

Fashion Week

Steel Banglez

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The Elements
Shit, shit
Look

She smell like Yves Saint Laurent
My garms are from Italy, I feel like the don
Paris Fashion Week, I'm watching Louis Vuitton
Saw her favourite rapper, listen, now she feeling my song
But everything she do is for the media
I might duck you for your bredrin, I don't need ya
Your exes always tryna follow, I'ma lead ya
Her body tight, she looking hot up like a fever
Got me looking eager

I only trust girls on days that don't end with a Y
Don't ask why, you can't ever see trust
Catch up, you could never keep up
Wrist froze if I ever freeze up
You know say we flex and we sex who we like
You no see the money, man, it's like you turned blind eye
Ooh, five bags that's a bad night
Ooh, we getting money now she like life
Fucked her with the blindfold, she ugly like me
She no say nothin', she just thought I was a freak
You can get a crackin' when I see you on the streets
No lackin' nigga, you don't want beef
You know that they do this for real, mama
You know that they catch and they kill, mama
You know that I'm feeling your style, mama
You know we got it locked for the whole summer

She smell like Yves Saint Laurent (Yves Saint Laurent)
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Remy in my cup got me seeing every peng ting twice
Now I'm feeling nice, no mixer, just ice
She said I'm too cold, baby, that's the ice
Free my niggas that are scrubs doing deals for the rice
You're taking pics but will you back the beef?
I'm a VIP, for real, with these stacks on me
Tryna beef with who I love, that's a catastrophe
'Cause we all came up out the mud like it's Glastonbury
Fendi on my belt match my pretty brown miss
And my Henny's super rare, that's some expensive brown piss
She said she wants tequila but I ain't about this
I don't really drink Patron when I ain't around MIST
And I hate makeup, that's your choice though
Rest assured, you can't get up in this Royce though
I'm up on all of my opps as far as points go

'Cause no one's copping what we're copping with this coin flow

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