

# Don't Touch

Lil Tracy

Le-Le-Leesta

Eighty racks worth of clothes in my closet  
I don't even have a deal  
I can't explain how this cashmere feel  
Tracy pulled up in some brand new wheels  
Don't touch, don't touch, don't touch  
I got a dick, I'm not a virgin, I'm gon' bust  
Don't touch, don't touch, don't touch  
I'ma say it one more time, don't touch (Touch)

I fucked a Christian bitch, I made her cuss (Oh my God)  
Christian Dior bag, I don't think you can afford that  
Nigga I'm dripping, I survived a flood  
I swear she got a porn ass, I might have to record that  
Yeah, these VVS's, yeah, they glistenin'  
Yeah, my GPS is to your bitch crib  
Shout out to my ex, I wouldn't be shit  
If you didn't break my heart and make me a demon  
(Thank you, lil' bitch)  
Let's just get it straight, all my bitches bi (Straight up)  
All these niggas hatin', ay-ay-ay-ay-ay (Ay-ay-ay)  
All these bitches waitin' for me to save their life  
I can't do that unless you change my mind (Okay)  
I think I'm Paris Hilton, let's go shopping  
I don't drink no Hennessy, I drink Sake  
I swear love brain, I'm a zombie  
Keep my eye on these niggas, I'm Illuminati

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