

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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