

Drip

Tiny Meat Gang

Lemme tell you 'bout the drip (Yeah)
I'm at the function uninvited, rocking all designer shit (Facts)
I'm sitting on a Louis throne wearing Gucci toe socks, staring at a sea of T
J Maxx, ah
I got the Fendi carabiner on the water bottle (Water)
Balenciaga looking wavy on my squash goggles (Squash)
You got a satchel for your stash, that's a fad, I spend a couple grand cash
on the Gucci mousepad
Yellow diamonds on my china plates, uh
VVS on my retainer case, uh
Fendi razor when I shave my face
I got the Versace doorbell - welcome to my place
And there's a pool in the back
Got haters looking sad when they peep the 'Berry swim cap
That's no cap got the Givenchy right on my back
And underneath the Amiri pants I rock a Gucci jockstrap
Wait, what's up?

Lemme tell you 'bout the drip ('Bout the drip)
Credit card charged up, hope my mom don't flip (Don't flip)
Gucci gun, Margiela clip (Margiela clip)
Got the Louis V beat and the Fendi ad-lib
Lemme tell you 'bout the drip ('Bout the drip)
Credit card charged up, hope my mom don't flip (doesn't flip)
Gucci gun, Margiela clip (Margiela clip)
Got the Louis V beat and the Fendi ad-lib

You see the fit, everything I'm rocking handmade
I got this Amish bitch she making daddy marmalade
We raisin' sheep all in the back that's how I'm making suede
And I never pay for Timberlands 'cause that's my trade
That new whip, cracking, smacking that horse ass
My woodgrain wagon so old fashioned I make it go fast
Your girl asked me to plow her fields 'cause she know you won't
She into animals, 'cause she fucking with the G.O.A.T
My back hurting churning dope (Whip it, whip it)
We in the soil growing smoke (We deal it, deal it)
She going numb off my strokes (She want it, want it)
Organic yogurt in the throat
Drip so hard my Louis sweater moist
My dick two-tone, call it a Phantom Royce
I'm only fucking with designer 'roids
I'm balling out not like them other broke boys

Lemme tell you 'bout the drip ('Bout the drip)
Credit card charged up, hope my mom don't flip (Lemme tell you)
Gucci gun, Margiela clip (Margiela clip)
Got the Louis V beat and the Fendi ad-lib
Lemme tell you 'bout the drip ('Bout the drip)
Credit card charged up, hope my mom don't flip (Lemme tell you)
Gucci gun, Margiela clip (Margiela clip)
I got the Louis V beat and the Fendi ad-lib

Ooh, I got that Louis V on
I got that Louis V on
You got that Louis V on, know I'm fucking with that Gucci
You know I'm fucking with that Louis

Oh, and I'm gonna drown in that booty
And now I'm fucking with your bitch in some Gucci