

# Welcome To St.Tropez

Timati (Тимати)

Welcome to St. Tropez!

Get fresh, gotta stay fly  
Get the jet, I gotta stay high  
High up like a la la la  
Ain't nothin' here that my money can't buy  
Dolce, Gucci and Louis V  
Yacht so big I could live out in the sea  
You for real? You can't see me  
In these Euro frames the whole world change  
Mad bitches, so much broads  
Feelin' like when I wanna fuck them all  
Get mad brain in my very fast car  
Ferrari V12, Maranello on my arm  
Ladies can't resist the charm  
Haters, kiss the ring of the Don  
And we do this all day  
Welcome to St. Tropez

Wild, wild enough  
Too much money in the bank account  
Hands in the air make you scream and shout  
When we're in St. Tropez  
Wild, Wild enough  
Spending money in a large amount  
Hands in the air make you scream and shout  
When we're in St. Tropez

(Timati) St. Tropez  
(Oh yeah)

We make money, money we spending  
Get mad honeys, swimming in women  
Imported linen, Egyptian cotton  
The party just started, the party ain't stoppin'  
Keep shit poppin', poppin' these bottles  
Haters keep hatin', fuckin' these models  
So much money like we own the lotto  
Pull up to a club in a white Murcielago  
It don't make dollars, it don't make cents  
It don't make you rich, it don't mean shit  
Shit...we the shit...  
I mean how much better can it get?  
Harleys, Maseratis, Gallardos  
We make too much dough  
And we spend it all day  
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Ladies and gentlemen, tonight, all the way from Moscow, Russia  
Give a warm welcome for heavy weight rap champion B Smooth  
So make some noise for the one and only, Mr. Black Star!

Get it up, don't stop your body  
Come on ladies, let's get naughty  
Get it up, now everybody  
Come on girls, here comes the daddy  
Get it up, don't stop your body  
Get it up, again your body  
Get it up, now everybody  
Get it up for music

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