

Uh, do you wanna smoke? That's your decision
She from the 2000's, she rock True Religions
I don't know your name, I got too many bitches
She eating me up, she don't wanna do dishes
Want a boss, she don't fuck with no goofy
We go out and I put her in Gucci
Take it out, park and let's make it a movie
Rolling up biggie and rocking a Coogi
Come to my closet, got all kinds of drip
I done spent hundreds of thousands on fits
Can't rock designer because she too thick
If she a diva, I put her in Rick
Is she a baddie or not? I could tell
Girl, these two C's for Celine, not Chanel
Get it from runway, don't buy what they sell
From the nigga who used to design what I sell
Like bitch, pull off the tag, you don't know what I spent
I'm rocking [?] and my girl rock Balenc'
Pull off the lot and you know what I'm in
Like bitch, if I smoke a zip that's a business expense
You ain't fucking? Don't get in the whip
My daddy's a boss and my momma's a pimp
Wanna do shots, she the life of the party
Like fashion, I put her in Marni
Rolling up weed, baby think we the Marley's
This a AP, this ain't a Carti
She give me dome then I put her in chrome
If she don't then I'm sending her home
Can't even talk all that shit 'cause you broke
And you need WiFi to answer your phone
She might be a model
She likes tequila shots straight out the bottle
If you fucking you might get a follow
We like to mix up the Chrome with the Prada
We like to mix up the weed and the shroomies
We like to flip up the chains and the jewelry
We like to buy it all when it's still new
We like the chicks in the shades with the Louis

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Taylor Gang the whole world