

(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  
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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 (Skrrt, 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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