

# Expensive Taste

Phora

I mean, ha ha  
Yeah

She like Chanel bags, yeah  
She look at me like she been through Hell and back, yeah  
She in the Hills and she blowin' hella cash, yeah  
She got expensive taste, she got expensive taste  
She got expensive taste  
She like Chanel bags, yeah  
She look at me like she been through Hell and back, yeah  
She in the Hills and she blowin' hella cash, yeah  
She got expensive taste, she got expensive taste  
She got expensive taste, yeah

She like the palm trees and the drop-tops and the warm breeze, yeah  
She from the Westside, with the sunsets and the bomb weed, yeah  
She thinks she know me, but I know her and she lonely, yeah  
We take it slowly, fuck a ring, shawty want a Rollie, yeah  
She hit Rodeo then hit the beach  
liquor and lines off the Louis V  
Drinks on the rocks out in Malibu, got me wonderin' like, "Who is she?"  
Make-up and her hair done and she bossed up like Kylie  
Evianté, wrist frosted, diamonds fuckin' up the climate  
She in LA, she left her heart back home  
She don't look for love no more, already crossed that road  
She wanna go fuck up the function, 'til the club gon' close  
She don't let 'em read her feelings, yeah her heart don't show, na, na  
Finna slide off in the coupe, go missin'  
I can see her but it's only from a distance  
Spillin' drank on the floor, she trippin'  
Smokin' on loud, got double vision  
She love to get lifted and she love the attention  
She just want the finer things, a Hollywood addiction

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She got expensive taste (Yeah), she got expensive taste (Oh)  
She got expensive taste, yeah

Got a lot of money, I just spent tonight (Tonight)  
Hopped up on a jet ski, went to Mastro's took a flight (Oh, oh, oh)  
Big bag by the mornin', this my type of life, yeah  
I make sure your rent is paid, I take a risk just like parlay (Oh, oh)  
I know that her life expensive, yeah, yeah (Expensive)  
AP 'round her wrist, she match my ways (Ways)  
She don't even have to clean the house 'cause we've got maid (Maid)  
Smellin' like some Baccarat, she got expensive taste  
If she got no racks, she better walk up out my way  
She got thick thighs (Thick thighs, uh)  
Sit right (Sit right)  
When she hop inside the coupe it make her act right (Skrr, skrr, skrr)

I bought her new YSL, eighty racks on Dior  
Take a trip to Rodeo, I had to make a detour, detour

She like Chanel bags, yeah (Whoa, oh)  
She look at me like she been through Hell and back, yeah  
She in the Hills and she blowin' hella cash, yeah (Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
She got expensive taste, she got expensive taste (Oh, oh, oh, oh)  
She got expensive taste (Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh)  
She like Chanel bags, yeah (Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh)  
She look at me like she been through Hell and back, yeah  
She in the Hills and she blowin' hella cash, yeah  
She got expensive taste, she got expensive taste  
She got expensive taste, yeah

Oh, oh, oh, whoa  
Oh, oh, oh, whoa