Welcome To St. Tropez

Flo Dancer

Welcome to St. Tropez
Get fresh gotta stay fly
Get the jet I gotta stay high
High up like a la la la
Aint nothin here that ma money cant buy
Dolce, Gucci and Louis V
Yatch so big I could live in the sea
You for real u cant see me
In these Euro frames the whole world change
Mad bitches so much Broads
Feeling like when I wanna fuck them all
Get mad brain in ma very fast car
Ferrari v12 Marilena on ma arm
Ladies cant resist the charm
Haters, kiss the ring of the Don
And we do this all day, welcome to St. Tropez
Woah, party now
Too much money in the bank account
Hands in the air make you scream and shout
When were in St. Tropez
Woah, party now
Spending money in a large amount
Hands in the air make you scream and shout
When were in St. Tropez
Oh yeah
Timati
Welcome to St. Tropez
We make money, money we spending
Get mad Henny, swimming and women
Imported Linen, Egyptian cotton
The party just started, the party aint stopin
Keep shit poppin, poppin these bottles
Haters keep hatin, fu**n these models
So much money like we own the lotto
Pull up to a club in a white murcielago
He dont make dollars, he dont make cents
He dont make you rich, he dont mean shit, shit
Give me the shit. I mean how much better can it get
Harleys, Maserati, Gallardos, we make too much doe

And we spend it all day, welcome to St. Tropez
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Ladies and gentlemen, tonight, all the way from Moscow, Russia
Give a warm welcome for heavy weight rap champion B smooth.
So make some noise for the one and only, Mr. Black Star
Get it up, dont stop your body
Comon ladies, lets get naughty
Get it up, now everybody
Comon girls, here comes the daddy
Get it up, dont stop your body
Get it up, again your body
Get it up, now everybody
Get it up for music
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