

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 mighty I mean I just left the Versace store Versace, Versace, Versace,
Versace
Versace, Versace, Versace, Versace
Versace, Versace Versace, Versace Versace
Versace, Versace Versace, Versace Versace Versace, Versace, Versace, Versace
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My plug, he John Gotti
he give me the dozen, I know that they're mighty
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 fumble Versace, Versace, Versace, Versace
Versace, Versace, Versace, Versace
Versace, Versace Versace, Versace Versace
Versace, Versace Versace, Versace Versace You 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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