

Fashion Week (feat. AJ Tracey & MoStack)

Steel Banglez

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Shit (shit)

LookShe smell like Yves Saint Laurent
My garms were from Italy, I feel like the don
Paris Fashion Week I'm watching Louis Vuitton
Saw her favourite rapper listen now she feeling my song
Everything she do is for the media
I might duck your food and bredrin I don't need ya
Her exes always tryna follow I'mma lead ya
Her body tight she looking hot up like a fever
Got me looking eager
I only trust girls on days that don't end with a Y
Don't ask why you can't ever see trust
Catch up, you could never keep up
Wrist froze if I ever freeze up
You no say we flex and cheques so we like
You know she moneyman she turned blind eye
Oooo five bags that's a bad night
Oooo we getting money now she like, like
Fucked her with the blindfold she ugly like me
She no say nothin' she just thought I was a freak
You can get all cocky when I see you on the streets
Not like a nigga you don't want beef
You know that they do this for real mama
You know that they catch and they kill mama
You know that I'm feeling your style mama
You know you got a love for the whole summer
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Got me looking eagerRemy in my cup got me seeing every peng ting twice
Now I'm feeling nice, no mixer just ice
She said I'm too cold, baby that's the ice
Free my niggas that are scrubs doing deals for the rice
You're taking pics but will you back the beef
I'm a VIP, for real, with these stacks on me
Trynna beef with who I love that's a catastrophe

Cos we came up from the mud like its Glastonbury
Fendi on my belt match my pretty brown miss
My Henny's super red thats some expensive brown piss
She said she wants tequila but I ain't about this
I don't really drink Patron when I ain't around MIST
And I hate makeup thats a choice tho
Rest assured you can't get up in this Royce tho
I'm up on all of my opps as far as points go
Cos no one's copping what we're copping with this coin flow
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The Elements

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>