

# Blasé Remix

Ty Dolla \$ign

What up, Ty?  
You already know what it is when you hear that hannah  
Free TC, free Max B  
This that remix, Montana!

Ordered up a hundred rosés, need a Benz like blasé, blasé  
I'm just, whipping Maserati (skurr, skurr, skurr, skurr)  
I'm just, blasé, blasé  
I'm just, blasé, blasé, blasé, blasé

Ordered up a hundred bottles in the club like blasé, blasé  
Whipping Maserati (skurr, skurr, skurr, skurr)  
Ohh, blasé, blasé, blasé, yeah, yeah

Fuck that blasé, I give these hoes nothing but heartache  
Run with killers from Haiti, sak pase  
Got my top down on the highway, we running  
Do anything but what I say, we gunning  
So, you better go on with the woopdy woop  
But, shit, the only thing that you shooting is hoops  
See when you make music, you exclude the truth  
It's hard to tell who's who and you confuse the youth  
But anyway, on another day, I'm in LA  
With a bitch who probably a thot but too cute to boot  
In a big coupe, shorty high as a fool  
Moon rock, got her high, doing loopy loops  
Chilling with a thick bitch, had to kick back  
Made her roll a backwood then she lit that  
I'll let her smoke half of it, then I hit that, hah  
(Yeah, and then a blunt was next)  
Cardio on a bankroll, running a check  
We the Bankroll Mob, ain't no fucking with that  
And we don't want no excuses we just wanted the stacks  
With some rubber bands on it, pull it out a duffle bag  
Here, try to pour this shit, you can't  
Best believe ain't no breaking the bank  
Ain't no shaking me off  
Best not put your faith in a fuck nigga cause they can be bought

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I'm a shooter, Luca Brasi, hundred-fifty on my body  
Now Roberta went Cavali, I be pimping like I'm Scotty  
I just copped a hundred bottles, got me tipsy, blasé, blasé  
Pull up, Maserati, kamikaze, shower posse  
Got that Shmoney like I'm Bobby, in that 'Gatti like I'm Gotti  
She gon' bust it open sideways, I ain't gotta slip her molly  
I'm a don, nigga, hundred on the charm  
Get a hundred on the arm, G5 through the storm (Montana!)  
Since they gone, don't run up on us, blasé, blasé

I be looking at these jewels, I can tell that's blasé, blasé  
Now, she says she got a man, bet she talking blasé, blasé  
Cause I met her on a Thursday and I fucked her on the Friday  
Montana!

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Been a minute but I'm back now  
I know everybody need me  
All this music getting wack now  
Ain't nobody wanna see me  
To the critics I say blasé  
Hating niggas, I say blasé  
Middle fingers to you fuck niggas  
Why you wanna rain on my parade?  
Yamborghini up in heaven now  
Man, I promise not to let him down  
I'm getting hotter than a kettle now  
Oh man, I'm on a different level now  
Man, I told these niggas how to style  
Man, all these niggas out of style  
I'm your favorite rapper, favorite rapper  
Even got that nigga dressing better now  
Shoutout to all of the A\$APs  
Me and Ty Dolla go way back  
Did a tour with Khalifa  
When I used to smoke the cheba  
P and J's with the pizza  
Had a pocket full of peanuts  
Now a nigga living better  
Pocket full of cheddar and you wanna be us  
(It's true!)

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Alcohol and chronic, yeah that's all we want  
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