

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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