

## Comme De Garcon

Lil' Wayne

Okay, Comme Des Garçons and some new Saint Laurent  
I mix Gianni Versace with Coco Chanel  
I throw on some Fendi, a mink when it's windy  
Too cold for the Devil, I'm snowin' in Hell  
Skatin' on marble, I flow in thin air  
I'm dancin' on water, tip-toein' on nails  
Can't walk in my shoes, can't roll in my wheels  
Can't order my food, you throw up that meal  
Can't do what I do, you can't do me  
Yeah, I would not try to do you, I'm too me  
Look at my sons' faces, I see the new me  
I look into they face and I see the beauty  
I take a vacation and go see some beautiful shit  
Come back with a whole different view of this shit  
My third eye just opened 'cause two wasn't shit  
It's either that or too many hallucinogens  
Got a cute-ass lil' bitch with a coke habit  
That lil' bitch at my crib 'til the snow cappin'  
When we fuck, man, that shit make her go faster  
She so numb, man, that bitch ain't got no passion  
Ain't no love in that bitch, ain't no romancin'  
Ain't no love in that bitch, ain't got no magic  
Ain't no judgin' that bitch 'cause we both addicts  
She in love with this dick, it got gold status  
Huh, Comme Des Garçons  
I got that bread like a biscuit, a bun or croissant  
Got the feds on my dizzick, they bustin' my balls  
And she play with my dick, make me bust in my drawers  
And I take off my Ethika, I'm gettin' naked  
And she gettin' wet and now I'm gettin' erections  
Oh, she say it spiritual when I have sex with her  
I'm blessin' her, I think I pop too much ecs' with her  
I fuck with my ex with her, you keep the rest of her  
Don't care who left with her, I don't wan' F with her  
Hop off that pedestal if you wan' leave  
Then it was my pleasure, them thots is more pleasurable  
I'm on my medical, smokin' my vegetable  
Bro cut my revenue down to the decimal  
Rollie, I stare at you, then I start tellin' you  
How much I care for you, I diamond bezel you  
Comme Des Garçons with that Yves Saint Laurent  
I mix new CDG with some new YSL  
I pop my trunk, how this new chopper feel?  
All you get is "buck-buck" like a two-dollar bill  
I'm so fucked up, they say, "You gotta chill"  
So-so fucked up, Tunechi, you're outta here  
Raw in the cut, smokin' dope, poppin' pills  
Since I'm goin' so nuts, I drip pure almond milk  
Ugh, Comme Des Garçons, fuck what they all say  
Nigga, fuck what they done, I give a fuck what they on  
I run in your place, like, "Honey, I'm home," like, "Honey, I'm wrong"  
'Cause I tell you, "I love you," and honey, I don't  
Got too many girlfriends, got too many girlfriends, one in my trunk  
Ooh, money, I flaunt, ooh, money, I flaunt  
I spend money on war, which one of y'all want war?  
None of y'all want war, that's what the fuck l thought  
Fuck you thought, I drop a contract on your heart

Give a fuck what that cost, suffer that loss  
Stuffed in that box and dumped in that park  
Fuck you thought, I drop a contract on your heart  
Give a fuck what that cost, gotta suffer that loss  
Stuffed in that box and dumped in that park  
Okay, Comme Des Garçons and some new Saint Laurent  
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Comme Des Garçons

Mula Gang, lil' bitch  
Mula Gang, lil' bitch

Young Money, Mack Maine, Tez, let's get it  
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