

Designer Fine

Lil Poppa

(DJ Swift on the track)
(Seph got the waves)

I love her, but I can't afford her ('Ford her)
You can give a bitch the world, she still want you to spoil her (Spoil her)
She want Gucci, she want Louis, she want Fendi, Prada (Prada)
Still got some niggas that'll step in some Balenciagas (Some Balenciagas)
Say if you need 'em, let me know, and there won't be a problem (Be a problem
)
Lookin' for my queen like Prince Akeem, I'm just tryna find her (I'm just tr
yna find her)
Let me know if you for me 'cause ain't no need to even waste my time (My tim
e)
Fuck what them hoes said, their opinion make a dime (Dime)
She rockin' Dolce, my lil' baby designer fine (Fine)

Don't know what to call her, I call her mine
And damn near, Lord, the last dawg of mine
I put you over every thought of mine
Since the first time we been fuckin' all the time
Let the sunshine in, open all the blinds
Knowin' that I'ma leave
Another text I gotta read
Another text that I don't need
When I ain't stressin', I don't bleed
If I ain't rest then I don't eat
And I been goin', bitch, I don't sleep
You must've heard that I don't speak
Brains on the curb by his feet
See, that wasn't nothin', he was sleep
See, he played snake, so that was creep
All these broken hearts, I'm done with
I'm 'bout to pack my shit and take it back to London
Wanna be on the PJ with PJ, I'm tryna have my son with me
Lil shawty want the world and everything that come with it
Fuck what they thinkin', they can take they opinions and run with 'em

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And damn near, Lord, the last dawg of mine
I put you over every thought of mine
I been lookin' for you all the time
Thank God, ignored all the signs
It ain't my fault they blamin' me
So therefore, every fault is mine

Know you wanna see me, so I hit you up on FaceTime
'Cause you know I ain't got time, so you want me to make time
Why them niggas don't break they neck for me the way I break mine?
Heard it through the grapevine you love the way I break spines
I don't know why they lyin'
I ain't never fucked her, and that number, yeah, that ain't mine
And I hear he a sucker for that pussy, that why they dyin'
And I been in my prime like I'm Kobe, number eight
When I ain't there she get to cryin', it's okay, I'm on my way

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Love her, but I can't afford her (Afford her)
Give a bitch the world, she still want you to spoil her (Spoil her)
She want Gucci, she want Louis, she want Fendi, Prada (Fendi, Prada)
Let me know, and there won't be a problem