

# Lipstick

Young Dolph

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Ah, guess what, tho?

I got ice all on my arms and rocks around my neck, bitch  
Brand new coupe straight off the showroom floor, that's how you flex, bitch  
Only problem I got is, what car should I get next, bitch  
Smashin' from the back, looked at her friend and said, "you next, bitch" (damn)  
I love skinny girls, but I prefer to have a thick bitch  
If she jump up in this Benz, I'm gon' fuck up her lipstick  
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If she jump up in this Benz, I'm gon' fuck up her lipstick (damn)

Ben Frank, I live with, count that money real quick  
Used to wanna plug, went to Cali, took a field trip (ha)  
Everyday real lit (lit), choker rocks real big (rocks)  
Them bad bitches love the kid, wanna fuck the kid, roll blunts for the kid (yeah, yeah)  
Before she got outta the car (ayy, what you doin'?)  
She had to fix her lip gloss, ha  
VS's, they shine in the dark (nighttime)  
Roll the gelato and spark (hey)  
Screets left me with no heart (hey)  
Put on ice just to cover the scars (hey)  
A movie of my life story (what?)  
I wanna share it, sell it to Starz (Dolph)  
That young nigga rich, I don't mind (stupid)  
My bitch, she the shit, I don't mind (ha)  
I—I'm so smooth, I can drive my drop top and not get wet in the rain (skrr)  
Four, eighty, eighty, blue flame (yeah)  
Paper Route Frank my new name (hey)  
It sold out before I came (hey, hey)  
Shout out Rich Porter in here mane

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Don't compare me to nobody, please don't do it, I dare you (uh-uh)  
I'm the type of nigga to take 150, put it in a Chevy (racks)  
I'm gettin' too much money, I stop eatin' meat and start eatin' salads (wealthy)  
Glock just pulled up on me, talkin' shit in a McLaren (it's Dolph)  
I bet I got more bitches in Dallas than the Mavericks (star)  
30 thousand just for a sofa because the fabric (wooh)  
Trap nigga but he legendary like Michael Jackson (heeh)  
How you go and spend all of that money on drugs and fashion (uh)

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