

# Versace (remix)

## Migos

[Verse 1: Drake]

Versace, Versace, Medusa head on me like I'm 'Luminati  
This is a gated community, please get the fuck off the property  
Rap must be changing cause I'm at the top and ain't no one on top of me  
Niggas be wanting a verse for a verse, but man that's not a swap to me  
Drowning in compliments, pool in the backyard that look like Metropolis  
I think I'm sellin' a million first week, man I guess I'm an optimist  
Born in Toronto but sometimes I feel like Atlanta adopted us  
What the fuck is you talkin' 'bout? Saw this shit comin' like I had binoculars  
Boy, Versace, Versace, we stay at the mansion when we in Miami  
The pillows' Versace, the sheets are Versace, I just won a Grammy  
I've been so quiet, I got the world like "What the fuck is he planning?"  
Just make sure that you got a back up plan cause that shit might come in handy  
Started a label, the album is comin' September, just wait on it  
This year I'm eating your food and my table got so many plates on it  
Hundred inch TV at my house, I sit back like "damn I look great on it"  
I do not fuck with your new shit, my nigga, don't ask for my take on it  
Speakin' in lingo, man this for my nigga that trap out the bando  
This for my niggas that call up Fernando to move a piano  
Fuck all your feelin's cause business is business, it's strictly financial  
I'm always the first one to get it, man that's how you lead by example  
Versace, Versace, Versace, Versace, Versace, Versace  
Word to New York cause the Dyckman and Heights girls are callin' me "Papi"  
I'm all on the low, take a famous girl out with me, no paparazzi  
I'm trying give Halle Berry a baby and no one can stop me[Hook:]  
Versace, Versace, Versace, Versace  
Versace, Versace, Versace, Versace  
Versace, Versace Versace, Versace Versace  
Versace, Versace Versace, Versace Versace[Verse 2: Meek Mill]

Versace, Versace

It's killers, real niggas that's all in my posse (shooters)  
I'm getting so rich that they makin' up rumors that I'm 'luminati (rich)  
Just me and my niggas we killin these bitches go body for body (murders)  
These suckers be hatin', they prayin' to got I don't cop a Bugatti  
Hold up, drop the top on the rari, pull in the club and I'm stoppin' the party  
Hold up, got these bitches on bitches they poppin' on molly's I'm proolly at Follies with PeeWee and Tip,  
of course I went Lu I did everything that I said I would do  
I really won't tell you that I'm better than you  
But we are not on the same level as you cause the G55 got a hell of a view

Regular niggas make regular moves wit' ya regular bitch and ya regular crew  
And you niggas still smoking on regular too? Like Word?! What a shame my nigga Louboutin blood like Game  
my nigga

Get Left tryna aim my nigga Like Saddam Hussein my nigga  
I'm whippin this brand new machine-Hundred bands in my jeans  
Call yo bitch Barry Sanders, she done ran through the team I got hoes out the D  
They playin on the team, Do anything for me, I mix that xan with the lean! Hold Up  
Lemme' get it back,  
Versace Versace,

I'm gettin' this money I'm stackin my broccoli (racks)  
I'm runnin' my city you might gotta pay me if you land on my property (tax)  
I bought the boardwalk and I parked on the edge 'cause my life like monopoly  
You got a new ase and you got outta jail, Boy, you look like a cop to me  
(Get outta' jail free card?)[Verse 3: Tyga]

Auggh  
Versace, Versace, I brought that shit back all these niggas they copy  
Medusa head on my I'm at the hotel, Versace Pa-laz-a  
I rented the yatch for a week, but bought the convertible 'Lambo  
Six mill for the mansion I see haters comin' I need some mo' ammo  
These nigga's gay that's Elmo, So much green I turned camo  
Some hoover niggas on flannels, Light Light you up no candle  
Grip on that handle Yosemite Sam Ya, that bitch bang like a banjo  
Told my arms dealer no need for a box I don't read the instructions I throw out the manual  
Versace, Versace, my brother King Trell he in a Ferrari  
I don't look the same, my camera the same, I made too much money  
Paul Pierce is my neighbor, I told him he should of went to the Clippers  
I got some crazy ideas for Versace, get them and tell'em my number  
Versace, auggh Picasso, Basquiat I'm cocky  
23, 15 mill I'm just getting started  
Pop water my water  
I walk around on my wallet  
I don't fuck with Saddam but, that's gold all in my toilet  
Statues of Horus, and Anubis is polished  
I don't got to, rap about, coke for you to enjoy it  
I'm bout' to join the money team, just holla' to Floyd about it  
Versace, Versace, I'm taking my money to the Cayman islands (WOO!) Versace Auggh!!

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