Hostess

Rudimental

I'm your motherfuckin' hostess
Hot Benz, all tens, got the most-est
Raise a motherfuckin' flute for the toast, yeah
Locked in, tell your friends where we posted, uh
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You can pop bottles if you want
Givin' off charm, hangin' bitches from your arm
So you think you've got style, but you don't
You're not comin' in, even with your Gucci coat
I'm a-lookin' at the ice on your throat
Talkin' so big, boy, I hope you don't choke
And you got a little somethin' on your nose
You ain't comin' in, it's a broke-free zone
Yeah, I know you're leasing your Lambo
Arms so jacked like you're Rambo
Yeah, I know you never seen a bankroll (Ah, ah)
Yeah, I know you're leasing your iPhone, yeah
Play the bad boy, but you're Santo, yeah
Really think you're Rocky, but you're Fat Joe
Scaramouche, do the Mitch fantango

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What you gon' do with these?
Double digits, six figures, ice earrings
What you gon' do with these?

See me in my story in my villa, uh (Uh, yeah)
I be by the cupboard with the liquor, uh (Uh, yeah)
Queen of the desert like Priscilla, uh (Uh, uh)
No pre-game, no mixer, yeah
Did your mama tell you all the dos and don'ts?
It's a girls night, shoulda stayed at home
Man, I could really do without your cheap cologne
You could empty out a room with your pheromones
Did your mama tell you all the dos and don'ts?
You can't even touch me in my Saint Laurent
Tryna catch a bag, but you can't get stoned
Brag about your boys, but you're all alone

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