

Jimmy Choo (Halfway House Remix)

Fetty Wap

My Beamer sit on Jimmy Choos, damn
My bitch, I buy her Jimmy Choos, damn
My neck a buncha frozen jewels, damn
I can show you what them Benjis do, damn
Benjamins bring them finer things, damn
That what you want, then go on, get it baby, damn
I hit a lick, ain't have to split it, baby, damn
A hunnid thou in all fifties, baby
Robin jeans and some Jimmy Choos, damn
All wings, I don't do the Trues, damn
Robin jeans and some Jimmy Choos, damn
All wings, I don't do the Trues What you want, 'cause you got it, baby
I pull up, see you watchin', baby
See them bands in my Robins, baby
Jimmy Choos when you walkin', baby
I swear that she works it, I swear she so perfect
She makes me so nervous, the way that she works it
Jimmy Choos on her feet when she be walkin', ayy
Jimmy Choos on her feet when she be walkin', yeah baby My bitch in Jimmy Choos but I'm in Robin jeans
She say she love my crystals on my Robin wings
Everything designer, it's designer things
All this fuckin' money bring the finer things, ayy
Slim thick wit' yo cute ass, ayy
I might buy you a new bag, damn
So fine I bought a new Jag, damn
Top down, ain't no do-rag
They like "ZooWap, how you do that?"
All that money, I'mma move that
Jimmy Choos and my Robin jeans
Ain't no Trues, just some Robin jeans What you want, 'cause you got it, baby
I pull up, see you watchin', baby
See them bands in my Robins, baby
Jimmy Choos when you walkin', baby
I swear that she works it, I swear she so perfect
She makes me so nervous, the way that she works it
Jimmy Choos on her feet when she be walkin', ayy
Jimmy Choos on her feet when she be walkin', yeah baby

Willie MaxwellPublished by
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

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