

# Margiela Man

MadeinTYO

I'm a Margiela man, man  
I'm a Margiela man  
(Dream, this shit go dummy)

Margiela (Yeah), Margiela (Yeah), Margiela (Yeah, yeah), I'm a Margiela man  
Margiela (What?), Margiela (What?), Margiela (What?), I'm a Margiela man  
I got YSL on me, but I'm far from a saint  
Ain't no water wells, dripping, I cannot fall from a sink  
I got on my Number (N)ine when I walk in the bank  
I be in pieces you can't find

Putting this shit on, yeah  
I be putting this shit on, that's all I'm saying  
Talking crazy, I got on these Ricky boots, I stomp 'em in  
I walk inside of Margiela and then they like, "Oh, there he go again"  
Watch your mouth, almost caught a briefcase like a businessman  
A minuteman, we both know you weren't shit before I took you in  
Thinking about taking them out, that's something I'm looking at  
I got boogers in every single chain, I know they seeing me  
Your ho still gon' stick around, this ho getting rid of me  
I got Undercover on, why they still be sleep on me?  
They just don't know what I'm on, but they still be feeling me  
I see what be going on, honestly, it's killing me  
Bands on demand, they gon' give it to me willingly

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Margiela man, toes in the sand (Ooh)  
Tattoos on my hand, I feel like Mac Miller, man  
I can't trust none of y'all, I need the stacks in my hand (No)  
Stacks in my hand, yeah, stacks in my hand  
I been counting all that money, need a money counter, man  
Baby girl, you getting thick, won't you put it in my hand?  
Can you be my real supporter? Can you be my real stan?  
Boy, shout-out to my lawyer, that's my homie, that's my friend (G)  
Boy, I can't even lie, yeah, I'm fresh as a bitch (G)  
Yeah, them boys gon' hate, they don't put on no fits (G)  
They ain't rocking how I'm rocking, boy, I really rock this shit (Skrt)  
And them niggas say they real, usually ain't real, little bitch (Ha)

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