

Saint Laurentttt

NAV

Woah, woah, woah
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Cover your feet in Saint Laurent
Girl, I'll buy you whatever you want
Pockets full of racks, can't fold them up (Yeah)
Pockets full of racks, can't fold them up (Yeah)
Girl, it cost a Gucci bag to fill my cup (My cup)
I can't text you back, baby girl, I'm stuck (I'm stuck)
Pockets full of racks, can't fold them up (Yeah)
Pockets full of racks, can't fold them up (Yeah)

Geeked
You say I only see you when I'm geeked
You laugh 'cause I'm slurrin' when I speak
Relax, take this Perky with me
Fuck with me, you get a Birky for free
Fuck with me, you gotta deal with birds chirpin' at me
Lots of attention when we walk down the street
Nothin' but designer cover your feet
I made a lot of money rappin', makin' beats
Say you wanna get some work done, you're perfect to me
I get a lot of bags, what's a Birkin to me?
I know some people lurkin', they lookin' for me
They just mad they girl had an appointment with me
Everywhere I go out, they be pointin' at me
Never worry 'bout 'em, ain't important to me
Everywhere I go, they know my joint go with me
Every day I wear Diors, what's some Jordans to me?

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Sleep
I see you in my dreams when I sleep
Your new man dirty hands rubbin' on your feet
I bought a lot of shit I let you keep
And when it's over nothin' left for me
Stab me in the back, I thought you loyal to me
Don't know why your temperature be boilin' with me
Always yellin', always miss the point when I speak
Lately, your decisions disappointin' to me
Lately, you been horrible to me
I don't care if you're mad, you're still adorable to me
Behind on all your bills, that shit affordable to me
We could wear designer in the house, come quarantine with me
I miss your presence when I got a boring ting with me
Lately, all these girls are gettin' annoying to me
At first, being with you was enjoying to me

Infected with your love, it's like poison to me

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