

Designer

Tyga

The Watch Cost Me too; your bitch, free

All my shit designer
All my shit designer
All my shit designer
I fucked your bitch in Cavalli
All my shit designer
All my shit designer
All my shit designer
I fucked your bitch in Versace, nigga

Snakeskin, D.R., that was last spring
Niggas blogging now cause I got that gold thing
Make these bitches scream, makes these pussies pop
Killing niggas for no reason, Trayvon
This that Zimmerman, that drop head, they photoshop
That real shit, my niggas 'bout, your flaws out, I floss it out
My dick hard, it's in your broad, I swear to God, I pulled it out
My squirt Game, on her face
I dick slap her, now I'm Dick Tracy
Pea coat, c-notes, niggas talking 'bout G's, though
Honey cocaine took one for the team though
That's real shit, I love her to death
I fuck a bitch until she ain't wet
Destroy your life with one check
Just made another million dollars, nigga, what's next?

One verse, one hearse

'Bout to start bringing that shit out on y'all bitch ass niggas