

Versace Bentley

Riff Raff

Riff Raff, Soulja
Versace Bentley
Straight freestyle, the epic shit
You see the chain and charm

Ugh, rocked out hater
Iced out the cougar car I'm lookin' like a Snagit
Lookin' like Jake the Snake, I look like Fred Llama
I give a fuck about yo momma, I drag bumper
Quit it, quickly, bitches look specific
Diamonds steady twistin', my left hand is glitchin'
Matrix, I play never basic
Do me a favor, yo momma on the pavement (splash)
Uh, your girl smell like cinnamon
I ball at Bennigans, sidewalk feminine
Everything's cement, I sit behind tint
Rap game Clark Kent, balling on you bent
You be sittin' on the bench, cause I'm hangin' on the hardwood
I'mma come through leave my points understood, keep it gravy (Swag swag swag swag)
Everybody think we Marcus Jacob
I don't give a fuck cause your girlfriend is still basic
Your girlfriend got traded, all way at Macy's
When I come through I leave the whole Glock stageless (Versace)
Testin', testin', I told her Smith & Wesson (No instruments)
CLK Compressor for the K up on the dresser
K up off the dresser, Soulja Boy toting toys
I'mma come through in the Milky Way Almond Joys (swag)
Flossin' in the Bentley with my Reebok
Aiming at yo tear drop
You wanna see why she's hot? she's not
I got yo girl doing push ups, she in my bed now
Laying face down dress down
We on the, on the other side of seven seas
I bob and weave, rap game Muhammad Ali
Soulja, Soulja, Soulja

Fuckin' round with Soulja, bitch thought I told ya
In that yellow Rover
Disrespect the Ocean Mob or S.O.D it's over
Man, I'm so hot it's like I'm from Pensacola
Nigga don't know where that's at, bitch that's somewhere down in Florida
Tow with that kay, niggas think I got armour
Fendi bullet proof vest got me flexin'
I jumped out the gym with my young nigga from Texas
Tote that Smith & Wesson, in a yellow Lexus
Fuck yo complexion, I'm aiming at any race
Don't make me demonstrate, talk that shit like Ricky Lake
Nigga see me in the trap, that nigga don't know how to act
Lil' dre, sip that kick stand and promethazine
Goddamn I'm a king, Goddamn she's a queen
Goddamn Chef Boyardee, I cook that shit then get it off
Young Dre that be my name, niggas wanna rip it off
Don't give a fuck, bitch it came like it's magic
Merry Christmas, bitch I got 45 static
Goddamn I'm 64, Goddamn I'm 45
Goddamn I aye he go, got damn I'm dead or alive

Lil' Dre that be my name, I ball when I go to heaven
Walk in the stairway with that fuckin' MAC-11
Never made a shhhh, never gave a damn though
Tote that K up on my shoulder just like I'm Rambo
See that nigga Riff Raff, he got unlimited ammo
See me in Egypt on that motherfuckin' camel
Never gave a fuck, bitch I'm Soulja Boy tell 'em
And I tote that automatic that will bust yo cerebellum
And I freestyle

Versace, Versace
2012, this that Versace mix tape
Soulja Boy, Riff Raff, SODMG