

Prada Bae

Young T & Bugsey

(Quincy Tellem)

(Yo)

Real G's move in silence like it's bolognese
My life ain't been the same, I'm in my Gucci bag (Yeah)
Baddie with me come from outta way
Fuck in the GLA, she made her booty clap
Sippin' regular Dom Peri' ay, shawty, you'd be amazed
Girl, you my Prada bae
Throw me lemons I'll make lemonade
The plug and I liaise, I'm finna fly away

I just keep it sho, she see everything froze
We lit, they know, my clique, my woes
Step too clean, spend a whip on these robes
Still smoking these O's, I ain't cuffing no hoes
Don't get caught slipping when you're on the main road
Devil still lurking, you know how the game goes
I don't trust a soul, nah, there's not a soul
Louis stepper, new season, it's old, you know

She gon get me lit ay ay
She just spent an hour on this dick ay ay
Posing for a pic ay ay
We be making porn in the crib ay ay
They just buying Louis call it drip ay
They don't even know they look shit yeah
Someone tell them buy a new fit yeah
Still jewellery shopping, all my jewelry is lit yeah
Money talks and it never talks shit, let's go

Big face all on my wrist
Coochie wet, I slip in
GLE tint
Came with meddling kids
Sweets filling in sticks
I Fendi my bitch
I was down on my jibs
Now I'm stepping like this (Like this, like this)
I was the nigga that they was counting out
Now I court a licky, they wanna sign me out
Yo, take the milli' where the house
I'm up in Bentley like the 'Tayga I might drive it out
Big flicky, I brought the diamonds out
Vogue model, she wanna ride me out
Ain't speaking on what I'm finding out
Yo, dig up the whistle they wanna iron it out (Yeah)
I make her tip toe
40 on my neck, that's big show
Need more money on my head, that's an insult
Grew up as a sinner now we rich though

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New Chanaynay, size 41
I got the funds, the means, the greens to feed my habits
You can't come against what's already done
I'm in the slums, should see the scenes, the fiends, the addicts (Addicts)
Get my Roley out the green box
I got a gallon of water, wrist watch like a freezer
Buy the shop, can't make my G's watch
We going London to LAX, LAX and then Ibiza
Big rocks looking hefty
In the polo club I'm on a jetski
Phone call from the west wing
Screaming "Free the guys!" until the guys free
And my Bonnie cold like a eski
We got matching Roleys and they Prezzie
Put my girl in fashion that's expensive
Still I pull up on you in the trenches

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