

Celine

Soulja Boy

Skrrt

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

She want some new Celine

She want some new Celine

She want some new Celine

I pull them racks out my jeans

Yeah, yeah