

# Welcome To St. Tropez

## Timati Feat. Kalenna Harper

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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