

Stop with the rumors I went to LA
And I turned down they offer (fuck that shit)
Bitches hate on me
But why give a fuck when my fan base is larger (damn)
Toss me that beat
And I promise you Sosa its gone be a hit
Ain't dropped an album
I'm still getting paid call me Already Rich
I guess that I'm making some noise
Hey begging for me out of state
Its like I been eating so good, that I feel a bit out of shape
Might hit the gym or the booth
Cause either way I gotta flex
And yo nigga settled for you, cause I won't reply to his text
Versace, Versace
They wanna take pictures I feel like a model
These hoes be so kiddy
My name in they mouth like a pink baby bottle
Tried to be humble
But niggas be talking like I ain't that bitch
Internet thugging, like how was you drumming when you in the crib
Fuck what you talking I'm not in no office but I go to work
And I'm into fashion don't think I won't have your name put on a shirt
I shop in boutiques and I don't keep receipts I don't care for the total
They booked me in Europe so let's all be honest I'm no longer local
You rappers keep acting I think that its time that we all pull the curtain
I bodied the beat give it back to the streets that's community service
And don't take it personal I just don't fuck with you niggas that much
Heard you sneak dissing so I cut you off like I was in a rush
I was in denial but now I'll admit ain't no one on my level
I'm paving the way for these artist I might as well spit with a shovel
And I'm getting money ain't worried bout nothing so fuck what they on
I'm black and I'm young so they follow the kid like my name was Trayvon

Yeah I saw the case and I have to admit I was shocked by the verdict
Bring Zimmerman to Chicago and that'll be one missing person
Miss me with all of the gossip cause people just love to assume
They know that I rap but when I started singing they all got in tune
Shit is ironic I was a nobody and now I'm a star
Not selling chocolate but you want a verse gotta pay for these bars
Hot as a kettle I deserve a medal or some type of trophy
Put my feet up cause my life is so sweet that feel like I'm toffee
Rocking red bottoms but you ain't got a car yet
How you screaming levels wearing all your best friend shit
Say you taking off but yo numbers in the same spot
I get more attention than a fight up in the parking lot

And no I'm not done cause I got shit to say I'm a rapping machine
If you ain't gone shoot then I'm sorry my friend you did not make the team
Who got the 30? them niggas play dirty like they paid the ref
I say the word like a Jehovah's witness they'll be at your steps
I'm not into baking but lately my hands been over the dope
I hopped on Versace I bet that these niggas won't touch it no mo
Just be 100 I'm killing these verses I call it a starter
Bitch can't compete so she stealin' my flow like she ran out of water
But what's to expect you should give it a rest like it's time to retire
I won't sugar coat it like 1 hour meters your time has expired

I proved I'm the best and if that's not Versace then tell me what is it
I just shut everyone down and it only took me three minutes
EASY!
Versace, Versace
Versace, Versace
Nobody, nobody
Nobody
This bitch is nobody
Versace, Versace
Versace, Versace
Versace. Nobody
Nobody, Nobody
This bitch is nobody!