

Goyard

Summrs

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Why these bitches be outta' pocket, Yeah
I just got some money, watch me flip it, Yeah
Shout out all my niggas trained to go, Yeah

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I need that stainless steel, and the Goyard
When she saw my bank account, she like, "Oh Lord"
Even yo momma play my shit up on the aux cord
I can't trust a soul, no telling what you doin' behind doors!
Finessing for the loot, finessing for the cheese
I just popped a fucking Xan, Now I'm off the leash
Bitch it's Lil Summrs, not no Yung Gleesh (This ain't no Yung Gleesh)
Sippin' the Wockhardt, ain't no damn tea
Nuttet on her face, good for acne
Runnin' through them bands like a track-meet
Please don't play with Boof Pack, cause' he pack the heat
I been balling out, like Miami Heat
These ain't J's, these some Vans up on my feet
I don't walk around without the fucking heat (The fucking heat)
Like Lil Kodak man, I stay with the piece (With the piece)
Draco on my side, It'll take him out his peace (Out his peace)
And I'm a master, so I got a master piece (Aye, yeah)
Got a bad Latino bitch, she stay up on the east (Aye, yeah)
I'm money hungry, bitch I'm ready to feast (To feast)
Ion' want them ones and fives, I want them 50's

All them Honchos, Need the nachos
Smoking the good wood, them avocados
Speeding in that lane, Murciélagos
Wrap them bricks up, El Chapo
My bro hold a Glock, we the Glock bros
But you know, I'm not no fucking cop, though
If he selling cookie, then you know imma cop those
I don't want her if she ain't no ride or die hoe (Yeah)