

# Big Spender (Ft. ASAP Rocky)

## Theophilus London

Good lookin', so refined  
Say wouldn't you like to know whats going on in my mind?  
So let me get right to the point  
I don't pop my cork for every guy I see  
Hey Big Spender  
Spend a little time with me  
This here is Givenchy, 900 dollar jeans homie  
All these girls be raunchy, like let me see your peen homie  
She tryna cause a scene, but I'm in Paris with my team  
Walking slow like I'm on lean, damn a nigga jewelry look so clean  
I occasionally ball in Lanvin, I ain't talking 'bout Jim Jones  
Nigga, I'm talking 'bout hooping up, expensive shirt, breaking bones  
Fuck yo Rolex, roll up homie, roll that kush, blow that homie  
Oh stop that, the po-po on me, uh, shit. out the window  
We just getting saucy in Aussie, we bossy  
Tryna bring back the term bling bling cause we flossy  
You brought snapbacks back, well that's a cool accomplishment  
I'm on the other side, on another globe on conference  
Hey Big Spender  
Good lookin', so refined  
Say wouldn't you like to know whats going on in my mind?  
So let me get right to the point  
I don't pop my cork for every guy I see  
Hey Big Spender  
Spend a little time with me  
Fuck that shit I'm too throwed, pretty nigga my jewels gold  
Pinky ring and my tooth gold, your main bitch is my new ho  
Boss nigga like Hugo, Rolex or the Hublot  
Niggas taking my Screw flow, they tryna jack it like new clothes  
Purple drank make me move slow, same shit, different day  
Spanish bitch, she sniffing yay, she say (Yuuup!) that Trigga Trey  
Like hit that strip, I'm flipping yay, like fuck that shit, I'm getting paid  
I fuck that bitch, I'm getting laid, I hope that bitch go different ways  
I get 'em wild, I'm get 'em bi, tell 'em roll that shit, I'm getting high  
I'm tipping low, I'm sitting high, this young Harlem motherfucker getting fly  
Purple lean, purple weed, got that shit, nigga what you need?  
Me and Theo had a trio with these bitches from Belize  
Good lookin', so refined  
Say wouldn't you like to know whats going on in my mind?

So let me get right to the point  
Fuck that  
Home boy, I'm never home, I'm not even in my continent  
In a town, I can't pronounce this shit, this is more than confidence  
Fuck your continental breakfast, you incompetent  
My nickname International, my accent changed by accident  
It's Soho House put your phone away, I don't give a fuck who ya protege  
I'm from Brooklyn, I fuck with Jay, time to time, I chill with 'Ye  
Fans don't mosh, nigga they pause, bitches so fly like "Oh, my gosh"  
Yeah, we selling out girls, girls, money yelling out  
They planking cause they bored  
Nigga need a new hobby, need a new body  
You the biter, you the new hottie, you a stylist, wait in my lobby  
Nigga dance like Bobby, tryna get like 2 cribs for my mommy  
That ain't guac, bitch that's wasabi, tell Rich I'm the face of Tommy  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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