

# New York

Pressa

Press Machine  
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Forgive me lord I probably take all my tour  
Shit galore, she make em throw more  
She a baddy, she a stripper not a whore  
I gave her fame now she ran off to New York  
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I'm on the court probably text her when I'm bored  
She seen the rarri, now she want a horse  
Gucci couture, and her sunglasses Dior  
She let the kid, she say Pressa I adore  
She wanted keys, I'm like uh huh you need  
And it's really killin me how you get up in those jeans  
Girl you lucky if you get the Press Machine  
You ain't for me if you never bought a drink  
Before my fame have you ever thought of me, would you ever consider me in yo  
ur mouth bon appetit  
I swear I'm fire they should call me hazardry  
And you can taste it just please don't use your teeth

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I'm her New York, your boyfriend a dork  
[?], who came with the sword  
I need a wraith, [?] out the porsche  
I'm not in it in the streets, but I'm knockin on the door  
400 on my ring, 300 on my chain  
How you make the jewellers spit 500 on a chain  
They call for interviews, but they ain't Charlamagne  
I think I feel like birdman, put respect up on my name  
These boys they funny, ice cube  
Her ring weigh an ice cube  
I might just take his main girl, to show him what the fame do  
Might pull up in the i8, your boyfriend drive an A2  
Or move out to the country, too special to live on bayview

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