

## Designer

Tyga

The Watch Cost Me too; your bitch, free

All my shit designer  
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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