Versace (feat. Drake)

Migos

Versace, Versace
Medusa head on me like I'm 'Luminati
I know that you like it
Versace, my neck and my wrist is so sloppy
Versace, Versace
I love it, Versace the top of my Audi
My plug, he John Gotti
He give me the dozen, I know that they're mightyI mean I just left the Versace storeVersace, Versace, Versace, Versace
Versace, Versace, Versace, Versace
Versace, Versace Versace, Versace Versace
Versace, Versace Versace, Versace VersaceVersace, Versace, Versace, Versace
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My plug, he John Gotti
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Shoes and shirt Versace
your bitch want in on my pockets
She ask me why my drawers silk
I told that bitch "Versace"
Cheetah print on my sleeve
but I ain't ever been in the jungle
Try to take my sack
better run with it, nigga don't fumbleVersace, Versace, Versace, Versace
Versace, Versace, Versace, Versace
Versace, Versace Versace, Versace Versace
Versace, Versace Versace, Versace VersaceYou can do Truey, I do it Versace
You copped the Honda, I copped the Mazi
You smoke the mid, I smoke exotic
I set the trend, you niggas copy
Kick in the door like I work at Hibachi
Look at the watch, blow it, hot like some Taki
Come in my room, my sheet Versace

When I go to sleep, I dream Versace
Medusa, Medusa, Medusa
You niggas they wishin' they knew yah
They coppin' the Truey, remixing the Louis
My blunts is fat as Rasputia
Feet and same shirt like I'm Tony the Tiger
I'm beating the pot, call me Michael
Lot of you niggas that copy
Look at my closet Versace, VersaceVersace, Versace, Versace, Versace
Versace, Versace, Versace, Versace
Versace, Versace Versace, Versace Versace
Versace, Versace Versace, Versace VersaceKing of Versace, Medusa my wifey
My car is Versace, I got stripes on my Mazi
I'm dressin' so nicely they can't even copy
You'd think I'm Egyptian, this gold on my body
Money my mission, two bitches, they kissin'
My diamonds is pissing, my swag is exquisite
No offset no preacher but you niggas listen
Them blue and white diamonds
They look like the Pistons
Codeine sippin
Versace I'm gripping them bands in my pocket
You know that I'm living
I'm draped up in gold, but no Pharaoh
Rockin' handcuffs, that's Ferragamo
Bricks by the boat, overload
I think I'm the don, but no Rocco
This the life that I chose,
Bought out the store, can't go back no more
Versace my clothes while I'm selling them bows
Versace took over, it took out my soulVersace, Versace, Versace, Versace
Versace, Versace, Versace, Versace
Versace, Versace Versace, Versace Versace
Versace, Versace Versace, Versace Versace

Songwriters
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