

# Celine

Soulja Boy

Skrرت

Yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-uh

Uh, uh, uh

Yeah

She want Celine, Celine  
She want Celine, Celine  
I'm in the trap all day, yall niggas [?] things  
She want some new Celine  
She want some new Celine  
Ganja, roll up that Ganja  
Marijuana, no toxic  
Smokin' on exotic, we got it  
Rollin' in Bugatti, pockets sloppy  
Pockets nasty, she call me daddy  
She want Celine, Celine  
She want some new Celine  
She want some new Celine  
Designer, recliner  
My diamonds, trip to China  
Trip to Paris, jumpin' out a McLaren  
Everybody starin', everybody looking  
Big backwood, rollin' up the cookies  
I got Zookies, I got Skittles  
Celine, Celine, Celine  
Livin' my life like a dream  
Trap jump trampoline  
She want some new Celine  
I slide red beam  
Red eyes, Visine  
Cash, and bags, and Xans all on me  
She want some new Celine  
She want some new Celine  
She want some new Celine  
Imma just try like the king  
She just gon feel like a queen  
Yeah, yeah  
Cashed out five-hundred thousand for a new Celine  
Roxanne all on me, know I keep it all on my jeans  
Pulled up to the trap, racks all in the back  
Yeah, yeah  
She want some new Celine  
I pull them racks out my jeans  
Yeah, yeah