

Gorgeous

SAINT JHN

Tryna get her money, she was nineteen
Movin' to Miami was her life's dream
I told her she could end up on a wide screen
She liked that, she thought she was lightning (Hey, hey, hey)

Stacy got the brib and the brand new bag
Goin' up good, so she can't look bad
Goin' up fast so she can't look back
Why you holdin' on if it can't go bad? (Hey, hey)
Stacy got the heels and the brand new tags
Sticks in the new Chanel camel bag
Stacy goin' wild and you can't go back
You can't go back, you can't go back
Wanted the Rari', I walked up and bought it
I don't even think I thought twice that I thought it
Niggas on, never goin' back where I started
Chopped off the roof so I could see where my God is
I wanted the Spider, I walked up and bought it
I don't even think I thought twice that I thought it
Drivin' 'round the same hood that I starved in
Can't let the rats live, that's a problem

Everything I got up on my wrist, shit is gorgeous
Everything I got up on my teeth, shit is gorgeous
And they know I'm comin' from the east, shit is hardest
Niggas carryin' heavier sticks than the loggers
Everything I got up on my wrist, bitch, it's gorgeous
Everything I got up on repeat, shit is gorgeous
Everything I got up on my seat, for the robbers
We juugin', ballin', it's just an ordinary problem

Think of me as man, then a goon, then an artist
Watch where you stomp when you walk where my clocks is
I'm not with the talk, with the talk, not the talkers
I be with the goons and the thugs goin' bonkers
I would never stop in the park for your pardon
I be hittin' the numbers, for real, hit the log-in
I just left Celine, yeah, I probably spent the mortgage
Diamonds 'round my neck, know it's fuckin' retarded

I might, might buy six chains tonight
Just to say I did it, for real
Just to say I lived it, for real
Just to say I'm frigid
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Just to say I did it, for real
Just to say I lived it, for real
Just to say I'm frigid
Hey

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, where my

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