

Prada

Lil Tecca

(Perfect)

Prada, that's on my shoes, that's on my shirt, that's on my collar
I hit it once, ain't hit her back 'cause I'm a baller
I told that bitch to do a trick and she said, "Ta-da"
Get a lot of guala, spent it all on
Prada (Woo), that's on my shoes, that's on my shirt, that's on my collar
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I told that bitch to do a trick and she said, "Ta-da"
Get a lot of guala, spent it all on (Yeah, yeah)

Designer (Yeah), shawty said she really like designer (Designer)
Bought that bitch a body, I designed her (Yeah, yeah)
Ridin' Kawasaki, better slide though (Skrرت, skrrt, skrrt)
Bro just got his feet up, better cop her (Cop her)
If I'm in the city, you should know (You should know)
I'm in that four-door, me and three hoes (Three hoes)
Ayy, if I'm wit' your bitch, then you should know (You should know)
She fuck with us, now she ain't comin' home (Home)
My new bitch see me everyday (I don't care if they say that)
Tinted windows on the whip, you can't see me anyway (Yeah, oh-oh)
Make a lot of wishes, need a genie any day
And she ain't really want you, all she really want is

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Flashy clothes, you know a nigga gettin' hoes
And plenty dough, won't let the game change me
Go and go, and then I had to go some more
These niggas hoes, but they don't really faze me
'Cause I was eighteen, broke as a fiend, did what I had to do
Nineteen, stuck in a dream, actin' irrational
Twenty thousand on me, we caught a casual
All these .48s at twenty-one though
And still ain't chasin' hoes
'Cause they ain't give a fuck way back 'fore I was up (Oh no)
And I ain't savin' hoes
'Cause they be tryna front, but I know what you want
You want some

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