

# Stella McCartney

NAV

[Intro: Future]

I'm tryna get you high, I'm tryna get you fly (Wheezy outta here)  
I'm tryna get you high, girl, I'm tryna get you fly  
I'm tryna get you fly, I'm tryna get you fly, girl

[Chorus: Future]

Stella McCartney, I'm drippin' on swag, and I swear it's a whole 'nother wave  
Brand new designer, gon' hop in the foreign, goin' and goin' to space, yeah  
Secured the bag, it was Goyard  
Stuffin' them racks in my Chrome Hearts  
Spent a lil' quarter, went push start  
Checked my persona, that's a new Ferrari  
Tellin' the truth, never lied to you  
All I said was facts, yeah  
Fresh Dior off the runway  
Bought a gun store on a Sunday  
Hit the switch on a Glock .40, my young niggas want bodies  
I get fresh than a stylist, and I never keep the receipts, yeah

[Verse 1: Future]

I put it on, when I put it on, I'm stackin' it high, I'm stackin' up neat, yeah  
Drinkin' on muddy, I came in the Rolls buggy with Chanel on my feet, yeah  
You never seen what I seen, yeah  
I got codeine, yeah, on me, yeah  
Givin' you somethin' to see if you never seen it when it's elite, yeah  
Bales like pillows for ghost, yeah  
Chanaynay pillows, my room, yeah  
You couldn't ruin my swag, I do it with no effort, you know I'ma pop, yeah  
Soon as I spill it, they mop, yeah  
Eat it up, every drop, yeah  
Designer, my drugs, designer, my jeans, designer, way down to my socks, yeah  
You gotta match up to my fly, I can't get caught with an impostor  
I can go back in my archive, I have these bitches starstruck  
They perpetrate my whole life, I know this shit feel awful  
Even though I'm ridin' with my glizzy, everyday, I still feel awesome

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[Verse 2: NAV]

Ballin', I keep my composure, she f\*ck with me for exposure  
Drivin', V-12 my motor (Skrrt), they gon' 'member my name when it's over

Back of the back, I'm comfy, had to put on for my country  
Pourin' codeine in my tummy, wipe your nose like it's runny  
No opp block, sippin' on bubbly, Pluto my twin like Dudley  
I'm on the win like Rocky, Balenci' my socks, I'm cocky  
Certified G, I ate my fists, brand new foreign, look fire with no kit  
Drive in my city, top down, no tints  
Walk in, red carpet, gotta pose for a pic  
Tricks up my sleeve, got bitches on took  
Ridin' with a .30 clip under my gut  
Multiple mortgages, I ain't payin' no rent  
Wanna die? My assistant gon' bend her fist  
I ain't G.D., but I'll take care of plenty folk  
Crack in the truck, got plenty coke  
Wheezy outta here, more ways than boats  
Everyday, I'm fresh, I'm sellin' soap

[Chorus: Future]

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