

You couldn't walk in my Giuseppe shoes, walk in my Giuseppe shoes
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I'm wearin' designer clothes, takin' designer drugs
Hoes show me love when I'm inside the club
KTZ jogging suit, man that boy cockin' loot
I paid for the pussy man but it ain't somethin' that I often do

Treat her like a prostitute, purse with the matchin' boots
I hit her in the driveway like it's a mansion in the ****in' coupe
All we do is go get it, I'm allergic to broke ****as
Achoo, Achoo
And even if I'm playin' ball, the cheapest thing I got on is 450
Rappers try to befriend a ****a
On skinny ass tie, wearin' skinny ass tie
My outfit from the Grammys might kill you ****a
Chef cook crab legs with a Dom Pérignon ****a
I'm a ****in' don ****a, put a ****in' in him
Giuseppes Zanolitis on your mother****in' lawn ****a
Steppin' on your sofa, roll it on your old homie
Her ass so big, she need a ****in' alarm on it

Club toxic with the zero print
Gold on the tip, pay your ****in' rent
She only rock heels, she a bad ****
30 bands in the shoebox from the last brick
Money don't talk, it just look good
Put me in a suit and tie, still I look hood
Designer hoes, Atlanta hoes
Couple bougie ****es from the west coast
In my white on white Giuseppes
****a I'm fresh to death, can't help it
Memphis my hood, I reppin'
Love ratchet ****es, I love it, can't help it
Black and yellow Lambo, oreo space coupe
Jump out with them 'seppes on lookin' like space boots
Rollie watch ****a lookin' antique
Just counted out another million, that's a cool week

I see that grill on the two door lookin' barracuda
You know that barrel on the Desert Eagle lookin' like a tuba
Five or six Rollies, flexin' like I'm Lex Luger
Chop the rocks with the razor and my hand, lookin' Freddie Kruger
I'm a fool with the but my fork game viscous
Lil man ****, keep the Merry Christmas
I'm a Clyde Christian ass ****a
You keep my name in your mouth, always ****in' ass ****a
Swear the roof on this mother****er lookin' like a scarlet
Is that a half a million dollar car? Shit it gotta be
These ****as is your enemies, that's just my philosophy
And all these swagger jackin' ****as owe you an apology
Icy white, two bricks on my feet ****a
makin' money while I sleep ****a
Cop the and cop the stylin'
My Air Force 1's you couldn't walk a mile in 'em