegas, I got the play  
My cheese on fire, that's how a Nike bitch, I spent eighty  
I killed her with the swag and this brand new Chanel fragrance  
Light a couple candles, au jus and a little bagel  
Put the Rollie up for a minute, then I kept it simple

How you doin' baby? What you here for tonight?  
You doin' good, right? Sock it to me  
Baby, you know I want it, want it, yeah (Groovy)  
(Shit, man) Aye, aye, aye, aye

I like her low-key, I like them slayin' bit  
I love it how them Air Max match your outfit  
How you doin' love? You my top pick  
Let's go hiking, bitch, let's make a lot of chips

I'm not here for the bullshit, baby  
I'm here for the whole grip, sock it to me