

# Givenchy Bag

Wiley

Yeah, what up?

Said she wanna go New York  
On road to a real nigga heart  
Hey, said she wanna hit the mall  
Wanna show it off like a movie star  
Hey, said she used to the fraud  
Girl, did you ever think you'd live this large?  
Hey, She call me "Mr Anything"  
'Cause I can buy her anything, the tings that she want

I'm moving like a king so she had to look twice  
Told ya sip syrup, don't take my advice  
It ain't no worries when you standin' by my side  
You like surprised, girl, you look like a vibe

She said she wan' Goyard  
On the road she know mi park too hard  
Ay, she said she wan' go down the West End  
Fi spend money pon her blouse and frock  
Ay, she said she wan' buy a Givenchy bag  
Bag small but the price dem large  
I Mr Anything or any ting  
So mi ah go buy any ting that she want

She movin' like a queen, had to look twice  
I told her, "Baby girl, hey, everything nice"  
You ain't gotta worry 'cause I got you till the end  
You ain't lookin' like a 5 girl, you lookin' like a 10, so

Ice her down, girl, drop it down low  
Throw that ass around, girl, vroom, vroom, vroom  
Now slip it down, girl, row, row, row  
And baby, do what I do like whoa, whoa, whoa  
Take me one more round, you gon' hit the lotto  
She stopped fuckin' clowns 'cause the shit wasn't addin' up  
Bricks on her now, got her, got her bag up  
Bad ting-ting but I made her badder

Said she's never been to Selfridges, never been to Harrods  
I should send you Primark, just to keep a balance  
One man to ya pom-pom, I could imagine  
Cah pussy feels better when gettin' it's a challenge  
Drippy, young nigga always flex and it's apparent  
You see me with a ten-ten, just can't lower my standards  
They sayin' she a gold digger but I ain't a broke nigga  
When her ex just couldn't get the bill she was embarrassed, so

I could be your Santa, baby, what's the clause though?  
Could never put a ring on any ho, ho, ho  
When she wine sweet, mi sup Moscato  
Ay, tick and tock, make it clap, bravo

She a bad little vibe, I'ma freak till the morn with her  
Late night lovin' got me tryna call on ya  
Fuck ya ex, that nigga old news  
You just need someone to go to

And she knows she a bad lil mama  
Givenchy, now want a Dolce Gabbana  
She finessin', never care about karma  
Still I think that pussy might be worth all the drama, for real  
On the East Side with this ice on chill  
Ay, I'm with the mandem still  
But you could be mine, baby, signed and sealed

So, Ice her down, girl, drop it down low  
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