

Tarantula

Lil Tracy

Mmm

Got the whole Saks Fifth (Got the whole Saks Fifth)
(Rusty)
(Got the whole Saks Fifth in my closet)
Got the whole Saks Fifth
Got the whole, got the whole Saks Fifth
(Got the whole Saks Fifth in my closet)

Got a whole Saks Fifth in my closet, yeah
Big racks in my wallet, yeah
You work nine to five
Only time you hang around bosses (Mmm)
Word of advice
Lovin' these hoes, boy, you need to stop it (Stop it)
Talk racks, baby, no gossip (No gossip)
Just made a big deposit
I'm up (I'm up, I'm up)

Made a million bucks (Yeah), first time I heard my grandma cuss (Mmm)
Got stamina, yeah, that's how I ran it up (Ran it up)
Tarantula, Spyder Porsche, I'm crawlin' up (Skrtrt)
No algebra, all I do is add it up
She up and down on the dick like a see-saw
White bitch, but she mixed with Latina
Mamacita, yeah, that's my señorita (That's my señorita)
Rich nigga, I got racks in the bankee
My niggas wipe your nose like a hanky
I'm drippin', boy, your bitch wanna drank me

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These niggas fake just like they diamonds (Diamonds), huh
Want me to pull up, let's discuss prices (Okay)
I'm on my shit, yeah, yeah (Yeah)
Bust down wrist, yeah, yeah (Yeah)
Chanel lipstick, yeah, yeah
On my dick, yeah, yeah (Let's go, yeah)
Okay, Paris Hilton my big sis
I be rockin' YSL shit
Chain wetter than a whale, bitch, let's go (Okay)
Vivienne Westwood on a belt, bitch
Hold up, I think I'm dyslexic
Wore a bracelet like a necklace

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