

# Taylor Swift

Valee

White Gucci pants in color, Taylor Swift  
Yeah, get measured in Gucci, bitch, my Taylor Swift  
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Like they resurrect Bruce Lee, my flip-flops are kickin'  
Like I resurrect Bruce Lee, my bitch closet flip and flip in'  
Bought a new air thing, now my bitch closet flip  
Holographic lines in my paper, hunnid loose leafs  
Five phones, but I still dial less, my bitch in Houston  
Flyin' down the street with no manners, my cooper scoochin'  
Like in 1999, might get coupe, rapid, Gucci  
In the store, you cannot ball like we do, we do know you fluky  
Camouflage, rest on me, Armani, no, just Gucci, Arnie  
Can't get in my phone, face recognition, Louis glasses black  
Three different grades, BMW, triple gray  
Three different days, I been up, it's a triple day  
Inside my cup, had looked at blue, kryptonite  
I had left the loft in blue, babe, I'm kryptonite  
I don't want my Xbox game over, like the flip in Houston  
Miami on ocean drive, we hella whoopin', we got heat

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3k on Louis t-shirt, I need to see who picked this cotton  
Came in this bitch with a peacoat, really a jacket  
I spent a p on the coat, came in this bitch in a peacoat  
Really felt taxin', I spent a p on the coat  
Hop out drop top, catch a beat, never feel catch a beat  
When I hop out drop top, paint your teeth, now you gotta catch  
up teeth  
Hopin' hop out and come and top me, when I grab my t up  
Infield plaza, set Versace sheets, that came home with me  
No sleepin' when I pull in

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