

Designer Talk

Lil Tracy

(IanoBeatz)

Designer talk, designer talk, designer talk
Designer talk, designer talk
Yeah, yeah (Hol' up), yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Leggo, leggo

Who is you? I've never seen you before
I can turn on your bitch, got the keys to your whore
You know they love me when I walk in the store
Sippin' sparklin' water in Christian Dior
Fuck your bitch on the bus, then continue the tour
I'm not lovin' you, baby, you can't get adored
I play with my racks and I never get bored
Boy, you lookin' like 12 'cause you whippin' a Ford

Amiri Jeans, I got racks in my pocket (Yeah)
I cannot fit the stack in the wallet
You the plug, don't get pulled out the socket
Watch your back 'cause these niggas not solid
Asian bitch got me sippin' on sake
Throw the meat in her mouth like hibachi
I got reasons for me to be cocky
I'm the shit, bitch, I need me a potty
Niggas talkin' 'bout how I can't rap, okay
Then how I get rich off of rap?
These niggas are lame and that statement a fact
And that nigga my son, but I'm not claimin' that
Jump out the pussy, then jump on the beat
I dunk on the rookie, welcome to the league
That boy is a simp, fell in love with a freak
Yeah, that water on me, I swear life is a beach (Let's go)
Okay, let's get it, let's go, let's get it, let's go
They see a nigga with some racks, they think I sold my soul (That I sold my soul), no, no
See a nigga inside Saks, you know I'm spendin' them rolls (Them rolls, rolls, rolls)
I can't move my wrist, I swear to God, it's froze, woah, woah
Designer walk, designer talk, designer bitch (Yeah, designer bitch)
I like Chanel and Givenchy shit (I do)
Swear to God, I ain't think I'd be rich (I ain't think I'd be rich), okay
These niggas is salt, I got cash in the vault and I smoke out the zip
He mad that his girl likin' my pics
I mean, it is what it is (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

Who is you? I've never seen you before
I can turn on your bitch, got the keys to your whore
You know they love me when I walk in the store (Let's go)
Sippin' sparklin' water in Christian Dior
Fuck your bitch on the bus, then continue the tour (Let's go)
I'm not lovin' you, baby, you can't get adored
I play with my racks and I never get bored
Boy, you lookin' like 12 'cause you whippin' a Ford (Woo)

Ayy, ayy (Talk to 'em), ayy-ayy
I'm tryna chop a Wraith
Ayy, ayy, I apply all the pressure
We gon' kill the case (Talk to 'em, Keed)

I know young slimes that shoot the spot up (Grrah, grrah, grrah), broad day
I know y'all don't wanna beef (No, sir), 'cause YSL get straight (Hey-
hey, let's go)
Special-made stick, fuck a Uzi (Let's go, hey-hey)
I'm busy, no time for no coochie (Hey-hey)
Who wanted shots out the toolie? (Hey-hey)
Ain't hesitatin' to pull it (Hey-hey, swag)
Okay, just make sure my machinery fully (Woo, woo)
I'm steppin' in Gucci socks
I'm winnin', I ain't never lost (Never)
I'm sorry, I'll never talk (Never)
Thug out at Texaco (Hey)
You'll take a big loss (Ha)
Yes, I'm a big boss (Ho)
I'm not the task force (Hey)
I'm a Belaire boy
Lil' bitch, I'll pay for it (Hey)
What we smokin', it's real noisy
Pay attention, I'm real nosy (Hey)
Perc' prescription, I'm real focused
Get some head from a bitch, she deep throatin' me

Who is you? I've never seen you before (Ayy, ayy)
I can turn on your bitch, got the keys to your whore (Slatt, slatt)
You know they love me when I walk in the store (I'm back, haha)
Sippin' sparklin' water in Christian Dior (Slatt, slatt, pew)
Fuck your bitch on the bus, then continue the tour
I'm not lovin' you, baby, you can't get adored (Slimeball)
I play with my racks and I never get bored
Boy, you lookin' like 12 'cause you whippin' a Ford