

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 Giuseppees

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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