Giuseppe

DJ Mustard

[Hook: 2 Chainz]
You couldn't walk in my Giuseppee shoes, walk in my Giuseppee shoes
Bitch you couldn't walk in my Giuseppee shoes, walk in my Giuseppee shoes
I'm wearin' designer clothes, takin' designer drugs
Hoes show me love when I'm inside the club
(?), man that boy cockin' loot
I paid for the pussy man but it ain't somethin' that I often do[Verse 1: 2 Chainz]
Treat her like a prostitute, purse with the matchin' boots
I hit her in the driveway like it's a mansion in the fuckin' coupe
All we do is go get it, I'm allergic to broke niggas
Achoo, Achoo
And even if I'm playin' ball, the cheapest thing I got on is 450
Rappers try to befriend a nigga
On skinny ass tie, wearin' skinny ass tie
My outfit from the Grammys might kill you nigga
Chief cook crab legs with a Don Perigean nigga
I'm a fuckin' don nigga, put a fuckin' (?) in him
Giuseppes and (?) on your motherfuckin' lawn nigga
Steppin' on your sofa, roll it on your old homie
Her ass so big, she need a fuckin' alarm on it[Hook: 2 Chainz][Verse 2: Yo Gotti]
Club toxic with the zero print
Gold on the tip, pay your fuckin' rent
She only rock heels, she a bad bitch
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 bitches from the west coast
In my white on white Giuseppes
Nigga I'm fresh to death, can't help it
Memphis my hood, I reppin'
Love ratchet bitches, 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 (?) nigga lookin' antique
Just counted out another million, that's a cool week[Hook: 2 Chainz][Verse 3: Jeezy]
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 bitch, keep the (?), Merry Christmas
I'm a (?) wearin' (?) Clyde Christian ass nigga
You keep my name in your mouth, always bitchin' ass nigga
Swear the roof on this motherfucker lookin' like a scarlet
Is that a half a million dollar car? Shit it gotta be
These niggas is your enemies, that's just my philosophy
And all these swagger jackin' niggas owe you an apology
Icy white, two bricks on my feet nigga
(?) makin' money while I sleep nigga
Cop the (?) and cop the (?) stylin'
My Air Force 1's you couldn't walk a mile in 'em[Hook: 2 Chainz]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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