

Welcome To St. Tropez (Ft. Timati & Kalenna)

DJ Antoine

Welcome to St. Tropez Get fresh, gotta stay fly
Get the jet I gotta stay high
High up like a la la la
Ain't nothin' here that my money can't buy
Dolce, Gucci and Louis V
Yacht so big I could live in the sea
You for real you can't see me
In these Euro frames the whole world change
Mad bitches so much broads
Feelin' like when I wanna fuck them all
Get mad brain in my very fast car
Ferrari V12 Maranello on my arm
Ladies can't resist the charm
Haters, kiss the ring of the Don
And we do this all day, welcome to St. Tropez Whoa, party now
Too much money in the bank account
Hands in the air make you scream and shout
When we're in St. Tropez
Whoa, party now
Spending money in a large amount
Hands in the air make you scream and shout
When we're in St. Tropez Welcome to St. Tropez
Oh yeah We make money, money we spending'
Get mad honeys, swimming in women
Imported linen, Egyptian cotton
The party just started, the party ain't stopin'
Keep shit poppin', poppin' these bottles
Haters keep hatin', fuckin' these models
So much money like we own the lotto
Pull up to a club in a white Murcielago
He don't make dollars, he don't make cents
He don't make you rich, he don't mean shit, shit
We the shit. I mean how much better can it get
Harley's, Maserati's, Gallardo's
We make too much dough
And we spend it all day, welcome to St. Tropez
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 When we're in St. Tropez Ladies and Gentlemen, tonight
 All the way from Moscow, Russia
 Give a warm welcome for Heavyweight Rap Champion
 B Smooth the Groove
 So make some noise for the one and only
 Mr.Blackstar Get it up, don't stop your body
 Come on ladies, let's get naughty
 Get it up, now everybody
 Come on girls, here comes the daddy
 Get it up, don't stop your body
 Get it up, again your body
 Get it up, now everybody
 Get it up for music Whoa, party now
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Songwriters

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