Foreign (feat. Future)

Kollosus

(CHORUS): KOLLOSUS:
Man my jeans.. foreign
Man my whip.. foreign
Man my bitch.. foreign foreign foreign
Ima foreign typa nigga on some foreign typa shit.
You might catch me foreign car, foreign money, foreign bitch.
KOLLOSUS:
Dis ya verse ya fi mi yardie party/act retarded, roll da marley, dnt smoke parsley.)/renk it stenk, it smell like baby nappy.
How dem love watch da "I" when I move/ when I give a damn what dem deh gone do/ All I can say is dem betta keep cool/ Before I wet him up, an make him turn pool.
Wha do da boi deh,an make him turn fool?/ I touch one, it gwen to turn two/ I sign a check it gwen to go thru/ So if I put it on ya head/ Dey gwen to merk you!
Dolce & Gabbana, Louis Vuitton, Bally pon mi belt an Prada pon arm/ Goons in trues an K.B.M charms/ And dem fools too, so best to be calm.
We nah gone play (2)
We nah gone play wit dem
We nah gone play (2)
We nah gone play wit dem
Antik, Gucci, baby foreign foreign foreign
Da rest of dese niggaz, boring boring boring.
(CHORUS)2
FUTURE:
Got bitches on bitches on bitches/ They foreign and they bad/All my hoes concieted/ They carry real big bags/ Gucci,Louis,Fendi/ Got commas on all my tags/Pull up in da Panamera/ I coulda brought out dat Jag.
Ice on Ice on Ice (lets get it....) /All my diamonds flash/ Don't have to congratulate me/ The way I stack dis cash/ Thank you Thank you Thank you.. Future for givin dat swag/ I Astronaut my status/ We blowing money fast. (Pluto!)
My whips foreign
These bitches boring
If you ain't foreign, then you aint important/ She got red on her shoes, and she'll show it/ That's d,em Christian Loubitins, I can afford it.
(CHORUS)2
(KOLLOSUS SPEAKS)
(CHORUS) 2

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