

Paulin Paulin Paulin

Westside Gunn

Grr

Ayo

January, February, Fashion Week hoppin'
Lucky we in Paris, back home, I would've shot him (Mm)
Laurent apron, I crossed my fingers, that'll lock up
How the fuck I turn one to three? I told 'em "potluck" (Whip)
Forty drop a nigga, yeah, Rolls gold Cartiers
Seen him with his kids, spared him, caught him next day, aired
him (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)
Ayo, you ever shop in Louis? In that other, other room
Dope spot lookin' like the Louvre (Dope spot lookin' like the L
ouvre)
Hold on, hold on, hold on, had to drop a tear real quick
Ayo, pretty hoes say I'm gorgeous (Mwah), everythin' I drive im
ported
Shooter said he want to snort it (Sniff), cobra roof on the Por
sches (Skrtrt)
Shot your block up (Doot, doot, doot, doot, doot), now it's sco
rchin', you know my neck cost a fortune
You know my wrist look enormous (Ah), closet full of never-
worn shit
Woo, Margiela sweaters (Hmm)
Gucci on the trousers, coke by the mountains (Ah)
Papi Steak in the Fontaine, snake skin heeled Loubotins
Got her walkin' on marble, fuckin' on supportin' couches (Woo)
Paulin, Paulin, Paulin
Ayo, black and yellow Gatti, that's a bumble-
bee (That's a bumble-bee, skrtrt)
My fiends said the only thing they love is me (Ah)
Two-hundred round drums, on some double D's (Double D's)
And tell your mama you can't fuck with me (And tell your mama y
ou can't fuck with me)

Fuck you and that bitch
Griselda
By Fashion Rebels