

Outfit

Bobby V

I got a house on the hill right next to Jay-Z
And girl I'm trying to put you in it
I want lay your body down on the California king
Where's your bank account let me fill it, uuup
Let me have that stress girl clear your mind
If there is a problem then you know I deal with it
Just wanna borrow you for the rest of your life
Go on 'n let me know if you with it

Chorus

I know there ain't no price tag on you
But I'm glad I was able to cop that
Cause when they see me in the hood
When I got you on baby like
"Look at the way daddy rock that!"
Baby I need you on my arm
Like a need a fly shirt with a big boy bright lintel match
And then I need you round my waist
Like the Louis Damier with the matching Pico on my back
You are my favorite outfit (hey) x4
I got that showroom big sitting outside
Shorty won't you take a ride up the coast?
And everywhere we go girl see the flashing lights
We do it bigger and better than most

Let me put that lotion on your back
Laying in St. Tropez sand
Then later on let me get that back
While you're screaming Bobby V "You are my man!"

Chorus

(CyHi Da Prynce)

You remind me of my hat
Cause you always on my mind
My women are like my shoes I can't go lower than a 9
But girl you fit me perfect I can't wait to sport you
Everybody want you like them jeans with the horseshoes
So jump inside this Porsche coup
Those niggas can't afford you
I don't call it tricking, lets just say I endorse you
So leave your man, he's a lame and a dork too

All he do is whine, go 'n get him a corkscrew
All I'ma do is Louis Vuitton, Christian Dior you
YSL, Louboutin, Juicy Couture you
So baby make your decision cause I done made mine
I don't got a clock on my belt so I don't waste tiiiimme?
The way I wear your body girl (w-w-wear your body girl)
Never wanna take you off
I'm fresher than em all (fresh-fresher than em all)
When I got you hangin on my arm!

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>